

Sylvia of the Minute

By Helen R. Martin

STORY FROM THE START

Handsome, fastidious and wealthy—young St. Croix Creighton awaits his sweetheart at their trysting place. She is fifteen minutes late, this ordinary little Pennsylvania Dutch girl, Meely Schwenckon, but he waits her eagerly. She is so demurely beautiful, he thinks, but so out of his "class."

CHAPTER I—Continued

"But look here," he said, puzzled. "I'm sure the Pennsylvania law has, for the past ten years or more, required children to attend school up to the age of fourteen years, and recently longer. Don't tell me you are over twenty-four years old—only a year younger than I am!"

"But you see," Meely offered in explanation, "Pop he was a school director and could do what he liked. He's awful determined. That's why our Jake he won't live at home no more, Pop he's so determined. Leave him think a thing's right and he wouldn't listen to even Roosevelt or— or even you yet!"

"Do you know," he said after an instant's silence, "I am seriously displeased with you today?"

"What for, Mr. Creighton?" she asked plaintively. "What did I—done—did?"

"You were fifteen minutes late! When I say I'll meet you at half-past four I don't mean a quarter to five."

"But—but I was here before you, Mr. Creighton," she answered in surprise. "I didn't keep you waiting—I waited."

"That's not the point. The point is you weren't here at half-past four. Don't—let—happen—again!"

"But—how do you know I wasn't here—seein' you wasn't here your own self?"

"Never mind how I know. I know a lot more about you than you think I do, my little girl!"

"Oh!" She looked at him queerly—almost as though she were trying not to laugh.

"Now, then, why were you fifteen minutes late?"

"I had to mind my step-mom's baby whiles the others helped Pop with his elder-makin'."

"And then," she continued, "till I was through all I had to wait till Pop was out of the way; I darsen't leave him see me come away! Well, I guess anyhow not!"

"He is 'determined' with you, too, is he?"

"Well, I guess anyhow then!"

"You use five words, Meely, where two or three would suffice. Instead of 'Well-I-guess-anyhow-then,' just answer yes."

"I know I talk awful dumb!" Meely humbly admitted, looking abashed. "I don't see why you bother to make dates with a common thing like me!—that I don't."

"Make dates?" he repeated dubiously.

"Yes, and listen onet, Mr. Creighton—Meely lowered her voice, though the nearest human being was two miles away—"that there crabbid old-maid sister of my step-mom's that's come to help out over my step-mom's confinement, she's suspicious of me!"

"Of meeting me?" he asked a bit uneasily. He had such a very strong reason for being afraid of an awkward entanglement, or of its being known that he phlindered with a farmer's common daughter.

and follow me up here unknownst—she's just that mean-dispositioned! And you see, Pop he'd say you wasn't keepin' company with me fur really; not to marry me; a swell like you yet! Well, I guess anyhow not!"

"Is your stepmother's sister a permanent fixture at the farm?" St. Croix uneasily inquired.

"No, thanks be! Till my step-mom's well again, her sister goes—and good riddance!"

St. Croix had often noticed with a slight surprise that in spite of her awful English, Meely was never at a loss when he used words of several syllables not in her own vocabulary.

"Do you like your stepmother any better than you like her old-maid sister?"

"Well, she ain't so crabbid and bossy like her sister, but she's awfully sulky to my little sister and brother—and me. If it wasn't that I

hate to leave Sammy and Lizzie," said Meely mournfully, "I'd do like our Jakey done—I'd take and run off, too!"

"But," said St. Croix hastily, "you wouldn't go so far that I—that you couldn't see me, would you? Come here!"

She sprang up, her face alight, as the permission was given, and went to him. He held her close as they sat together on the broad flat stone, his arm about her waist, her head on his breast. Girls of her "class" had always been to him, hitherto, unobtainable, so fastidious was his distaste for any contact with the un-bathed. But Meely was always as fresh and fragrant as the morning dew!

His fingers caressed her hair, her white slender neck, her delicate sweet face. But though he could never quite understand just how she did it, she had always somehow managed to hold him off from kissing her lips. He kissed her hands, her throat, her bare arms—her lips ever eluded him; in spite of the fact that she seemed as much enamored of him as he of her.

"Do you know, Meely, ever since I first met you, that night at the barn dance, I've had the queerest feeling of something familiar in your face—I'm sure I never saw you before that night—he knew he could not have seen her and forgotten it—"yet I can't get away from the feeling of something familiar about you."

