HEALTH AND BEAUTY

BY MARGARET HUBBARD AYER

To Keep Children Cool and Pretty.

FEW young mothers understand that their babies really suffer intensely from the extreme heat, and with the cowardice born of inexperience they dare not remove the poor infant's heavy swaddling clothes, its long stockings and flannel jackets.

Babies should neither be overheated nor chilled, and it takes of course a deal of careful watching to maintain the proper temperature and keep them at the proper mean between heat and cold. In the first place, the baby's clothes should be of the light, fleecy variety during the hot weather, nothing that clings or weighs heavily on the tender little body. The only reminder of winter is the flannel stomach band, which is usually retained. The baby may wear socks or simply go barefoot. Its dresses should be of the thinnest muslin, loose at the neck and sleeves short. Prickly heat, which is the terror of all infants, is more often due to heavy clothing than to anything else, and it is painful to a degree, as any grown person who has suffered from it will testify. A bran bath is very soothing to the irritation. Simply mix half a cupful of bran in the small bath tub of warm water. A starch bath is also good—a half cupful of powdererd laundry starch mixed in the bath in the same way. After bathing the baby, dust off the irritated parts with a powder composed of 20 grains of powdered boracic acid, powdered starch and oxide of zinc each one-half an ounce.

If possible the baby should spend most of the daylight hours in the open air, but its face should be well protected from the sun, and failure to do this is a piece of carelessness which hundreds of nurses are guilty of. Baby's back should be to the sun and there should always be a shade over the carriage through which the rays cannot penetrate. Eye troubles, even brain troubles, are often due to this exposure to the untempered rays of the hot sun. The shades on the carriage are too frequently made of light, thin material, through which the sun shines with a glare that is almost as bad. It is better to line the shade with the unbabylike color of green than to run the risk which is incurred by using a thin, unlined parasol.

During the terrible days of August, if you cannot take the baby out of town, you may greatly relieve its sufferings by giving it three or four sponge baths at intervals through the day. These intermediate baths—that is, after the tub bath in the morning—should be given from a basin. Add eight ounces of alcohol to a quart of water, temperature about 70 degrees F. Strip the child and sponge it with the solution for about ten or fifteen minutes. This is a splendid bath in case of fever and fretfulness from the heat.

Headaches and Falling Hair.

E. B. S.—The falling hair is, I have no doubt whatever, due to the bad headaches you say you are suffering from, which should be attended to at once. I would not advise you to apply a hair tonic until you have consulted your physician in regard to the headaches.

A "Good, Healthy Look."

