Work for Women.

By Rita A. Kelley.

No. 6.—Preparing Delicacies for the Sick.

CONCOCTING delicacies for the sick appeals to some women.

It is a fine art in the business of cooking, a sort of graduate course after all the essentials of every-day mixtures is mastered. It requires a wider knowledge of the science of cooking than does the every-day kind of culinary work.

There is a big demand for this branch of cookery. The exchanges are ready and anxious to handle more than they have been able to secure of broths, jellies and game. Because of the greater care in making, and the special knowledge required, the monetary returns are generally higher than those from the usual supplies of eatables.

There is the same general routine to follow, in starting this work, as there is in the simpler cooking. The exchanges are the woman's best friend in this case, though many small and exclusive shops use the jellies, creme de menthe and mignonette made by their regular contributors.

The best way to begin is to take a day for making the rounds of the shops and exchanges, learning just what their present needs are, and if they require any further help. The market for these products vary so, as well as the supplies, that nothing definite can be learned except by personal inspection. A new helper may be needed at any time.

As in other products in the culinary line, samples will be required at first to establish one's claim to being an expert. Nothing but the very best of materials are used in these delicacies.

One must hold one's self in readiness to supply them at short notice. Never, by any chance, lapse from the standard of excellence. The value of these delicacies lie as much in the carefulness of preparation as in the materials used.

The newest, most satisfactory way of handling these good things is to put them in glass jars. This method keeps them fresh if delay in sending occurs, and effectually prevents contamination with various odors. Beverages, broths, gruels are put into jars and sealed.

One woman, who a few years ago was making calves' foot jelly, lamb broth, and herb tea, now has her own little shop where her customers come to buy outright some ready to sell article, or leave an order for a broiled woodcock or a roasted grouse. It is an attractive little delicatessen from which is carried the steaming food, direct to the invalid, and hot broth right from the cook's hands.

Polly's Comeback.

Miss Susan Prim—Poor polly! Ain't you tired of waiting for some one to take you?

Polly—Naw! Are you?

THE FORTUNE TELLERS of NEW YORK

Who Count on their easy victims by the Thousands

In this series of experiences with the fortune-tellers of New York Miss Mary E. Miles undertakes to show what sort of treatment and information concerning the future may be expected by their intending patrons. Miss Miles visited a number of them and to each she propounded the same questions as follows:

"My fiance is to be operated on in Louisville. Does he love me better than any woman on earth? Will he survive the operation and shall I go to him?"

Miss Miles's simple, unembellished recital of what the fortune-tellers told her and how they arrived at their conclusions carries its own comment.

No. III.

Shuffling the Cards for May Mohawk, an Indian Fortune-Teller, Who Reads Them Like an Open Book and Likewise Makes and Sells Charms that Are Pain-Chasers.

By Mary E. Miles.

"CAN you place some lies?"

May Mohawk, "the Indian fortune-teller by the hand and clairvoyante by the card," who has her abode at No. — Sixth avenue, asked the question.

And having in mind the story of my mythical fiance sick in Louisville, and of my great desire to go to him contrary to my mother's advice, I answered that I thought I could.

I had just shuffled a pack of cards and cut them in four under the direction of the plump little Indian woman who faced me, two long braids of black, closely-plaited hair hanging, squaw fashion, over her shoulders.

There is no doubt that May Mohawk is a real Indian, though she speaks English perfectly and without accent and claims to be a graduate of Carlysle University.

"Some one has told you some lies recently, possibly within a week," she elucidated. "Can you place a fuss? You seem to have had a fuss with some one you love."

Seeing that May Mohawk was rapidly reaching the conclusion that my young affections had been recently blighted, I hastened to reassure her.

"No," I answered; "it's not a misunderstanding, it's an illness." And briefly and pathetically I stated the case of my fiance in Louisville, his impending operation and my desire to go to him despite the opposition of my mother.

