The Heart Pirate

By HAZEL DEVO BATCHELOR

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Theodora Caldwell has become engaged to Jimmy Bland, and to her surprise, is not happy about it. She tells her employer, Richard Blakeslee, 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 private yacht bound for a South American business trip. After two days at sea the propeller shaft breaks, and they are forced to make for shore, but not before Blakeslee, seeing Theo for the first time as a woman instead of an office machine, falls in love with her and asks her to marry him. He is amazed at her refusal, for he has a wo[illegible] he wanted out of life. But Theo is determined to be faithful to Jimmy, in spite of the fact that Blakeslee has swept her off her feet. However, when she reaches the city, her encounter with Jimmy leaves her no doubt of the fact that he is entirely unworthy. Blakeslee follows her on the next train, and in the station meets a woman friend whom he impulsively asks to dinner. She tells him a few things about himself and about women.

CHAPTER XLVI

By Right of Might

RICHARD BLAKESLEE'S meeting with Gracia Dangerfield had merely served to increase his longing to see Theo. He felt after he had left Gracia at her home that his manner toward her had been abrupt, almost rude. He wondered at himself for having asked her to dinner, but at the moment when she had hailed him in the station, the very fact that she was a woman had interested him. Women were strange beings to him, but Gracia was very different from Theo. They had been brought up in different environments, and Theo had had to battle for an existence, while Gracia sat in the lap of luxury.

Late as it was, as soon as he had taken leave of Gracia, Blakeslee hurried down to his office. Once there he made a thorough search of his files for Theo's address, and finally located it, but it was too late to go in search of the girl that night, and he was forced to wait until morning.

It was barely ten o'clock, and Theo was eating a solitary breakfast from a tray which she had carried into the little living room, when the bell rang imperiously.

She started to her feet, and the color rushed to her face. It was with a wildly beating heart that she went to answer the door.

"Mr. Blakeslee!" she hardly pronounced his name, and her face went white.

"May I come in?"

"Certainly." And she held the door wide for him to enter. He preceded her into the tiny living room, which seemed to shrink and grow tiniee than ever with his presence in it. But he hardly noticed it, so eager was he for a sight of the girl.

"Why did you run away?" he asked abruptly.

"It seemed the only thing to do," she answered. "I was tired of arguing and trying to make you see my side of it, and there was Jimmy. I had to see him, and there were explanations. I suppose it didn't happen to occur to you that he might wonder about me, that he would think my disappearance strange."

"I can't say that I thought of him at all. Why should I, when having you means everything to me?"

Theo was standing before him with her hands tightly clasped. The deep tones of his voice were tugging at her heart strings, she did not dare to raise her eyes to his face lest he g'impse her real feelings in their depths, for she hadn't remembered how much she had learned to care until he had surprised her by walking in upon her unexpectedly.

And she was free to tell him that she cared. Free to tell him that she no longer cared for Jimmy. But how could she tell Richard Blakeslee the truth? How could she ever tell any one the ordeal of the scene she had gone through with the man she had loved and trusted, and promised to marry? It was impossible, she shuddered away from the idea. She would not go to him that way. As Mrs. Breen had said, she wasn't good enough for him. Once for a little while, she had played princess. Dressed up in borrowed plumage, zapped around with luxury, she had forgotten who she was. A magic moon and a night at sea had been enough to throw a magical enchantment about her. She might have been any woman, age's eternal, and Richard Blakeslee might have been any man.

But now it was different! The terrible things that Jimmy had said had burned deep into her soul. She felt as though she could never get away from them. No, there was no other way out. She to get away. Her pride stood between her and the man she loved, for she did love him, simply, and terribly, with every fiber of her womanhood, she was conscious of that.

(Tomorrow: "I Want to Meet Him!")

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

To "Robert H."

What a good plan it would be for you and your "pal" to marry. You understand and care for each other. Try to turn that understanding into love for each other and then you will both forget your troubles.

To "Heart-Broken"

Don't send his ring back in a temper, my dear. Is there any reason why he should be angry or hurt? Did you part as lovers? Why not write him a note asking if anything is wrong? Have you written to him since he left? Don't be hasty.

