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Woman's Sphere

FIVE GOOD CAKES.

The cakes made by these recipes will perhaps be somewhat different from those usually made on baking day. The slight difference in either flavor or texture will be found very agreeable, especially at this time of the year when the appetite craves something new. To obtain the best results, use pastry flour for all cakes made with baking powder.

Date and Nut Cake is delicious. It requires one cupful of flour, one cupful of sugar, one cupful of chopped nut meats, one cupful of dates cut in very small pieces, three eggs, one teaspoonful of baking powder. Beat whites of eggs and yolks separately, add half the sugar to each and beat again. Combine mixtures and add flour, baking powder, nuts and dates. Pour in shallow pan and bake in moderate oven. When cold cut in two-inch squares for serving.

Orange Gingerbread is made with one-half cupful of butter, one cupful of molasses, one egg, one level teaspoonful of ginger, one level teaspoonful of cinnamon, one level teaspoonful of soda in one-half cupful of cold water, one-half cupful of sugar, one orange (juice and grated rind), two and one-half cupfuls of sifted flour and a pinch of salt. Mix butter, sugar and egg thoroughly, add salt, spices, soda and molasses and half the flour, beat until smooth, then add orange and remaining flour. Bake in a shallow pan. When done brush with melted butter and sift powdered sugar over the top.

Premium Coffee Cake is so called because cakes made by this recipe have taken premiums at the county fairs for years: To make, beat one egg with one scant cupful of sugar until creamy. Set aside one tablespoonful of the mixture to be used later. Now add one cupful of sour milk, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one-half cupful of shortening (use less if sour cream is used) and three cupfuls of sifted flour. Mix, then pour in a round pan and as soon as taken from oven spread the top with the remaining egg and sugar mixture, to which a little cinnamon should be added.

Cup Cake, the best ever made: Sift three cupfuls of flour with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder six or seven times, then work together thoroughly two cupfuls of sugar and one cupful of butter. Drop in (beating all the time) the yolks of four eggs, one at a time, and add alternately a little at a time, a cupful of milk, and the flour, working in each as it is added. Fold in the beaten whites of the eggs. Bake in a moderate oven. The excellence of this cake is due to the thorough mixing of the ingredients.

This Fudge-Cake is a favorite tea-room specialty. To make: Cream one-quarter of a cupful of butter with one cupful of sugar until very light; stir in one well-beaten egg, one-quarted teaspoonful of salt, and two cupfuls of flour alternately with seven-eighths of a cupful of cold water. Then add two ounces of melted chocolate and one teaspoonful of vanilla extract. Sift in two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder and mix thoroughly. Bake in a shallow square pan and when cool cover with fudge icing.

Fudge Icing: To one and one-half cupfuls of confectioners' sugar add one level tablespoonful of soft butter, one teaspoonful of vanilla extract, two ounces of chocolate (melted) and enough coffee to make a mixture that is smooth and just soft enough to spread. Add the coffee a spoonful at a time to avoid getting the icing too thin.

A VERY ATTRACTIVE STYLE.

4701-4700. This Costume will be nice in the new "plaid' materials or in mohair or linen suiting. Braid or stitching or banding in a contrasting color would be pleasing for trimming.

The Blouse 4701, has a convertible collar, and may be finished with whist length or short sleeve portions.

The Skirt 4700 shows the new flounce style. It is cut in 7 Sizes: 25, 27, 29, 31, 33, 35 and 37 inches waist measure, with corresponding hip measure, 35, 37, 39, 41, 43, 45 and 47 inches. The Blouse 4701 is cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. To make this Costume as illustrated in the large view, for a medium size, will require 4 yards of 40-inch material. If made with long sleeves 5⅞ yards is required.

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COLOR AND YOUR WALLS.

Comfort and convenience are the first things to think of in furnishing a room. And it's surprising sometimes to find out how much the color of the walls, the floor, the ceiling, or curtians have to do with it. No room in your house is entirely successful unless the family loves it, and each time they go into it feel its cheerful hominess and attractiveness. But these qualities are not a matter of sheer luck. They come with "know how." And a little knowledge of what to do under certain circumstances comes in mighty handy to the housewife. The short articles here can give only a few of these practical points, but the author hopes that you will feel free to come to her with your own particular problems and questions, and she will be only too glad to do all she can to help answer them.