May Mohawk gathered up the ordinary pack of playing cards that were spread before her and took a new pack arranged with colored pictures showing most of the possible happenings in an ordinary life—of a man and woman being married, of a rail or steamboat journey, of an illness, a death, etc., etc.

These she spread face downward upon the table.

"Draw fifteen cards," she said, and I did so—taking fifteen at random from the pack. These fifteen Mohawk distributed in little packs face upward, after the manner of a person playing solitaire. Then after studying them, she said:

"I advise you by all means to go to Louisville. A journey has turned up for you." And she pointed to the picture of a railroad train on the final card.

"This man loves you," she continued. "He is thinking about you now. In the cards you draw the wedding ring with him, so you will be perfectly justified in going to Louisville and helping and encouraging him by your presence."

"Are you sure," I asked joyfully, "that he loves me better than any one else?"

"Yes," replied the seeress, "he does. But can you place a very light woman? A woman as blonde as you are dark?"

Evidently May Mohawk attributed the usual masculine liking for variety of type to my poor fiance. But I had grown to think a good deal of him in the few days that had elapsed since he was invented, and I would not have him maligned.

"No," I said, "I can't place her."

"I thought not," she answered. "She is unimportant. I thought you might be jealous of her but you have no reason to be."

"Can you tell me if my fiance will survive?"

There was a new shuffle and a new distribution of colored cards.

"Yes—oh, yes. The operation will be very painful, but he will survive. There is no hearse in the cards."

"It will be very painful, you say? Is there no way in which his pain can be relieved?"

"Oh, yes; I can give you an Indian charm that will make the operation absolutely painless. But it will cost you something. The charm is no good if it is given away. The queerest thing about it is that it has to be paid for."

Now, after my two days' experience among the fortune-tellers I was prepared to think this the most natural thing in the world.

"Oh, yes," I said. "I am willing to pay for it. Will it cost much?"

"Five dollars," she replied promptly. "You see, the charm has to be made from certain roots between the hours of 12 and 1 o'clock at night, and it has to be made fresh for each person and the roots are rare."

"But is it absolutely sure?"

"Oh, yes. You must wear it in a flannel case. It must be red flannel, and you must wear it under your left arm."

"Why must I wear it? If it is to ease his pain ought he not to wear it?"

"No, so long as you are near him and you wear the charm, no harm can come to him. All Mohawks wear these charms. They were discovered by the medicine men hundreds of years ago and have been handed down in the tribe. My cousin is a medicine man and he gets the necessary roots for me. They are certainly just the right things, because he is not only a medicine man in our tribe, he has attended several white colleges and is a practicing doctor. He wears one of these charms and recommends them to his patients."

"Very well," I said. "I will pay you $5. When will the charm be ready?"

"To-morrow morning. I will have to get up to-night to make it; but you can pay for it now."

"I don't want to pay all now," I replied. "I will just pay $1 on account and the balance when I get the charm."

"Very well," acquiesced the seeress, taking her fee of $1 and another $1 on deposit. "I will make the charm very strong. It ought to last you six months."

"Why, I thought it would last forever," I answered.

"Oh, no!" And then suddenly the face of May Mohawk assumed an expression of righteous indignation. "There are people who will sell you charms guaranteed to last forever," she said, "but they are impostors. A good charm ought to last six months. If you wear it longer, you need not be surprised to find your luck leaving you. The flannel covering may wear out before that time. In that case, don't throw it away. Burn it and make a new one. Come back to-morrow and get your charm, and in the mean time don't worry about your fiance, for he will be all right and is now thinking of you."

To-Morrow Miss Miles will relate what happened when she visited the studios of Prof. St. Leon and Howard-Mack.

M. MOHAWK.

The Indian Seeress, whose cousin is a "Medicine Man" and gathers the roots she puts into red flannel "charms" that sell for $5 each.

Stings in "Hot Air."

By Alice Rohe.

"THERE'S only one thing worse than being told that you are 'nice' and that is to be informed that 'you mean well'" snapped the Pessimist.