Send a Birthday Card

[illegible] Do you have [illegible] before? If not, [illegible] "divorce." Now here is a good idea. I was [illegible] at the washboard I made the acquaintance of a very nice young man, but did not have the chance to go around with him much as I was just about going home when I met him. But we have been corresponding ever since I arrived home. As his birthday will be next week do you think it will all right if I send him a small present or just a card?

ANXIOUS.

Send a pretty birthday card.

What Is Best to Do?

Dear Cynthia: I have never come to you before for advice, but am always [illegible] the following [illegible]

A READER.

Always shake a person's hand when it is offered to you. It is better form for a girl and man not to shake hands when introduced, but if either makes a move to do so it would be very rude not to respond. "I am very glad to meet you," and if you know any one he knows say, "I think we have mutual friends. I've heard Jack ——— speak of you." Let he a fine fellow" and so on.

"Somebody's Stenog" Writes

Dear C[illegible]: Just a few words to [illegible] you do not know me and have never [illegible] me. I do not think you have the right to say [illegible] "Somebody's Stenog." Why [illegible] Jimmy [illegible] "H. C." I am not what you think I am. I am just a girl trying hard to find a fellow who doesn't dance and who does not ask for a good-night kiss, but is satisfied with a good girl's company.

SOMEBODY'S STENOG.

His Brother Kissed Her

Dear Cynthia—I certainly do think that I S[illegible] wasn't as much in love as he thought he was if he got tired going to see her; maybe she was tired of him, too.

Well, that isn't what I want to write about, dear Cynthia. I'm in trouble and I want your advice.

I am [illegible] years old and am in love with a young man one year my senior who loves me. He has a twin brother. His brother and a friend of mine go together a lot. I always go out with the man I am in love with and we have good times. Sometimes the two brothers, my friend and myself go together.

One day my lover's brother asked me if I would go to a show with him. I agreed and he said he would call that night. When he came he explained the home and I naturally invited him in. After an hour or so I looked out the window and said, "Big girl, going part and asked him if he didn't take her home. He didn't want to, but thought that he better leave. I went to the door with him and he asked me if he could kiss me. I thought no harm and let him. He pulled me to the door and kissed it.

Now, he must have seen it and went and told my lover. He came to me and told me that unless I gave my lover up for his brother I would lose my entire home, and my friend is too mad at me. Still goes out with him but hates me. My lover also was no friend for his brother—only me. Will some reader kindly enlighten me as to what to do? Am back up over it, or what am I could I alone for it? Or somebody else could me.

IN LOVE.

[illegible]

THAT LITTLE TOUCH OF WHITE

Paris knows that a bit of light color or white near the face is necessary for the daytime when the costume is all dark. So in planning this black silk beaver hat, trimmed around the back with a drooping feather of black and gray, the clever modiste lightened up its gloom by stretching white ribbons from the crown to the edge of the brim, underneath.

Through a Woman's Eyes

By JEAN NEWTON

Leaving the Nest

Joan wants to live alone. While devoted to her family she wants interests they cannot furnish—"not in a thousand years."

A studio in Artists' Alley (Joan sings rather well) is what she would like. There she could hold salon, have teas, studio parties and "atmosphere."

Oh, Joan. There are some things in life that really count. How much they count you realize only when you look back in perspective or when you have lost them. One of the most precious of these is the family circle. Of all the "interests" and "atmospheres," it alone will withstand the passing of novelties and glamour because it is built upon a rock foundation, a common tie that is indestructible.

Girls who leave home as brides to settle in distant cities sometimes find at first no flaw in their new lives. The young couple are wrapped up in each other and the bride finds excitement and thrill in her new associations. But let them go home for Christmas, let them just visit somewhere at a family gathering and a big ache makes itself felt.

Quite apart from the longing for mother or father or sister-chum, it is the homing instinct, the urge for the family circle and the feeling of home and well-being that is never complete anywhere else.

