

# Cissy's Debut

By MARION GORDON

Cissy Bradeen had just finished displaying a marvelous lace frock to an over-critical customer when Mme. Rosel sent for her. The well-known modiste sat in her private room impatiently tapping her porcelain teeth with a gold pencil when Cissy entered, still wearing the lace frock and looking like a young princess.

"Miss Bradeen," said madame sharply, "I have a sudden call from Mrs. Givens of Fifth Avenue—her laughter has ruined the coming-out frock we delivered this morning—it caught fire in some way. You are to go up there at once with the white crepe de chine and fit Miss Givens so that she may wear it this afternoon. Ah, you are wearing the lace gown—"

She looked thoughtfully at Cissy's stately young form clothed in the perfect fitting frock that was worth a small fortune.

Madame's calculating eye did not bother with such unimportant details as Cissy Bradeen's perfect complexion and dainty features or the coronet of red-brown hair that matched her eyes. All the French woman noticed was the exquisitely fitting robe, and she was computing what price she might wring from Mrs. Givens if she sold it in place of the crepe de chine.

"Wear the lace robe up there under a long coat, Miss Bradeen," she said decisively. "Perhaps Miss Givens may take a fancy to it and buy that instead of the other."

"Very well, madame," said Cissy. Madame looked at her watch. "You will go immediately," she commanded. "Javonne will call a taxicab."

Cissy lifted from the room and walked across the richly carpeted show rooms to the long narrow room which she occupied with the other models and alteration hands.

Gathering some sewing materials into a workbag she slipped on a long gray cloak, and, followed by the envious admiration of her fellow workers, Cissy went out to the waiting cab, bearing a huge white pasteboard box containing the crepe de chine gown for Miss Givens.

In front of the Givens mansion a red striped awning stretched a tunnel to

me a steady job if I could get some pictures. So I got next the Jap there and he helped me smuggle a camera in and we've fixed up this screen—I'm supposed to come from the florist around the corner," he grinned impudently.

"It's a mean trick," asserted Cissy contemptuously.

"A mean trick!" echoed the embryo reporter aghast. "Show me a nobler profession than reporting the news of the country?" Cissy was positive that he thumped his chest vigorously.

"It's noble—like any kind of work," she admitted reverently; "only isn't it kind of sneaky to come into somebody's house this way?"

"I suppose it is—only they'd never let me in any other way," he muttered. "They'd stay out if I never got a job on a newspaper," she declared warmly. "I'd shovel sand first!"

"Hum!" he said dubiously. "You make me feel mean. You never shoveled sand and I have! I've always been crazy to be a reporter ever since I was a little shaver."

"What you been doing all your life?" asked Cissy curiously. "Been going to school and learning how to be one?"

"I've never been to school very much. I couldn't. I had to work ever since I was a kid selling newspapers, and I never learned a trade. I clerked it for a long time in a hardware store, and the last three years I've been chauffeur for a man in Wall street. But I want to be a reporter, but everything seems against my doing it. I thought I was fixed this time, sure!" he ended morosely.

"Of course you don't have to take my advice," said Cissy haughtily. "I'm going to, miss, just the same. I'm packing up my camera now, and as soon as I can beat it to the Blinket office I'll throw up my job. Then I'll hunt for a place as chauffeur. You don't happen to know if any of your rich friends needs a responsible man, do you, miss?" He thrust a curly head over the screen and looked so earnestly at Cissy's splendid raiment that she realized that he mistook her for one of the invited guests. Honest Cissy soon disillusioned him.

"Glory!" he whistled, with more excitement than the announcement seemed to warrant. "Don't you think this Mme. Rosel of yours needs a new chauffeur for that elegant limousine you say she rides in?"

"Indeed she does!" cried Cissy, delightedly. "Henri left last week and she has been trying them ever since. I'll give you her address."

As the reporter slipped from the house leaving his card in Cissy's hand, the butler returned to say that Miss Givens would look at the gowns, and as the young Irish girl picked up her gray cloak and went up the broad stairway she tucked the card of Owen Mungie within her laces on her bosom.

Months afterward when Mme. Rosel sent her handsome limousine to the church to convey the happy bride and groom from church, Owen Mungie whispered in the pretty ear of his wife:

"Cissy, darling, why do you always refer to the day I met you as your debut?"

Cissy blushed warmly and laid a finger on his ruddy cheek. "Ah," she said, tenderly. "Tis because 'twas the day Miss Givens entered society and because 'twas the day—bless the same Owen, dear, that I first met you!"