"Well, certainly no one has been handing that sort of a con out to you, have they?" inquired the Philosopher.

"You bet not," returned the Pessimist. "There are limitations even to my endurance. It's the women who have to suffer for this kind of thing the most, though. I've seen my sister-in-law go into such a rage when some one said she was a nice little thing that it took two and a half hours at a theatre and an hour and a half in a Broadway car to calm her down.

"Well, I don't see why," interposed the Philosopher. "I thought it was very complimentary to be called nice."

"Oh, you did, did you," snarled the Pessimist. "Well, just you try making a hit some time by telling a girl that she's nice. A woman always looks on that as the last alternative in the way of compliments.

"As I said, there is only one thing worse and that is to say that she means well."

"But nice girls are what we all prefer, arn't they?" persisted the Philosopher.

"I refuse to be interviewed," said the Pessimist. "Anyway, that is not, as our friend Bill said, 'touchin on nor appertainin' to' the point at issue."

"When you say a woman is nice it's a dead sure thing that there is nothing else complimentary that can be said about her. And if she isn't even blessed with the requisites of impressing her niceness on you then you say she means well.

"Now, who on earth would stand for such a thing as that? You know, women could live for ever on hearing about how beautiful they are or how tastily or well dressed. They simply dote on being told that they are clever or brainy, and you can make the dullest woman on earth who happens to wear a pair of glasses believe she is intellectual. But the woman doesn't live who isn't next to that 'nice' and 'means well' racket. Just spare your breath or deliberately prevaricate, for it's worse than an insult to hand out either of the aforementioned substitutes for compliments."

"But why say anything?" asked the Philosopher.

"Why, indeed," echoed the Pessimist. "It's the tendency of the race to force mental estimates of people on everybody, and this fact has made it necessary to deliver some kind of an opinion on the most uninteresting and pointless nonentities that breathe. The necessity of paying compliments to women has led a few misguided mortals into the snare of thinking it's better to hand out the 'nice' and 'means well' bunk than to let good enough alone. But take my advice if you want to live the simple life—never try the game of telling a woman she is a nice little thing or that she means well. It never does at all."

Midwinter Dainties

Squash Pudding.

MIX one pint stewed and sifted squash, one cup soft white bread crumbs, one cup sugar, one-half cup butter, one teaspoon salt, one teaspoon cinnamon, one-half teaspoon ginger, and one-half cup currants or seedless raisins. Beat three eggs till light, add one quart milk, and stir this into the first mixture. Turn into a buttered pudding dish, and bake in a modern oven one hour or bake in custard cups.

Oyster Omelet.

PICK over, drain and chop fine one dozen large oysters, sprinkle with salt and pepper. Moisten one teaspoon cornstarch with a little milk, and blend it with one-quarter cup melted butter. Beat six eggs slightly, add the butter and minced oysters and one teaspoon minced parsley. When well mixed in turn it into a well buttered frying pan and cook carefully. When slightly browned put it in the oven for a minute before folding it over, but if this is not convenient cook only a part of this mixture at a time. Fold over by running a knife round the edges to be sure it is free from the pan. Then slip the knife under near the handle edge and roll or turn it over toward the lower edge. Hold a hot platter close to the pan, tip the two together and toss the omelet over to the dish.

Snowballs.

POUR two cups boiling water on one cup well-washed rice, add one-half teaspoon salt and cook in a double boiler thirty minutes, or until soft. Wring small pudding cloths, one-third yard square, out of hot water and lay them over a half-pint bowl. Spread the rice one-third inch thick over the cloth. Put into the centre a small apple pared and cored or about one-third of a banana. Draw the cloth around till the fruit is covered smoothly with the rice and the shape is uniformly round. Tie tightly and drop them into boiling water. Cook ten minutes for bananas or any canned fruit and thirty for apples. Remove the cloth and serve with lemon sauce.

The Woman in Mauve: A New York Mystery.