Many newly married couples isolate themselves for a while, wanting nothing but to be together. But soon comes the call to be the children at home again; and the urge to spend Sunday afternoon with the folks is greater than the attraction of other pleasures.

Your family may be "dull," Joan—compared with the Bohemian friends, your home circle without thrill or "atmosphere." But imagine the necessity to break it up and you will realize what it means to you. It is only because you feel it will always be there awaiting your return that you would so flippantly throw it away.

You may be a grown woman, but after the excitement of your first "salon," when you cuddle into bed there will be a pang when no mother comes to see if you are well under the covers and if the window is just right.

Some empty morning when Sally's alarm clock doesn't go off. And nothing at home was ever so dull as your studio breakfast, just as attractive in itself as you imagined it to be, but without Tommy to joke about the time you got in last night, while he leads Sally a chase about the new job, and mother's seeing that you drink your coffee and looking after your rubbers.

Yes, Joan, there would be a mighty strangeness for the daughter bird who has too soon flown from the nest from which nothing should ever lure her except mating time and its new promise.

Adventures With a Purse

YOU know how much girdles are being worn this year. And practically all of them are so well designed that it is hard to find one that is really individual. They're all so different, they all look alike, if you know what I mean! Except the handful I saw at one shop. These girdles are made of slender strings of tiny dull black beads, strings that are plaited until they have just about the right thickness for the ordinary dress girdle. They are finished off with tassels of the same beads. Personally I like these girdles about as well as any I have seen. There is an air of luxurious good taste about them. The price of one is $2.95.

I wonder if you would be interested in a mighty smart-looking pair of shoes for your fall suit. I have a pair, and I don't mind telling you they have been greatly admired. This oxford is built on a sports model line, with rounded toe and flat heel. It is black, except for the side pieces that lace, and they are brown. Now I don't know whether this sounds as smart as it looks, but all I can add is that one girl who saw mine assumed, of course, that they came from New York [illegible], that she could not get a pair here. But you can—for $10.

I have always been rather beforehand in the matter of Christmas presents, and have a way of keeping my eyes open early in the fall for odds and ends that I think would make nice Christmas gifts. But there, why should I explain—Christmas is just in the neighborhood of eight weeks off. Well, anyhow, one shop is having a sale of imported writing paper. Tan paper with brown lining, lavender with envelopes lined with purple, white paper with blue or red lined envelopes—oh, there are all sorts and kinds. Originally these boxes were priced at $2 to $5 per box, but they have been reduced to $1.

For names of shops address Woman's Page Editor or phone Walnut 3000 or Main 1601

To Get Good Colors

Good shades and colors may often be obtained by combining different colors. In dyeing this can be done in two ways: The original color may be combined with a dye of different color, as when blue material is dipped in a yellow dye to get green; or, the material may be dyed first one color and then another, as when it is first dyed blue, dried and then dipped in a yellow dye to get green.

Red, blue and yellow are the primary colors. Combining these primary colors in different proportions will produce many different colors and shades. Colors in different proportions will produce many different colors and shades. Red and blue produce violet. Red and yellow produce orange. Yellow and blue produce green. When a primary color is too brilliant it can be softened by dipping the material alternately into baths of the other two primary colors.

Every Day the Same Group of Girls Goes to the Same Place for Lunch

Their Conversation Is Bound to Be the Same, Too, and This Hour Which Should Be Refreshing Is Making Them Narrow and Dull

"YES," said the business girl, "we all lunch together every day. We go to the same place and the waitress always keeps the same table for us. We have lots of good talks about our work and we exchange ideas and it's really quite an inspiration."

It would be an inspiration if it happened once or twice a week.

A group of girls with the same "profession" can get lots of fun and help, too, out of meeting now and then to talk "shop."

It is so nice to be able to talk the same kind of shop, and not to have to explain what this term means and what that person does and just how this other thing is done.

Other people, engaged in much the same kind of work, very often have ideas which you can use to good advantage, and you might never have thought of them yourself.

And it is good to have friends that you are glad to see, good to get their views and good to have a chance to air your own.

It is interesting to hear their stories and have a chance to tell some of your own.