For to-day just a word about the color of your walls. Walls are the most important single element in the room. They set the light, and the room is dark and gloomy or gay, pleasant, and cheerful, according to what goes on those walls. Color is the first thing to look for. Light papers make dark rooms. Useful, when you consider that dark, narrow hall, small dining-room, or large comfortable living-room a little too generously shaded by trees, porch, or outbuildings. If we *know*, we don't make mistakes. We put on a light paper and make sure that it is a color which has a lot of yellow in it—light yellow brown, tan, ivory, or buff—for yellow is a natural reflector of light, and there's nothing that will do the work as well. Remember, the wall is always acting like the reflector of a lamp; it is catching and throwing back into the room every scrap of light that comes in at the window, and you increase or decrease this according to the color of the reflector.

Sometimes the room is exceedingly bright and sunny, almost a glare. Then use the darker, duller papers—the softer grays, the greens, or blues. Avoid the yellows, and the bright, light colors. Greens, blues, and reds all absorb light. Never use them where the room is small or has the slightest tendency to dullness or gloominess. Keep them for bright, airy, sunny places.

One more point: Ceilings and floors are also a part of your "reflector." Match them carefully to your walls, keeping the ceiling lighter and the floor a little darker than the wall color. Then we retain the comfortable feeling of openness above, like the sky out of doors; and of solidity underneath, like the ground; and we have a comfortable range of color which goes far toward making an attractive room.

FOR COLD DRINKS.

Iced tea and lemonade served at my house are always welcomed with especial delight, and they are good—particularly so—all because of a little secret in their preparation. I keep a jar of sugar and water syrup in the ice box and use this to sweeten the tea or any iced beverage, instead of adding the sugar when it is made. When I am working about the kitchen I boil a cupful of sugar and two cupfuls of water until it makes a syrup. If a pinch of cream of tartar is added it will not crystallize, no matter how long it is kept. Sometimes I toss in a few mint leaves just before I take it off the stove. One will find this syrup more economical than the plain sugar, for it cannot sink to the bottom of the pitcher or glass and remain unused. It will also make a smooth, delightful treat of the plainest beverage.

USES FOR STEEL WOOL.

After having the house painted either inside or out the windows often become spattered with paint; also the floors. This can be successfully removed by using steel wool of the finer grade for the windows, and coarser for the floors. After using the wool rub with turpentine or kerosene to remove any paint that should remain. Steel wool is fine to clean burnt food on glass and crockery baking dishes.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

PENNY PLAIN

BY O. DOUGLAS

Shopman—"You may have your choice—penny plain or two-pence colored."

Solemn Small Boy—"Penny plain, please. It's better value for the money."

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CHAPTER III.—(Cont'd.)

Pamela had gone to bed very early, there being absolutely nothing to sit up for; and the bed was as hard as the nether millstone. As she put her tired head on a cast-iron pillow covered by a cotton pillow-slip, and lay crushed under three pairs of hard blankets, topped by a patch-work quilt worked by Bella's mother and containing samples of the clothes of all the family—from the late Mrs. Bathgate's wedding-gown of puce-colored cashmere to her youngest son's first pair of "breeks," the whole smelling strongly of naphtha from the *kist* where it had lain—regretful thoughts of other beds came to her. She felt she had not fully appreciated them—those warm, soft, embracing beds, with satin-smooth sheets and pillow-cases smelling of lavender and other sweet things, featherlike blankets, and rose-colored eiderdowns.

She came downstairs in the morning to the bleak sitting-room filled with a distaste for simplicity which she felt to be unworthy. For breakfast there was a whole loaf on a platter, three breakfast rolls hot from the baker, and the family toast-rack full of tough, damp toast. A large pale green duck's egg sat heavily in an egg-cup, capped, but not covered, by a strange red flannel thing representing a cock's head, which Pamela learned later was called an "egg-cosy" and had come from the sale of work for Foreign Missions. A metal teapot and water-jug stood in two green worsted nests.

Pamela poured herself out some tea. "I'm almost sure I told her I wanted coffee in the morning," she murmured to herself, "but it doesn't matter." Already she was beginning to hold Bella Bathgate in awe. She took the top off the duck's egg and looked at it in an interested way. "It's a beautiful color—orange—but" she pushed it away—"I don't think I can eat it."

She drank some tea and ate a baker's roll, which was excellent; then she rang the bell.

When Bella appeared she at once noticed the headless but uneaten egg, and, taking it up, smelt it.

"What's wrang wi' the egg?" she demanded.

"Oh, nothing," said Pamela quickly. "It's a lovely egg really, such a beautiful color, but"—she laughed apologetically—"you know how it is with eggs—either you can eat them or you can't. I always have to eat eggs with my head turned away so to speak. There is something about the yolk so—so——" Her voice trailed away under Miss Bathgate's stolid, unsmiling gaze.