By Ernest De Lancey Pierson

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

George Karslake and his fiancee, Rita Emory, go to inspect the suburban cottage in which they intend to live. There they discover a woman who has just died. She is dressed in mauve silk. A doctor is summoned, who finds that death was caused by piercing the heart with a hypodermic needle. A bottle half full is beside the body. They find a Yorkshire terrier in the next room and fancy he may provide a clue. But at a shrill whistle from behind the house the dog leaps from the window and disappears. Rita's rich uncle, with whom she lives, disowns her because of the notoriety she and George acquire through the murder.

CHAPTER IV.

A Runaway Match.

"CLEARLY there remains but one thing for us to do," said George Karslake to his companion when they reached the street and Miss Emory turned to look back at the old house that had been her home for so many years. "You can't very well wander off and live alone until your esteemed uncle has recovered his right mind. In short, we must get married."

He did not have to argue long, for Rita, suddenly thrust on her own resources, knew not which way to turn. She had no intimate friends to whom she could resort for a refuge, and then she knew her uncle's stubborn nature too well to think that he would hold out the olive branch in any reasonable time, if, indeed, he ever relented.

So a few hours from her leaving the old home they were married.

They passed a quiet honeymoon at one of the coast resorts and might have continued there longer if a summons had not come from the Police Department to return and submit to another examination regarding the murder of the unknown woman in Parkville.

They were unable to add anything to the testimony they had given before, and the police had accomplished nothing in tracing the criminal.

The telephone call which Karslake had answered and which undoubtedly was from some one interested in the tragedy had been sent from a pay station in one of the business parts of the city. Among the many who had sent messages that day, the sender of that particular one could not be singled out or identified.

"Now if you want to make me thoroughly contented in that house, George," said Rita after the examination, "you must bear a hand in clearing up the mystery. That, I'm going to add, is part of the bargain that I consent to live there."

"I'm sure I am perfectly willing to do what I can"——

"I don't expect you to accomplish any great things yourself, but then you can have help by spending a little money. What is the name of this man who has accomplished some remarkable work in clearing up crimes. It begins with a. P. Perkins? No, that's not it. You ought to know."

"Oh, you mean Samuel Pendrick."

"Yes, that is the name. Do you know him?"

"Only by reputation, but then I am told he charges very high fees and we are hardly in a position to"——

"Never mind about that. I have a few hundreds that I can spare, or at least, will spare, for the work, if you can secure the services of that man."

Samuel Pendrick occupied a small house near South Fifth avenue, a mud-colored building of painted brick, two and a half stories high. A high wall in front almost shut the house from view of the street, and between that and the house the detective had laid out an elaborate garden, which in summer presented a perfect riot of color.

Here Karslake found him. The young man stated his case and Pendrick, who was already interested in what he had read of the murder, willingly agreed to take the case.

Karslake was delighted to have gained his co-operation so easily and on such terms.

"It is too bad that so many days have elapsed since it occurred, and no intelligent move has been made," said Pendrick half to himself: "Do you know, should like to have a look at that house and its surroundings. There the murder was committed and there we must start the trail."

"I have a carriage outside. If I am not taking you away from your work, how would it do if we visited the place at once?"

"Just wait until I put away my tools and clean up a bit." He gathered his gardening implements from the grass and ran over to the house with them.

He had scarcely disappeared when Karslake, who had been looking aimlessly about the place, was surprised to see the top of a man's head rise slowly above the wall that divided the garden from the street. He had a glimpse of a pair of bright eyes, and then they were gone.

He told Pendrick about it when he returned. The little man made a dash for the gate in the wall, opened it and disappeared.

"I just got to the corner in time to see a fellow making off toward the river," he gasped out breathlessly when he returned. "He may have meant no harm. Might have wanted a look at my garden. People often do," glancing about him with an air of pride. "On the other hand," slowly, "he might have been an emissary, a confederate of the man who murdered that woman, and who followed you here to see what he could learn."

"Why, what interest could the man have in me" asked Karslake.

"A great deal, if we are dealing with the cunning rogue I take the murderer to be. I have no doubt but that from the day you discovered that dead woman you have never been lost sight of."