BUT—if you meet every day you won't have any stories.

If you get together every day you won't have any different ideas to exchange or thoughts to compare or anything like that.

Girls who see each other so often lose their originality and become narrow.

And they form a number of bad habits.

They get to talking shop continually for one thing.

There are few women more tiresome to outsiders, or even those in the office than the woman who is forever discussing her own work.

And there girls are bound to fall into that rut.

Seeing the same people at the same place and the same time every day gets them into the habit of thinking the same thoughts and saying the same things.

There isn't time in the hours in which they are separated for interesting things to happen for them to discuss when they meet. They must involuntarily go over the same ground that they have often covered before.

And that is not inspiring or helpful in the least.

It is stagnating.

WHY, take Marie, for instance.

She knows as she starts out for lunch to meet the same crowd that she met yesterday and the day before and the day before that and so on, that Betty will tell the latest insult perpetrated by Mr. Jones, the impertinent clerk; Jane will fuss because her desk is in the wrong light and she can't get it changed; Sally will have a problem about something that seems very important to her; and Eleanor will sit back and take the whole thing as a huge joke.

Oh, how dull and uninteresting to know just what is going to happen every day!

To know what will be talked about, even how it will all be said.

Marie cannot feel refreshed or helped by that lunch hour; there is nothing new about it, nothing that has not happened hundreds of times before.

You want your lunch hour to be a relaxation, if possible a recreation, different from the rest of your workday.

And there surely is nothing different about going to the same place and the same table that you went to yesterday, seeing the same people and naturally talking about the same things.

There is sameness about this every day meeting that is bound to dull the mind and stupefy the perceptions.

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

It might seem to be a simple matter to eat soup properly, yet in restaurants and hotels the observer may see one right way and several wrong ways of eating soup. It is not good manners to take soup noisily; that is, with a spluttering or sucking-in of the breath, nor to rattle the spoon against the plate, nor to put the end of the spoon in the mouth, nor for any but young children (and toothless old people) to break bread into the soup, nor to tilt the plate so as to scoop up the last available drop.

Soup should be taken from the side of the spoon without any noise. If croutons (small cubes of fried toast), rice, noodles or chopped vegetables are served in the soup it is quite proper to eat these, if desired. It looks greedy to tilt the plate for a last spoonful; so this is never done by people with good table manners.

Plain Sausage May Get Tiresome, But Not When Served in Mrs. Wilson's Way

As Croquettes Dipped in Bread Crumbs, Cooked With Cabbage or Made Into Individual Pies This Is Delicious

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

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VERY shortly it will be the open season for pork sausage. Sausage and hot cakes are our old standbys for breakfast and they can be served once or twice a week throughout the winter. Good pork sausage contains the minimum amount of fat and is not overseasoned.

Old Dutch and German housewives tell of delicious dishes that are made from sausage. European housewives use the fresh pork sausage for giving flavor to many dishes and one seldom finds it served plain. In England it is the chief ingredient in ye olde porke pye, while sausage turnover and sausage pudding are really appetizing dishes. Try these recipes for variety.

Sausage Loaf

Place in a saucepan
One cup of water.
One-half teaspoon of salt.
One-half cup of finely chopped onions.

Bring to a boil and add one-half cup of oatmeal. Cook until very thick and then add

One-half pound fresh pork sausage meat.

Cook slowly for five minutes and then turn into a mixing bowl and add

One cup of very thick cream sauce, which has been allowed to cool.
One cup of bread crumbs.
One-half cup of finely minced parsley.

Turn into well greased and floured loaf-shaped pan. Bake in a slow oven for fifty minutes. Serve with tomato sauce. Leftover loaf may be sliced thin and served with potato salad.

Sausage Croquettes

Place in a saucepan
One cup of milk.
Five level tablespoons of flour.

Stir to dissolve the flour and then bring mixture to a boil. Cook slowly for five minutes and then add one-half pound of fresh pork sausage meat. Cook slowly for ten minutes and then add

Two onions, grated.
Three tablespoons of fresh minced parsley.
One cup of bread crumbs.