There was no point in going on being arch about eggs to a person who so obviously regarded one as a poor creature. But a stand must be taken.

"Er—Miss Batgate——" Pamela began.

There was no answer from Bella, who was putting the dishes on a tray. Had she addressed her rightly?

"You *are* Miss Bathgate, aren't you?"

"Ou ay," said Bella. "I'm no mairret nor naething o' that kind."

"I see. Well, Miss Bathgate, I wonder if you would mind if Mawson—my maid, you know—carried away some of those ornaments and photographs to a safe place? It would be such a pity if we broke any of them, for, of course, you must value them greatly. These vases now, with the pretty grasses, it would be dreadful if anything happened to them, for I'm sure we could never, never replace them."

"Uch ay," Bella interrupted. "I got them at the pig-cairt in exchange for some rags. He's plenty mair o' the same kind."

"Oh, really," Pamela said helplessly. "The fact is, a few things of my own will be arriving in a day or two—a cushion or two and that sort of thing—to make me feel at home, you know, so if you would very kindly let us make room for them, I should be so much obliged."

Bella Bathgate looked round the grim chamber that was to her as the apple of her eye, and sighed for the vagaries of "the gentry."

"Aweel," she said, "I'll pit them in a kist until ye gang away'. I've never had lodgersa fore." And as she carried out the tray there was a baleful gleam in her eye as if she were vowing to herself that she would never have them again.

Pamela gave a gasp of relief when the door closed behind the ungracious back of her landlady, and started when it opened again, but this time it was only Mawson.

She hailed her. "Mawson, we must get something done to this room. Lift all these vases and photographs carefully away. Miss Bathgate says she will put them somewhere else in the meantime. And we'll wire to Grosvenor Street for some cushions and rugs—this is too hopeless. Are you quite comfortable, Mawson?"

"Yes, Miss. I 'ave me meals in the kitchen, Miss, for Miss Bathgate don't want to keep another fire goin'. A nice cosy kitchen it is, Miss."

"Then I wish I could have my meals there, too."

"Oh, Miss!" cried Mawson in horror.

"Does Miss Bathgate talk to you, Mawson?"

"Not to say talk, Miss. She don't even listen much; says she can't understand my 'tongue.' Funny, ain't it Seems to me it's 'er that speaks strange. But I expect we'll be friends in time, Miss. You do 'ave to give the Scotch time: bit slow they are. . . What I wanted to h'ask, Miss, is where am I to put your things? That little wardrobe and chest of drawers 'olds next to nothing."

"Keep them in the trunks," said Pamela. "I think Miss Bathgate would like to see us departing with them to-day, but I won't be beat. In Priorsford we are, in Priorsford we remain. . . . I'll write out some wires and you will explore for a post office. I shall explore for an upholsterer who can supply me with an arm-chair not hewn from the primeval rock."

Mawson smiled happily and departed to put on her hat, while Pamela sat down to compose telegrams.

These finished, she began, as was her almost daily custom, to scribble a letter to her brother.

"c/o Miss B. Bathgate,
Hillview, Priorsford,
Scotland.

"Biddy Dear,—The beds and chairs and cushions are all stuffed with cannon-balls, and the walls are covered with enlarged photographs of men with whiskers, and Bella Bathgate won't speak to me, partly because she evidently hates the look of me, and partly because I didn't eat the duck's egg she gave me for breakfast. But the yolk of it was orange, Biddy. How could I eat it?

"I have sent out S.O.S. signals for necessaries in the way of rugs and cushions. Life as bald and unadorned as it presents itself to Miss Bathgate is really not quite decent. I wish she would speak to me, but I fear she considers me beneath contempt.

"What happens when you arrive in a place like Priorsford and stay in lodgings? Do you remain seated alone with your conscience, or do people call?

"Perhaps I shall only have Mawson to converse with. It might be worse. I don't think I told you about Mawson. She has been a housemaid in Grosvenor Street for some years, and she maided me once when Julie was on holiday, so when that superior damsel refused to accompany me on this trek I gladly left her behind and brought Mawson in her place.

"She is really very little use as a maid, but her conversation is pleasing and she has a most cheery grin. She reads the works of Florence Barclay, and doesn't care for music-halls—'low I call them, Miss.' I asked her if she were fond of music, and she said, 'Oh yes, Miss,' and then with a coy glance, 'I ply the mandoline.' I think she is about fifty, and not at all good-looking, so she will be a much more comfortable person in the house than Julie, who would have moped without admirers.