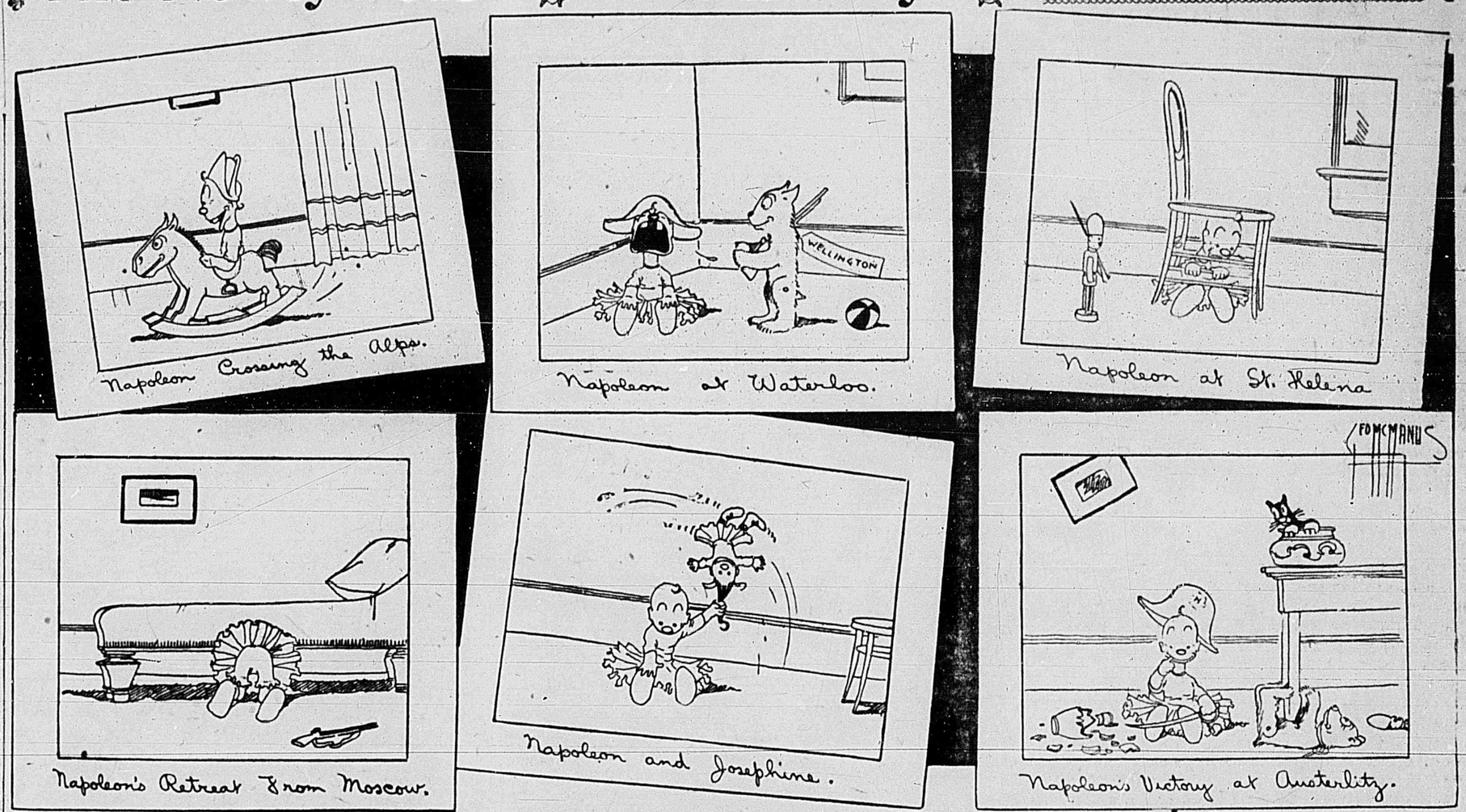
S. T. K.—I wish all girls of fifteen had such wholesome and beneficial ideas. And as there is nothing specially the matter with you, except dark circles around the eyes there is no reason why your wishes should not be gratified. Exercise in the fresh air, deep breathing, wholesome food, very little meat and plenty of fresh fruits and vegetables, eight hours' sleep a night and a good scrub all over every day are the few simple and natural laws you must keep in order to acquire and retain that fine look of health which is more beautiful than beauty. If you will send me a personal letter, I shall be glad to send you some instructions in regard to deep breathing.

Pimples and "Liver Spots."

A. M.—The fact that you are suffering from both of these troubles would indicate that your blood needed cleansing and that you were very bilious. You had better consult a doctor about your condition, who will probably give you one of the good, old-fashioned remedies. The liver spots will disappear when the biliousness is relieved. Try this formula to heal the pimples: Carbolic acid, 15 drops; borax, 60 grains; glycerine, 4 drams; tannin, 30 grains; alcohol, 1 ounce; rose water, 2 1-2 ounces. Mix and dissolve. Apply night and morning.

The Newlyweds Their Baby

By George McManus



Napoleon Crossing the Alps.

Napoleon at Waterloo.

Napoleon at St. Helena

Napoleon's Retreat from Moscow.

Napoleon and Josephine.

Napoleon's Victory at Austerlitz.

Napoleon Newlyweed in Historic Tableaux, Arranged and Photographed by His Father.

Human Chords and Discords

By Helen Vail Wallace.

DID you know that there are people on this earth who are your natural human chords? Of course you are always conscious upon meeting new people of a certain degree of pleasure or annoyance. You have given the matter little thought beyond the fact that you either like or dislike them; you have a desire to know them better or to avoid them; or oftener than either liking or disliking them you feel a sense of profound indifference.