Mix and then turn on a plate to cool and when cold, form into croquettes or cutlets and dip in flour, then dip in beaten egg and roll in breadcrumbs. Fry in smoking hot fat. Place in slow oven for ten minutes to finish cooking sausage.

Braised Cabbage With Sausage

Shred a medium sized head of cabbage fine as for slaw. Now brown in a deep saucepan very quickly one pound of fresh country pork sausage. Lift into a dish and set aside until needed. Now place in a saucepan

One-half cup of finely chopped onions.
Prepared cabbage.
One cup of boiling water.

Cover and steam until tender; add the sausages and cook slowly for thirty minutes. Season to taste. Lift the cabbage to the center of hot platter and lay sausages across the top close together. Serve with tomato gravy.

Sausage and Potatoes

Place in a skillet
One-half pound of fresh sausage meat.
One-half cup of thinly sliced onion.

Cook very slowly for five minutes and then add

Two cups of mashed potatoes.

Turn frequently to blend. Form into omelet shape and then brown nicely and turn on hot platter and serve.

Ye Olde Porke Pye

Place in a mixing bowl
Three cups of flour.
One teaspoon of salt.
Three teaspoons of baking powder.

Sift to mix and then rub one cup of very finely chopped suet into flour and form a paste with nine tablespoons of water. Roll out one-quarter inch thick and use to line custard cups. Now place in a mixing bowl

Three-fourths pound of fresh pork sausage meat.
One cup of finely minced cooked veal.
Two tablespoons of grated onion.
Two tablespoons of finely minced parsley.
One-fourth teaspoon of sweet marjoram.
One-half teaspoon of thyme.
Pinch of sage.
One and one-fourth cups of prepared bread.
One teaspoon of salt.
One-half teaspoon of pepper.

Mix well to blend and then turn into the prepared cups and add one tablespoon of cold water or stock to each cup. Brush the edges of pastry and cover with top crust and press the edges together firmly. Cut three little gashes in the top crust and bake for forty-five minutes in a slow oven.

To prepare bread, soak stale bread in cold water until very soft and then turn into a piece of cheesecloth and squeeze dry. Rub through a sieve and then measure. You will find a large biscuit cutter very handy to cut the top crusts just to fit the tops of the custard cups.

These pies are delicious either hot or cold, and this recipe will make nine large or ten small pies.

Sausage Pudding

Cook one-half pound of macaroni in boiling water for twenty minutes, then blanch under running water and turn into a mixing bowl. Chop very fine and add

One pound of fresh pork sausage.
One half cup of finely chopped onions.
One leek, chopped fine.
Two green peppers, chopped fine.
One cup of very thick cream sauce.
One cup of bread crumbs.
One teaspoon of salt.
One-half teaspoon of white pepper.
One-half teaspoon of thyme.
One-fourth teaspoon of sage.

Mix well and then dip pudding cloth in boiling water and wring very dry. Rub well with shortening and then dust with flour. Turn in the pudding and tie securely. Plunge into pot containing sufficient boiling water to cover. Cook for one and one-quarter hours and serve with parsley, onions or cheese sauce. This pudding is delicious when cut in slices and fried and it can be served in this manner for breakfast or luncheon.

The Woman's Exchange

A Riding Costume

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Could you tell me some costume I could wear for Halloween? I am rather thin—five feet in height—dark brown straight hair. I was thinking of going as a "jockey." Can you give me a description of this suit?

A READER.

A jockey costume would not be very appropriate for a girl to wear, but you could wear a hunting costume consisting of knee-length black boots, white breeches, a red coat and a high white stock. Either a black derby or a silk cap may be worn, with gauntlet gloves and riding crop should be carried. You might make a very theatrical jockey wearing a rather short satin skirt with a girdle of flowers, a low cook bodice with a line of the flower crossing it from the left shoulder to the right side of the waist, and then a cap of flowers with a visor like jockey's cap, of tulle to match the dress. White Russian boots made of cloth and topped with the flowers or trace of fur, might be worn with this costume.