It was not agreeable to Karslake to think that, according to the detective, he had been secretly watched ever since his connection with the case; in fact, a braver man might well have felt uneasy under this mysterious espionage. Now that he had engaged Pendrick and won over his co-operation, matters must move apace, so he resolved to keep up his courage and do what he could to help bring things to a climax.

It was a long and weary drive to reach Parkville, but the detective proved an entertaining companion, and after he had sifted the young man's knowledge of the tragedy he changed the subject and related many dramatic episodes in his eventful life.

So it was that Karslake hardly felt the tediousness of the trip until they came in sight of the long lines of straggling houses of the little village.

As they neared the scene of the murder the young man shivered as the memory of that day rose before him.

"This is the house," he said, as he drew in the horse before the gate, just as he had done on that day which seemed so far away, when he had brought Rita here.

Karslake had opened the door, and they entered the hall. Then he led the way into the parlor and explained what they had done during the entire visit.

"It is not likely our man came in here at all," said the detective, as he glanced around him thoughtfully. "He wanted a light, and that would have been seen from the road. That is why he selected the dining-room. What time was it that you found the woman?"

"Well, I think it must have been about 10 o'clock; that is, when we arrived, though I am not sure."

"Phew!" emitting a blowing sound from his lips. "And it must have been in the early morning that it was done," and his cold little face became sad and thoughtful.

"Well, I may as well take a look about here, anyway," he said, after a pause, "for who knows? After that we will pass to the dining-room and see what that develops." He moved back and forth through the room peering into the cabinets, sifting the ashes of an old fire in the grate, while Karslake watched him with interest, amazed at the thorough way in which the little detective went to w

"Hush! Don't you hear something?" whispered Karslake.

"No, I don't."

"Don't you hear a queer sound like a faint groan or wail. Listen hard!"

Karslake stood back and cast an anxious look in the direction of the armchair in the corner by the window, as if he half expected to find the silent occupant still there as when he had first seen her.

"Why, there is no one here," exclaimed the detective. "The spirit or whatever it was that produced that sound has vanished."

But even as he spoke a strange object crawled out from beneath the big chair, a long, brown, ragged-looking creature, painfully wriggling itself along.

"Why, it's the little terrier, and nearly dead!" cried Karslake as the poor beast struggled forward and raised its eyes weakly with an effort.

"What, the dog that was here when you discovered the victim?" asked Pendrick excitedly.

"The same. And look! there is the remains of a rope about its neck," pointing to something that dangled from the dog's throat.

"I think I understand what happened now. When the criminal got the dog away from us he intended to make sure that the little creature should not serve us in hunting him down. So he tried to drown it, but somehow it escaped. That broken cord, I suppose, was attached to a stone. Poor creature!"

"I'm only afraid it is going to slip through our hands again," murmured the detective, as he looked down on the animal. "He must be starved. Heaven knows how long it's been in this room without a thing to eat or drink."

"Well, he must not die. I believe that dog, if it lives, will prove a key to the whole mystery, and lead us to find the man who is guilty," said Karslake. "Come, Mr. Pendrick, we must work, and try and save him."

"But it needs food and drink, and nothing more."

"Well, there should be some here. I had prepared a little lunch that day, in case the young lady should feel hungry from her visit. Unless the police have gobbled it up, the stuff should be here still." And he hustled over to a closet near by and was delighted to find everything as he had left it, though hardly improved in flavor.

Then the two men set to work over their ragged and dirty patient. The food was stale, but the terrier devoured it greedily. It was astonishing the amount he could consume and the water he could drink. He visibly expanded, it seemed, before their eyes and, though still weak, was soon asleep.

"That dog will live," said the detective, as he listened like an anxious nurse to the animal's breathing.

"And then that man will die," muttered Karslake, half to himself.

(To Be Continued.)

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Fashion Hints.

By May Manton.

CHILD'S RUSSIAN DRESS.