They make but little impression, and you perhaps never recall them again. This large latter class we will omit to discuss, for 'tis only the people whom we like or dislike in earnest, the people we love and hate, our friends and our enemies, who influence our lives.

When we find a human chord—not infrequently "the lost chord"—there is always harmony. There is music in the air, solemn or lively, depending upon how we are struck; but there is always a pleasurable accompaniment to ourselves—our particular vibration. These charming (to us) people who blend, musically, with us are capable of adjusting their melody to suit ours. We say they are interested in our welfare; are in sympathy with us. We can depend upon them. They never forsake us, no matter what happens. They understand us always—cross or gay—and we thank heaven for them. We thrive in the presence of a human chord as does a plant in the spring of its natural habitat.

Now about the human discords—people who disagree with us in almost every detail of life; who oppose us and disbelieve in us and "sit on" us and "rile" us and disturb us generally (if we let them) by throwing mental pebbles into the otherwise calm pool of our consciousness so that we must wait for their absence in order to settle down to tranquillity again. Of what use are they? What figure do they cut in our lives and why need we be persecuted by them?

Our enemies have their specific uses. Briefly told, they are these: To discipline us; to teach us self-control, which is one of the main lessons of life to learn, and, incidentally, to elucidate the subject of which of us is the fittest to survive. For if two such inharmonious individuals are compelled to live together the continual jarring involved eventually delivers one of them into the hands of the undertaker. Enforced, prolonged inharmony has assisted abundantly in helping to depopulate this earth. However, some "inharmony" is good for us. It prevents the possible stagnation of perpetual serenity and promotes character-building.

It is no doubt superfluous to add that divorces are all caused by some form of human discord. It is a necessary provision against the consequences of the many mistakes our brothers and sisters are constantly making in their mad haste for love, harmony and happiness. In selecting a mate making haste slowly should be the rule.

Have you noticed how easy it is to keep step with some and how difficult with others? It seems quite likely that there should exist a greater degree of harmony between a couple who can keep step in walking and dancing. You know a team of horses pull together better if they keep step. However, this test is not entirely proven to my satisfaction, but sufficiently so, however, that I feel like adding: Be glad if you can keep step with your sweetheart; and to the already married to strongly advise: Practise keeping step.

Mysterious Old Bronze Guns.

THERE are a great many old bronze guns at the Naval Academy. Eight of these are heavy twenty-four-pounders, and six of these have French inscriptions, and are of French manufacture; the other two twenty-four-pounders have Spanish inscriptions. It has always been said that all of these heavy bronze guns were captured by our warships during the Mexican war. Recently all of the trophy guns at the Naval Academy were catalogued, and it proved a great surprise to the cataloguer and to most officers at the Naval Academy that six of these guns were undoubtedly of French origin.

Commander Edward L. Beach's theory as to the presence of these French guns at the Naval Academy is as follows: "It is my opinion that when Fort Severn was given to the Navy Department the six twenty-four-pounder guns went with the fort, and that these are the six guns we still have with us."

Solution of the Flirtation Puzzle.

THE accompanying picture shows how Miss Simpkins (in yesterday's "Flirtation Puzzle") rearranged her photographs so that all hands could gaze at her. In order to fit into the frame and

still have their focussed in the right direction, the her admirers had to suffer the indi of being stood on their heads.

The Wife's Vacation.

Some Replies to the Question About Her Taking One.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

A wife should enjoy a five weeks' vacation at the husband's expense. But the joke of it is, I am single and have to enjoy my vacation without a wife.

C. P. B.

Brooklyn N. Y.

Both Should Enjoy One.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

If a husband is the bread winner and a lover of his home and family and the wife is truly the help mate, they should go through life together and take vacations together. MISS R.

TURKISH GIRLS.

UP to the age of twelve Turkish girls are as free and untrammeled as European children, but with her twelfth birthday the girl becomes a woman. She adopts the "tenarchaff" and joins that silent sisterhood who are condemned to see the world darkly through a veil, without having lost any of their natural desire to participate in its pageantry.

Under Two Flags.

By Ouida

(By Permission of George Munro's Sons.)