"Well, at present Mawson and I are rather like Robinson Crusoe and Man Friday on the island. . . . ."

Pamela stopped and looked out of the window for inspiration. Miss Bathgate's parlor was not alluring, but the view from it was a continual feast—spreading fields, woods that in this yellowing time of the year were a study in old gold, the winding river, and the blue hills beyond. Pamela saw each detail with delight; then, letting her eyes come nearer home, she studied the well-kept garden belonging to her landlady. On the wall that separated it from the next garden a small boy and a dog were seated.

Pamela liked boys, so she smiled encouragingly to this one, the boy responding by solemnly raising his cap.

Pamela leaned out of the window.

"Good morning," she said. "What's your name?"

"My name's Gervase Taunton, but I'm called 'the Mhor.' This is Peter Jardine," patting the dog's nose.

"I'm very glad to know you," said Pamela. "Isnt that wall damp?"

"It is rather," said Mhor. "We came to look at you."

"Oh," said Pamela.

"I've never seen an Honorable before, neither has Peter."

"You'd better come in and see me quite close," Pamela suggested. "I've got some chocolates here."

Mhor and Peter needed no further invitation. They sprang from the wall and in a few seconds presented themselves at the door of the sitting-room.

Pamela shook hands with Mhor and patted Peter, and produced a box of chocolates.

"I hope they're the kind you like?" she said politely.

"I like any kind," said Mhor, "but specially hard ones. I don't suppose you have anything for Peter? A biscuit or a bit of cake? Peter's like me. He's always hungry for cake and never hungry for porridge."

Pamela, feeling extremely remiss, confessed that she had neither cake nor biscuits and dared not ask Miss Bathgate for any.

"But you're bigger than Miss Bathgate," Mhor pointed out. "You needn't be afraid of her. I'll ask her, if you like."

Pamela heard him cross the passage and open the kitchen door and begin politely, "Good morning, Miss Bathgate."

"What are ye wantin' here wi' thae dirty boots?" Bella demanded.

"I came in to see the Honorable, and she has nothing to give poor Peter to eat. Could he have a tea biscuit—not an Abernethy one, please, he doesn't like them—or a bit of cake?"

"Of a' the impidence!" ejaculated Bella. "D'ye think I keep tea biscuits and cake to feed dowgs wi'? Stan' there and dinna stir." She put a bit of carpet under the small, dirty boots, and as she grumbled she wiped her hands on a soarse towel that hung behind the door, and reached up for a tin box from the top shelf of the press beside the fire.

"Here, see, there's yin for yerself, an' the broken bits are for Peter. Here he comes snowkin'," as Peter ambled into the kitchen followed by Pamela. That lady stood in the doorway.

(To be continued.)

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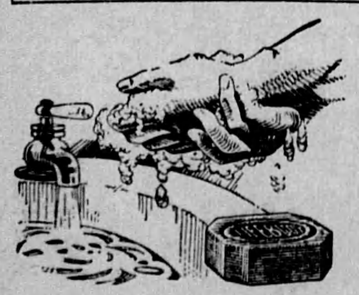

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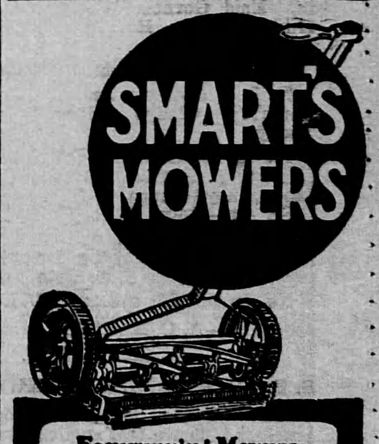

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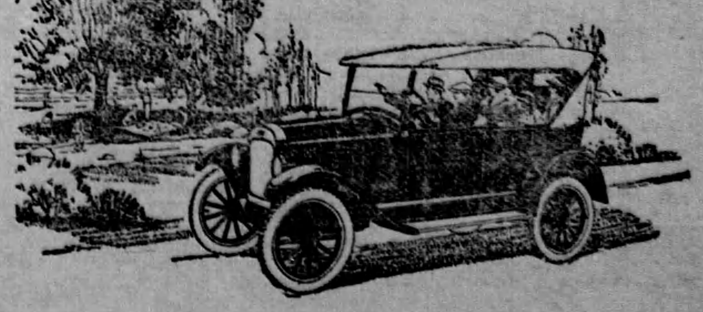
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