THIS simple little frock with skirt and body portions in one can be made with the slightly open square neck, as illustrated, or be rendered high by the addition of the shield and standing collar, and also allows a choice of the full length double sleeves or the outer ones in half length only. The model is made of royal blue cashmere, with trimming of embroidered banding edged with black. The dress is made with front and back and is laid in a box plait at centre front and back with outward turning tucks at each side, the closing being made invisibly at the back beneath the box plait. The long sleeves are in bishop style, gathered into straight cuffs, while the outer ones are in half length and in bell shape. The shield is quite separate and, when desired, is arranged under the dress, closing as illustrated. Pattern 4811 for girls of 4, 6, 8 and 10 years will be mailed for 10 cents. Send money to "Cashier, The World, Pulitzer Building, New York City."

The quantity of material required for the medium size (8 years) is 5 5-8 yards 27, 5 yards 32 or 3 yards 44 inches wide, with 4 1-2 yards banding to trim at the centre back.

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CASINO. LILLIAN RUSSELL. Mat. Sat. LYRIC. 8.15. Matinee Saturday 2.15. JEFF DE ANGELIS in TANTALIZING TOMMY.

PRINCESS. Mat. To-day. Love in Idleness & Berkeley Lyceum.

THE DEWEY. LADIES' MAT. TO-DAY. The Rich Mr. Hoggenheimer. E. 14th st. Sunday Aft. & Eve.

THE GOTHAM. LADIES' MAT. TO-DAY. Bohemian Girl. 125th st. & 3d av. Sunday Aft. & Eve.

MAJESTIC Ev. 8.15. Mats. Wed. & Sat. BUSTER BROWN.

WEST END. THOS. W. ROSS. CHECKERS. 150 People in Cast. Next week, SIBERIA. Special Mat. Thurs.

Wallack's. Ev. 8.30. RAYMOND Patriotic Evening. Mat. Sat. Business Before Pleasure.

Garden, 27th & Mad. av. THE College Widow. Ev. 8.20. Mat. Sat.

NEW STAR. Leg'ton av. & 107th st. Mat. Sat. QUEEN of the WHITE SLAVES. Next wk., White Slaves of Japan.

MURRAY HILL. 42d st. & Lex. av. Mat. Sat. THE RAYS.

3D AV. 31 st. Mat. Tdy. On the Bridge at Midnight. Sat. & 3d av. Next wk, Two Little Waifs.

WINDSOR. Mat. Sat. A Desperate Character. Next Week—Rachel Goldstein.

AMERICAN. JULIAN ROSE in Mat. Sat. Fast Life in N. Y. 125th & 3d av. Sunday Night, "BED MARKS' Big Concert. Next week, Joe Welch in "Cohen's Luck."

BROADWAY THEA., 41st st. Ev. 8.20. Mat. Saturday, 2.15. Fritzi Scheff in GIRLIE.

BROOKLYN AMUSEMENTS.

BROOKLYN B. Mat. daily, 10, 15, 20. Evs. 10, 20, 30, 50. The original Dolly Dimples, "Pff, Paff, Pouff," GRACE CAMERON, Hoey & Lee, Mr. & Mrs. Allen & Dale, Theo. Trio, Chaikowsky, St. John & Fevre, Juggling Mathieus, Kammerer & Extra attraction, extra, Georgia—Gardner & Madden—Joseph. Sunday concerts at 3 and 8.15.

CLERMONT AVENUE. SKATING RINK. EMPLOYES' BENEFIT TO-NIGHT. Hockey, Races, Novelty and Games, &c. ADMISSION 25c.

COL. SINN'S MONTAUK. MATINEE SAT. ONLY. NAT C. GOODWIN in THE USURPER.

AMPHION. Evs., 15, 25, 35, 50c. Daily Mats., 15 and 25c. R. G. Knowles, 3 Vassar Girls, Jim Hall, Tommy Russell & Co., Kavo, Welch & Mehan, Hines & Remington, others. Concerts Sundays.