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Bertie Cecil, a dashing, extravagant officer in the Guards, is son to Viscount Royallieu, who hates him. His younger brother, Berkeley, is a vicious ne'er-do-weel whom Bertie repeatedly helps out of scrapes. At last, with ruin staring him in the face, Bertie is unable further to help Berkeley. The latter, thereupon, impersonates his brother and forges, for $3,750, the name of Bertie's dearest friend, the Marquis of Rockingham (known as "The Seraph"). Berkeley writes to Bertie, confessing the crime and whining for mercy. Ezra Baroni, a usurer, who has cashed the draft, suspects it is a forgery and takes it to Rockingham, who admits that the signature is not his own. Rockingham will not believe Bertie a forger and sends for him to confront Baroni.

CHAPTER VII.

The Vow of Silence.

THE door opened. Cecil entered.

The Seraph crossed the room, with his hand held out; not for his life in that moment would he have omitted that gesture of friendship. Involuntarily he started and stood still one instant in amaze, the next he flung thought away and dashed into swift, inconsequent words.

"Cecil, my dear fellow! I am ashamed to send for you on such a blackguard errand. Never heard of such a swindler's trick in all my life; couldn't pitch the fellow into the street because of the look of the thing, and can't take any other measures without you, you know. I only sent for you to expose the whole abominable business, never because I believe— Hang it! Beauty, I can't bring myself to say it even! If a sound thrashing would have settled the matter I wouldn't have bothered you about it nor told you a syllable. Only you are sure, Bertie, aren't you, that I never listened to this miserable outrage on us both with a second's thought there could be truth in it? You know me? You trust me too well not to be certain of that? A hound has brought against you the vilest charge that ever swindlers framed—an infamy that he deserves to be shot for as if he were a dog. He makes me stand before you as if I were your accurer; as if I doubted you; as if I lent an ear one second to his loathsome lie. I sent for you to confront him and to give him up to the law. Stand out, you scoundrel, and let us see how you dare look at us now!"

Bertie had not moved; not a breath escaped his lips. He stood like a statue, deadly pale in the gaslight. When the figure of Baroni rose up and came before him a great darkness stole on his face. It was a terrible bitterness, a great horror, a loathing disgust, but it was scarcely criminality and it was not fear. Still he stood perfectly silent—a guilty man—and other than his loyal friend would have said: Guilty and confronted with a just accuser. The Seraph saw that look, and a deadly chill passed over him, as it had done at the usurer's first charge—no doubt; such heresy to his creeds, such shame to his comrade and his corps, could not be in him, but a vague dread hushed his impetuous vehemence. The dignity of the old Lyonnesse blood asserted its ascendancy.

"Monsieur Baroni, make your statement. Later on Mr. Cecil can avenge it."

"My statement is easily made, and will not be so new to this gentleman as it was to your lordship. I simply charge the Honorable Bertie Cecil with having negotiated a bill with my firm for 750 pounds on the 15th of last month, drawn in his own favor, and accepted at two months' date by your lordship. Your signature you, my Lord Marquis, admit to be a forgery—with that forgery I charge your friend."

"The 15th!"

The echo of those words alone escaped the dry, white lips of Cecil; he showed no amaze, no indignation; once only, as the charge was made, he gave a sudden gesture, with a sudden gleam, so dark, so dangerous, in his eyes that his comrade thought and hoped that with one moment more the usurer would be dashed down at his feet with the He branded on his mouth by the fiery blow of a slandered and outraged honor. The action was repressed; the extraordinary quiescence, more hopeless because more resigned than any sign of pain or of passion, returned either by force of self-control or by the stupor of despair.

The Seraph gazed at him with a fixed, astounded horror; he could not believe his senses; he could not realize what he saw. His dearest friend stood mute beneath the charge of lowest villainy—stood powerless before the falsehoods of a Jew extortioner!

"Bertie! Great Heaven!" he cried, well-nigh beside himself, "how can you stand silent there? Do you hear—do you hear aright? Do you know the accursed thing this conspiracy has tried to charge you with? Say something, for the love of heaven! I will have vengeance on your slanderer if you take none!"

"I am not guilty," Cecil said simply.