Meely shook her head over it. "I ain't familiar with you," she said.

But Meely Was Always as Fresh and Fragrant as the Morning Dew.

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"Ach, well!" Meely cast down her eyes and looked self-conscious. "To be sure, Mr. Creighton, there's others that admars me besides yourself—that's only to be expected, ain't it?"

"And do you have 'dates' with this blond young man?"

"Well, to be sure, since I knowed you, Mr. Creighton, other ones does seem awful common to me, that they do!"

St. Croix had a passing twinge of conscience for his own responsibility in possibly spoiling this girl's chances for a contented married life with a husband of her own class. But he reassured himself with the reflection that from the first she had sought him out quite as much as he had pursued her. Seducing an innocent virgin was certainly not one of the things he was capable of doing!

"I believe," said St. Croix, frowning thoughtfully, "that there's surely some psychic reason for my feeling!"

"How do you spell that?" asked Meely.

"Another thing"—he ignored her question—"your Pennsylvania Dutch accent is a bit different—"

"I know I don't talk so dumb like some talks—for all I go talk pretty dumb. But some 'round here gives awful funny sounds when they talk! Did you ever take notice to it a'ready?"

"Did I? Gosh!"

"Say, Mr. Creighton, you've been sayin' what you think is queer at me, darst I tell you what wonders me at you?"

"Shoot it!"

"You are the first swell I ever knowed—have knew—though I have saw 'em a'ready—but not to keep company with 'em, you understand. Well, you're awful diff'runt to what I'd conceited a swell gentleman was like!"

St. Croix looked amused. "No doubt!"

"You see, when Pop first brang home his young-wife I was that mad I run in town and hired myself fur a week to a family where the son was the high-toned-est party I ever have saw!—and he was awful diff'runt to what you are. He was so polite to the ladies that way—he belittled hisself pickin' up fur 'em and fetchin' and carryin' fur 'em—and hopplin' up to give 'em his seat—my goodness! It looked awful nice! Ach!"

Meely, with a long sigh of pleasant reminiscence, "wouldn't it be grand to have your Mister act that polite to you even when there wasn't no company! This here gentleman to which I make reference to, he acted just that polite when no one was 'round to see him do it! Yes, mind you! Why, he acted just that polite to me yet and me only one of the help!"

"Oh, he did, did he?" St. Croix murmured jealously. "He was only stringing you, Meely—"

"Ach, no! Fur to all the other help, too, old and young, he was just that polite. And so, till I met up with you a'ready, Mr. Creighton, I conceited all high gentlemen was like that there."

St. Croix was surprised to find himself piqued uncomfortably by this ignorant girl's intimation (unconscious though it was) that he did not measure up to her funny standard of a "gentleman"—just imagine! Yes, grotesque it might be, but it pricked him.

A sudden suspicion flashed on him—was she unconscious of what she was implying, or was she actually giving him a sly dig? Her amiable patience under his bullying had sometimes seemed "a bit thick!"

"Say, Mr. Creighton," she continued, "I'd like awful well to see you in the company of swell ladies onet! I bet you'd be just as polite as that there party to which I made reference to. For to be sure, you couldn't boss swell ladies 'round like you do me, could you, now? And you'd have to fetch and carry fur 'em and hop up and give 'em your chair just that nice!—ach! Wouldn't I like to see you at it! I bet you'd look nice!"

She fetched a long breath. "I wisht I was nice educated that men would treat me like that!"

St. Croix was smitten with compunction. "You poor kid!" he said, patting her cheek, "you'd like to be treated 'like a swell lady,' would you?"

"No, it's the other way 'round—I'd like a man to treat me like as if he was a fine gentleman."

She said it so innocently he could not suspect her of guile.

"And you think," he smiled, "that I don't treat you as if I were 'a fine gentleman'?"

"Well, you can judge of that better'n me, you know the ways of gentlemen better'n me. Anyhow," she conceded, as though offering him consolation, "you look awful swell anyhow, with all the different tony suits you're got with hose and neckties to match—ach!"

"Meely!" he exclaimed, trying to kiss her on the mouth, but achieving only a peck at her chin, "sometimes I think you're just a sly little cat!"