Costumes to Go Together

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—My girl friend and I are invited to a masquerade party, and would like your suggestions as to what to dress up as. One of us is a blonde with green eyes and weighs 110 pounds. The other is a brunette with hazel eyes and olive complexion, 5 feet 3 inches tall and weighs 119 pounds. We are both the same height.

A. Y. AND A.

You might go as Fire and Water. Fire wears flame-colored chiffon, or chiffon cut into jagged points and draped over a straight dress of yellow. Occasional points or edges of blue, white and bright red appear among the flame-colored points to carry out the idea, and a gray, smoke-colored veil is worn flowing over the hair. Water wears very much the same kind of dress made in blue-gray and pale blue, with edges of fluffy lace and there on the points.

Flower costumes are always pretty, and you might wear a sunflower or daisy costume, made of either paper or yellow tarlatan, with two rows of petals made like petals forming the skirt, a brown or black velvet or sateen bodice, close-fitting, and a little cap of the same with the petals turned back off the face. Then your friends might dress as a butterfly, in purple silken or lining material made quite full, with wings made of mosquito netting, and painted in circles and spares of color, attached to the wrists and down the side of the dress. Either a little cap or a bandeau is worn on the head with two long antennae wired it from the front, and covered with yellow silk.

Washing Veils

For white and light colored veils, wash in blood warm soap water, rinse in cold water, blue, starch, and beat the veil half dry between the hands and hang up to dry, stretching from time to time. Rinse black and colored veils in soda water to remove the dirt, then in pure water, and last in gum arabic water to crisp them. Clap them half dry between the hands, and then hang up to dry. Mourning veils and crepe should be cleaned in benzine.

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. What novel custom do many brides of Sweden conform to?
2. When fine lingerie is being washed, what can be used that has the effect of starch and will enable one to iron it beautifully?
3. Describe a striking-looking cover for the card table.
4. What is the Kohinoor?
5. How is an effective collar for the winter coat fashioned?
6. In a pretty overblouse of gray georgette, what forms an unusual vest?

Yesterday's Answers

1. An extremely old sort of parasol that was recently carried by a Parisian woman was made of lizard skin.
2. Hanging them at the windows while they are still wet is an easy way of drying net curtains that will insure their being perfectly straight after they are dry.
3. By placing several rubber-capped thumb tacks on each wooden coat hanger, clothes hung on it will be prevented from slipping off.
4. Washington Irving first originated the phrase, "the almighty dollar."
5. The furs that are most popular this season are gray or brown squirrel, beaver and nutria, fox, black, tan, gray or white caracul, and astrakhan.
6. An effective bandeau for the hair is fashioned of velvet fuchsia blossoms.

What you can buy for 15c a lb. at the Market St. Beef Co.

Finest Shoulders of Veal, for roasting	15c lb.
Rumps or Knuckles of Veal	15c lb.
Breast or Neck of Veal, for stewing	2 lb. 15c
Finest Rump or Pin Bone Roasts of Beef	15c lb.
Finest Bolar or Prime Rib Roasts of Beef	15c lb.
Nice Fresh Little Pig Hams	20c lb.
Skin-Back Hams—whole or cut in half	20c lb.
Large Slice of Ham	25c each
Finest Sirloin, Rump or Round Steaks, All well trimmed	20c lb.
Best Country Scrapple, 3 lb.	25c
Fresh Country Sausage, None Better	20c lb.
Loin Pork for Sauerkraut	20c lb.
Home-Made Sauerkraut	10c qt.
Fresh City Dressed Spare Ribs	12½c lb.
PIG FEET	5c lb.
Fresh Ground Hamburg Steak	12½c lb.
Lean Boneless Stewing Beef	12½c lb.
3 lbs. of Breast of Yearling Lamb for	10c
3 lbs. of Rack of Yearling Lamb for Stewing	25c
Fresh Beef Hearts for Roasting	12½c lb.
Shoulders of Yearling Lamb for Roasting	12½c lb.
X-L or Oleomargarine	3 lbs. for 50c
Finest Nut Margarine	3 lbs. for 50c

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