The Seraph's hands were on his own in a close, eager grasp almost ere the words were spoken.

"Beauty, Beauty! never say that to me. Do you think I can ever doubt you?"

For a moment Cecil's head sank, the dignity with which he had spoken remained on him, but the scorn of his defiance and his denial faded.

"No you cannot; you never will."

The words were spoken almost mechanically, like a man in a dream. Ezra Baroni, standing calmly there with the tranquillity that an assured power alone confers, smiled slightly once more.

"Mr. Cecil was with my partner at 7.50 on the evening of the 15th. It was long over business hours, but my partner, to oblige him, stretched a point," pursued the soft, bland, malicious voice of the German Jew. "If he were not at our office—where was he? That is simple enough."

"Answered in a moment!" said the Seraph, with impetuous certainty. "Cecil—to prove this man what he is, not for an instant to satisfy me—where were you at that time on the 15th?"

"The 15th!"

"Where were you?" pursued his friend. "Were you at mess? at the clubs? dressing for dinner?—where? where? There must be thousands of ways of remembering—thousands of people who'll prove it for you?"

Cecil stood mute still; his teeth clinched on his under lip; he could not speak—a woman's reputation lay in his silence.

"Can't you remember?" implored the Seraph. "You will think—you must think!"

There was a feverish entreaty in his voice. That hunted helplessness with which a question so slight yet so momentous was received, was forcing in on him a thought that he flung away like an asp.

Cecil looked both of them full in the eyes—both his accuser and his friend. He was held as speechless as though his tongue was paralyzed; he was bound by his word of honor; he was weighted with a woman's secret.

"Don't look at me so, Bertie, for mercy's sake! Speak! Where were you?"

"I cannot tell you; but I was not there."

"I confide it to your honor, my lord Marquis." Baroni spread out the bill on the console. He was an able diplomatist.

Cecil leaned forward and looked at the signatures dashed across the paper; both who saw him saw the shiver, like a shiver of intense cold, that ran through him as he did so, and saw his teeth clinch tight, in the extremity of rage, in the excess of pain, or—to hold in all utterance that might be on his lips.

"Do you still persist in denying your criminality in the face of that bill, Mr. Cecil?" asked the bland, sneering, courteous voice of Ezra Baroni.

"I do. I never wrote either of these signatures; I never saw that document until to-night."

"And yet you equally persist in refusing to account for your occupation of the early evening hours of the 15th? Unfortunate!"

"I do, but in your account of them you lie."

Baroni waved his hand again with the same polite, significant gesture.

"In that case, then, there is but one alternative. Will you follow me quietly, sir, or must force be employed?"

"Wait!" cried Rockingham. "Where you go I come."

The usurer interposed demurely:

"Forgive me, my lord—not now. You can take what steps you will as regards your friend later on; and you may rest assured he will be treated with all delicacy compatible with the case, but you cannot accompany him now. I rely on his word to go with me quietly, but I now regard him—and you must remember this—as not the son of Viscount Royallieu—nat the Honorable Bertie Cecil, of the Life Guards—not the friend of one so distinguished as yourself—but as simply an arrested forger."

Cecil caught the Seraph's lifted arm and stayed it in its vengeance. His own teeth were clinched tight as a vise, and over the haggard whiteness of his face a deep red flush had come.

"We degrade ourselves by resistance. Let me go—they must do what they will. My reckoning must wait, and my justification. One word only—take Forest King, and keep him for my sake."

Another moment and the door was closed.

Once out in the air, the usurer laid his hand on his arm; he started—it was the first sign that his liberty was gone! He restrained himself from all resistance still, and passed onward, down where Baroni motioned him out of the noise of the carriages, out of the glare of the light, into the narrow, darkened turning of a side street. He went passively; for this man trusted to his honor.