"What Are You Doing There?"

the curbstone, and Cissy felt a strange sense of elation as she mounted the steps and gave her name to the Japanese servant who admitted her.

"From Mme. Rosel," she added, stepping unobtrusively into an angle of the wide hall.

When she was left alone she glanced about her at the beautiful flowers massed here and there, and delighted in the color scheme of pink and white. Cissy gave not one envious thought to the young girl who was to make her bow to society in the midst of this bower of roses; she was too light-hearted and sweet tempered to wish for more than had been allotted to her. To beauty-loving Cissy Bradeen it was a rare privilege to work among lovely fabrics and occasionally to catch glimpses of the interior of the handsome homes along the avenue.

In this dim corner there had been pushed several large jardinières containing palms, and about the floor were grouped smaller plants, making an effective screen. From behind this green screen Cissy calculated one might sit or stand and watch the brilliant company when it should gather in the drawing rooms.

She was smiling at her own thought when she became aware that a pair of bright blue eyes were watching her through the screen of the palms, and her pulses leaped as she realized that there was a man hiding there. As she leaned forward the gray cloak slipped back from her shoulders, revealing her in the loveliness of her lace gown.

"Whatever are you doing there?" she asked in her pretty Irish brogue.

"Bedad, I'm discovered!" whispered a humorous voice in reply, and the blue eyes came nearer. "Shure, miss, and you won't be giving me away this time—I'm not up to any mischief," he pleaded.

"What are you doing there, then?" demanded Cissy anxiously.

"I promised to get some pictures of the coming out party," he whispered cautiously. "I'm a reporter on the Blinket, and they told me they'd give

## TAKING SPOTS FROM LINEN

### Many Ways by Which Unseemly Stains May Be Removed With Little Trouble.

When your table linen or fine dollies become stained or spotted with anything that will not easily wash out, be sure to remove the spot before sending the linen to the laundry.

Berry and fruit stains can be removed very easily by holding the cloth tightly over the top of a bowl and pouring boiling water very slowly through the mark until it disappears.

Salt dampened with lemon juice laid on the spot and subjected to the hot sun will remove ink spots from linen.

One of the hardest stains to take out of fine linen is that made by the lead of an indelible pencil. Great care must be taken to clean this kind of a spot or your linen will be ruined. Under no circumstances touch water to such a spot.

Mix together four tablespoonfuls of peroxide of hydrogen and four tablespoonfuls of clear water. Lay the soiled spot on an old piece of linen folded to several thicknesses or over several thicknesses of white blotting paper and with a clean sponge or bit of clean linen sop the spot with the mixture and lay it in the direct rays of the sun.

Repeat this process until the spot disappears and allow it to remain in the sun until it has bleached a pure white.

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At noon boil two potatoes; pour the water from the potatoes on two round tablespoonfuls of sugar and one of salt; add the potatoes, mash fine; let stand until evening. Dissolve one fresh compressed yeast cake in a little water, and add to the liquid; stir well. There should be at least one and one-half quarts of the liquid. In the morning stir and take out a pint in a Mason fruit jar; set the lid on, but do not screw down, and set beside ice. Mix the remaining quart with about two and three-quarters quarts of good bread flour and one tablespoon of lard; let raise twice and then make into loaves, handling and working as little as possible. When baking again start as at first, with two potatoes, sugar, and salt; at night add yeast saved in the jar; in the morning stir and take out a pint as at first; it will not be necessary to buy yeast again all summer, and the bread is delicious.

Invalid Soup.

Half a pint of strong beef tea or mutton broth, two raw yolks of eggs, two small teaspoonfuls of raw sage, seasoning. Put the sage into a small quantity of boiling water, and boil till it is quite clear. Then strain off the water. Heat the beef tea, add the sage, beat up the yolks of eggs and strain them into the soup. Heat very carefully. On no account let it boil or it will curdle and be spoiled. See that it is nicely seasoned and serve hot. This will be found quite a change when the ordinary beef tea is wanted.

For the Dishwasher.

Besides having a pot chain and scraper you should have thick canvas cloths for the pots and pans and separate light cloths for the finer china-ware. A rubber sponge is just the thing for greasy dishes. One of these lasts a long time and gives you such satisfaction that you will never do without one once you try them. Cake tins, patty pans and all small tinware boiled in a dishpan in the water of which a handful of soda has been thrown will become fresh and clean and as bright as new.