As her head was on his shoulder and his cheek against her hair, he did not see the sudden flash of her eyes which momentarily transformed her face from its usual vacancy to a sparkling vivacity. When, however, as she did not reply, he turned up her chin to look at her, the dullness which now veiled her countenance like a mask effectually dispelled his momentary doubts.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE KITCHEN CABINET

(© 1927, Western Newspaper Union.)
"A little thing, a sunny smile,
A loving word at morn,
And all day long the day gone bright,
The cares of life were made more light,
And sweetest hopes were born."
HOW DO YOU LIKE THESE?

When one likes oysters there is no dish more pleasing to the taste than a good cocktail, a stew, or fried oysters.

Blasque of Oysters.—Put about two dozen oysters into a saucepan with the liquor, place over

the fire; when plump drain and chop fine. Add to the saucepan one tablespoonful each of minced onion and butter; let fry until brown, sprinkle with a pinch of curry, salt, and a dash of cayenne. Add the oyster liquor thickened with one tablespoonful of flour and cooked five minutes; add a quart of hot rich milk and the oysters. Serve hot.

Oyster Sauce on Toast.—Put a quart of oysters into the boiling hot liquor of the oysters and cook until plump. Drain and chop the oysters fine. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter, turn in the oysters and saute until well cooked but not tough. Add a half teaspoonful of curry, a tablespoonful of onion grated, one cupful of cream which has been cooked with a tablespoonful of flour; season well and pour over narrow strips of buttered toast. Garnish with a fried oyster.

Pot Roast With Vegetables.—Put a pot roast into a deep iron kettle and brown well all over in a little suet. When well browned add a teaspoonful of sugar, such seasonings as one likes, and no more than a tablespoonful of water. Cover tightly and cook until the meat is tender. Add water in the same amounts when needed. Cook a few carrots, potatoes and spinach in separate dishes, until tender. Mash and season and press into a small goblet or mold to shape. Turn out around the roast on a hot platter, alternating the colors. Reheat in the oven so all will be served hot.

Brown Mushroom Sauce.—Dry mushrooms or the canned variety may be used for this dish. Soaking the dry ones for several hours will make them tender. Save the water to use in the sauce. Prepare with butter and flour, add the liquor with cream and cook.

Cheese Puffs.—Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter and mix with two tablespoonfuls of flour; stir until smooth and creamy. Add one and one-half cupfuls of grated cheese. When the cheese is melted add one cupful of cooked rice, add three well-beaten egg yolks and mix well but lightly. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites and pour into a buttered baking dish, surrounded with water, and bake one-half hour in a moderate oven.

Hints and Things.
If your dinner seems too heavy for a rich dessert, serve an ice of some kind. Pineapple, apricot or various other fruit leas, any one will be acceptable. Serve with sponge cake or a drop cooky.

A pumpkin pie may be made most festive by serving with whipped cream, topped with grated cheese.

The best kind of a pumpkin pie is made from the sweet pumpkin; cook down until it is a rich brown color. The canned pumpkin may be bought, it is good; but that, too, needs cooking down to bring out the flavor and richness. However, there is nothing to take the place of the old-fashioned pumpkin cooked and stirred for hours over a good fire. To make the pie:

Pumpkin Pie.—Take one and one-half cupfuls of the browned pumpkin, two-thirds of a cupful of brown sugar, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one and one-half cupfuls of milk, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of ginger, two well-beaten eggs and one-half cupful of cream. Pour into the pastry-lined plate and bake quickly at first to bake the crust, then slowly to cook the custard.

Steamed Squash.—Steam a small Hubbard squash until tender. Let dry out, then mash and put through a colander. Reheat and add four tablespoonfuls of butter to a pint of squash, season with salt and add enough cream to make it like well-mashed potatoes. Beat thoroughly and serve pipated lightly into a hot dish. Dot with cubes of butter.

Chicken a la King.—Heat two tablespoonfuls of butter until it bubbles, add one chopped green pepper, the seeds having been removed. Let cook slowly for three minutes, then add a tablespoonful of flour, salt and paprika to taste and enough rich milk to make a thick, smooth sauce. When the sauce is done add two cupfuls of cooked chicken and let it heat through. Serve on toast or in pastry shells or tinfoil cases.

If the winter is the time one is entertaining, canned corn, peas and beans which have been put up during the season of fresh vegetables will please the palate much better than the kind we may purchase in town.