In the gloom stood three figures, looming indistinctly in the shadow of the houses; one was a Hussier of the Staats-Procurator, beside whom stood the Commissary of Police of the district, the third was an English detective. Ere he saw them, their hands were on his shoulders, and the cold chill of steel touched his wrists. The usurer had betrayed him and arrested him in the open street. In an instant, as the ring of the rifle rouses the slumbering tiger, all the life and soul that were in him rose in revolt as the icy glide of the handcuffs sought their hold on his wrists. In an instant, all the wild blood of his race, all the pride of his breeding, all the honor of his service, flashed into fire and leapt into action. Trusted, he would have been true to his accuser, deceived, the chains of his promise were loosened, and all he thought, all he felt, all he knew were the lion impulses, the knightly instincts, the resolute choice to lose life rather than to lose freedom, of a soldier and a gentleman. All he remembered was that he would fight to the death rather than be taken alive; that they should kill him where he stood, in the starlight, rather than lead him in the sight of men as a felon.

With the strength that lay beneath all the gentle languor of his habits, and with the science of the Eton Playing Fields of his boyhood, he wrenched his wrists free ere the steel had closed, and with the single straightening of his left arm felled the detective to earth like a bullock, with a crashing blow that sounded through the stillness like some heavy timber stove in; flinging himself like lightning on the Huissier, he twisted out of his grasp the metal weight of the handcuffs, and wrestling with him was woven for a second in that close-knit struggle which is only seen when the wrestlers wrestle for life and death.

The German was a powerful and firmly built man, but Cecil's science was the finer and the more masterly. His long, slender, delicate limbs seemed to twine and writhe around the massive form of his antagonist like the coils of a cobra; they rocked and swayed to and fro on the stone while the shrill, shrieking voice of Baroni filled the night with its clamor.

The vise-like pressure of the stalwart arms of his opponent crushed in his ribs seemed to bend and break under the breathless oppression, the iron force; but desperation nerved him, the Royallieu blood, that never took defeat, was roused now for the first time in his careless life; his skill and his nerve were unrivalled, and, with a last effort, he dashed the Huissier off him, and, lifting him up—he never knew how—as he would have lifted a log of wood, hurled him down in the white streak of moonlight that alone slanted through the peaked roofs of the crooked by-street.

The cries of Baroni had already been heard. A crowd drawn by their shrieking appeals were bearing toward the place in tumult. The Jew had the quick wit to give them, as call word, that it was a croupier who had been found cheating and fled. It sufficed to inflame the whole mob against the fugitive. Cecil looked round him once—such a glance as a Royal gives when the gazehounds are panting about him and the fangs are in his throat. Then with the swiftness of the deer itself he dashed downward into the gloom of the winding passage at the speed which had carried him in many a foot-race victor in the old green Eton meadows. There was scarce a man in the Queen's service who could rival him for lightness of limb, for power of endurance in every sport of field and fell, of the moor and the gymnasium and the athletic pleasures of many a happy hour stood him in good stead now, in the emergence of his terrible extremity.

Flight! For the instant the word thrilled him with a loathing sense. Flight! The craven's refuge, the criminal's resource. He wished in the moment's agony that they would send a bullet through his brain as he ran rather than drive him out to this. Flight! He felt a coward and a felon as he fled; fled from every fair thing, from every peaceful hour, from the friendships and good will of men, from the fame of his ancient race, from the smile of the women that loved him, from all that makes life rich and fair, from all that men call honor; fled, to leave his name disgraced in the service he adored; fled, to leave the world to think him a guilty dastard who dared not face his trial; fled, to bid his closest friend believe him low sunk in the depths of foulest felony, branded forever with a criminal's shame—by his own act, by his own hand. Flight! It has bitter pangs that make brave men feel cowards when they fly from tyranny and danger and death to a land of peace and promise. But he his flight he left behind him all that made life worth the living and went out to meet eternal misery, renouncing every hope, yielding up all his future.

"It is for her sake—and Berkeley's," he thought, and without a moment's pause, without a backward look, he ran as the stag runs with the bay of the pack behind it, down into the shadows of the night.

(To Be Continued.)

BETTY VINCENT'S ADVICE TO LOVERS

FOLLY OF MISUNDERSTANDINGS

A MISUNDERSTANDING is a terrible bogie. Did you ever have one? Of course you have, and you sometimes go about, miserably, for days and days, carrying this bogie, this daytime "nightmare," with you, letting him grasp your brain with one claw and your feet with the other and devour every atom of happiness that comes your way.