A Fresh Egg Dish.

For eggs as a French chef prepares them, fry half a small onion sliced in butter until it is golden brown. Then turn in a cupful of tomatoes, seasoned with butter, salt and pepper, and cook for ten minutes. Turn the mixture into a wide-bottom saucepan and drop into it eggs that have not had the yolks broken. Cook them slowly, lifting them from the bottom of the dish with a fork, not stirring them as in scrambling.

Tomato Butter.

Wash four pounds of well-flavored apples, cut them into quarters and remove the cores; add seven pounds of washed and sliced ripe tomatoes and one cup of water and let simmer until very tender, then rub through a sieve. Add four pounds of brown sugar, two-thirds of a cup of vinegar, one teaspoon each of salt, cloves and ginger and two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon. Boil until thick and can while hot.

Lobster and Cress on Toast.

Fry a small chopped onion a delicate brown in a tablespoon of butter. Chop a small bunch of water cress and add to it also a half pint of good rich milk. Add a pint of minced lobster meat and season with salt, pepper and a bunch of curry powder. Spread on slices of cayenne and brown very lightly in a hot oven.

Chicken Broth.

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There is only one occasion upon which the bridegroom is absolutely necessary, and that is when the minister must have someone to pronounce the husband of the fair bride. Even then the poor harassed man has a propensity for slipping the ring into the wrong pocket, so that he is compelled to fumble for it. In the end he drops it, whereupon it promptly rolls out of sight, and is rescued only after much confusion and considerable embarrassment. Men without number have been known to forget the golden circlet of sweet bondage altogether.

Not only must the man in the case assume a neutral demeanor during the festivities, but he must dress the part. His clothes are black and solemn to behold; he is allowed to display absolutely no partiality in the choosing of his wedding garments. He looks very much the same as he has dozens of times when attending formal affairs. The bride may be a veritable Flora, wreathed with garments, veiled in mist of tulle and filmy lace. The only festive note allowed the bridegroom is a single blossom or boutonniere of white against the somber blackness of his coat.

Another thing—he has always been led to believe the woman of his choice loved him devotedly, that her parents approved of him as a son and that he was generally persona grata. Yet when the day of happy consummation arrives every one weeps over the bride, who thereby endangers her own loveliness by wiping the tear-drops from her shining eyes with a wisp of lace masquerading as a handkerchief. Every tear is like a stab to the man standing by wondering what it is all about and feeling very much like a brigand caught in the act of stealing away a beautiful young maiden.

All this sentimentalism and panoply of love is very dear to the heart of a girl, dreaming, as she has, over the most wonderful, the most eventful day of her life. Yet when the loneliness of the bridegroom, despite the fact that this is his wedding day and one quite as momentous to him as to the bride, is taken into consideration, small wonder then that so many pairs of lovers wing their way secretly to some quiet nook and take the vow of eternal constancy away from the sight and sound of ceremony.—Pittsburgh Sun.

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## CARED FOR COOK'S BOUQUET

Doctor Carefully Places Bunch of Flowers in Dish Pan of Water to Preserve Them.

'Twas late in the evening, and all in the house was still. Suddenly the doorbell rang, and the doctor, whose ear was well trained, awoke.

Someone needed his services, he concluded, and he walked softly down the stairs and opened the door.

"Miss Caroline Tomkins?" said the late caller.

"She has retired," said the worthy doctor.

"This is for her," said the man, handing the doctor a tissue-paper package, from which peeped flowers and buds and leaves.

The man departed, and the doctor closed the door.

"Some admirer of cook's," he said to himself, "has brought her a bouquet."

He walked into the kitchen and placed the package in a dish of water. An indignant cook stood before him next morning.

"I wish to give notice," she announced. "I'll not stay another day in a house where some varmint puts my new hat in a basin of water."

Too Much for Her.

Calling one day to see an old friend who was visiting her married son, I inquired of the colored maid who answered the bell: "Is Mrs. Smith at home?"

"Yas'm, she home," the girl replied, showing no inclination to invite me in. "She here all right, but she got a misery in de hair."

"Mrs. Smith, senior?" I asked with concern.

"Seen me?" she exclaimed suspiciously. "'Cose she seen me. Ilucome she ain' see me wen she hire me las' night hah own self!"—and she indignantly shut the door without further parley.—Lippincott's.

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