Drawn butter or tomato sauce is also good with chestnuts.

Nellie Maxwell

HANDSOME LOUNGING ROBES; FINE FOOTWEAR OF KIDSKIN

SINCE that innate love for gorgeous fabrics, which is the heritage of every normal woman, must so often be suppressed in the workaday world of office and schoolroom, the enjoyment of beautiful exotic apparel in the home, particularly in the boudoir, becomes the more intensified.

To those seeking a thrill in the way of transcendently lovely material, a multi-colored and strikingly patterned velvet print is suggested for the robe of day dreams. Border it with plain, after the manner of the handsome model in the picture.

Many there are who still prefer wrap-around kimono types as here shown. But if you are among those who crave something quite bizarre, make a coolie coat pajama set. Use solid-colored velvet for the trousers of

are knitted in fascinating colors of shetland wool. Very charming knitted zephyr types are made in rainbow colorings.

So you and your neighbor have met face to face clad in—was it each in a navy blue ensemble, or was it that you both selected navy blue winter coats or perhaps it was afternoon frocks of navy satin or cloth. It is not to be wondered at that you both "hit upon" the same color scheme, for navy blue is as smart as smart can be this season, not to mention its universal becomingness and charm.

Howsoever you find yourself secretly wishing you could outshine your neighbor just a little, by individualizing your costume with some outstanding "touch that tells." Well, here's a friendly tip—buy a pair of super-ex-



ROBE OF PRINTED VELVET

this pajama ensemble, cuffing them with the gay print. The coolie coat should be fashioned of the patterned velvet, bordered with solid-colored velvet matching the trousers.

Another suggestion is to make the coolie coat of the plain velvet, animating it with sleeves of velvet printed in vivid colors.

Of course if you are not of the sewing kind, the specialty shops and departments are offering fascinating negligee types which include not only many velvet modes but others equally as alluring, and at wonderfully attractive prices.

Glittering metal fabrics have also invaded the domain of the negligee. Not only are gorgeous coolie coats and tea-gowns fashioned of metal brocades, but these elegant materials enter into the designing of pajama sets most alluringly. A coolie coat of handsome silver and gold brocade is

quiste navy blue kid shoes. Some of the navy blue soft kid evening slippers with huge cut steel buckles are just that—super-exquisite.

There are, be it kept in mind, just as many charming street models in royal and navy blue, as evening types. You will find it will bring joy to your heart when you see what one pair of handsome dark blue kid shoes can do in toning up a costume of the same color. The fact that blue kid is being heartily endorsed by Paris "bottlers" ought to count for a great deal, too.

To appreciate the fastidious detail employed in the styling of fine kid-skin, which, by the way, is smartly in fashion among those of discriminating taste, study carefully the handsome types shown in this picture.

The pair of pumps with the artistic fan-shaped tongue is daintily flexible—and that is one point to remember! For sensitive feet there is nothing so



SOME FOOTWEAR STYLES

trimmed with black satin, trousers also being of the satin. Sometimes it is a blouse of the brocade instead of a coolie coat.

In direct contrast to these elaborate coats and pajama sets are the new all-wool plaid flannel robes. These are bound on all edges with colorful wide grosgrain ribbon. While they are not showy they are the "real thing," both as to quality and comfort.

Quantities of marabou trimming are being used this season not only on sheer velvet robes but upon quilted ones as well as those of crepe marin, silk mull, and especially black satin.

Bed jackets are proving a very popular item in boudoir apparel. Some of them are dainty frivolous things, made for "looks" only. Others, pretty though they are, add the qualities of solid comfort and protection. Some are of quilted crepe or satin, others

comforting and health-giving as soft fine kidskin. The outstanding style-point of these pumps is, that they are dark blue, just a wee bit of matching blue suede being introduced as a trimming.

If you are inclined to set the fashion among friends and acquaintances be sure to acquire a pair of royal blue Wellington boots. They are just as cunning as can be, according to this picture. Note that these "Wellingtons" place the cuff quite low on the leg and the heel is very conservative.

The strap pump shown in the circle is of midnight blue supple kid with strapping of lizard dyed to match, and there are "swanky" little enameled ornaments. This model is also handsome in brooze. The dainty laced oxfords at the top to the left are of kid soft as a glove and they are designed in tones of brown.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.
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