Have you ever stopped to reflect upon the folly of carrying a monster about with you when you can so easily oust him?

"How s.a.. I do it?" you say.

Just lay aside your pride and your cowardice—those two superfluous accoutrements—walk right up, bravely, to the sweetheart with whom you have quarrelled and have it out with him or her coolly and calmly. Say just how and where you see yourself at fault first of all; then just how his or her conduct appears to you; and in general and as briefly as possible ask for equal frankness. By this time you w.. understand each other, and the misunderstanding will have vanished like a snowflake in the sun.

An ounce of frankness is worth a ton of sulks or lovers' quarrels. If matters do not improve between you after you talk it over you will at least be rid of your bogie, for bogies do not thrive in the sunlight of doing the right thing. Out with it! ..at wi.. it! It is the only sane, sensible course.

Did She Mistreat Him?

Dear Betty:

AM twenty-three years old and had been going with a young man twenty-one years old for the past ten months until a week ago. An entertainment took place at the church I attend, and I had intended to go, but changed my mind. The same evening a young lady friend of mine had a ticket and asked me to go, and I went. When I told my friend he got very angry and said that I treated him very mean, and now he doesn't spea.. to me. I tried to reason with him, but it does no good. Now, he thinks a good deal of me and I do of him, and I wouldn't hurt his feelings intentionally, because I do like to be happy. Do you think I ought to let him alone until he comes around?

ANXIOUS.

If you intended to go with him and then changed your mind and went with your young lady friend I do not wonder that he feels mistreated. Still if you are not engaged to him he has no right to question your conduct. Changing her mind is a woman's prerogative, especially when her happiness is involved. Of course you like to be happy, and it is the right of every human being. We should avoid hurting others when seeking our happiness. Whether letting your friend alone until he comes 'round again is best depends entirely upon his temperament. It may be best to explain to him, pleasantly, that you had no idea of hurting him.

A Girl Pursues Him.

Dear Betty:

AM a young man twenty years old and have been calling on a young lady whom I met some months ago. I enjoy being in her company, but she is not the woman I would like to marry. I am living on $15 per week and cannot think of becoming engaged on my present outlook. This lady, however, continually extends invitations to me to accompany her to various parties, and also plans to go to work on the same train I do.

Please tell me what I should do under the circumstances, as I do not wish to hurt her feelings. Sincerely yours,

B. T.

All you can do is to avoid her or else explain your circumstances.

He Motored With Another.

Dear Betty:

AM a young lady eighteen years of age and have been keeping company with a young man my own age. Of late he has not been calling as usual, and several times I have seen him out automobiling with another young lady. What shall I do?

K. J.

You can do nothing except make yourself agreable when you meet him. On no account mention seeing him with the other young lady. Treat him coolly and he may repent.

Why on Earth Can't She?

Dear Betty:

AM a young lady sixteen years old. I am not pretty, but beautifully educated and well brought up, and awfully stylish. Nobody loves me, and I sing and play the piano. Why can't I get a fellow?

L. C.

You are very young yet, my dear. Be patient. The right fellow has not yet appeared. He is somewhere. Keep a happy heart. Good-nature wins where mere prettiness fails to win admiration.

HINTS FOR THE HOME

Molasses Gingerbread.

ONE-HALF cup of molasses, scant one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of sour milk, small teaspoon soda, one egg, teaspoon of ginger, two even cups of flour.

Cocoanut Pie.

ONE cup of grated cocoanut, three eggs, three tablespoonfuls of sugar; bake as an ordinary custard pie. Frost with the white of an egg and teaspoonful of sugar, if desired.

Conde Confection.

ROLL half a pound of puc paste, well chilled, in a strip eighteen inches long by three wide, and one-eighth of an inch in thickness. Cut into six pieces and moisten the surface with beaten egg, fold each piece in triangular shape, place on a baking sheet, and bake for thirty-five minutes. When cool make an incision in each with the thickest part of the larding needle and fill the cake interior with almond paste, using a pastry bag and tube for the purpose. Almond paste.—Peel and crush a quarter of pound of blanched sweet almonds, p.. in a bowl, add five ounces of sugar, the white of an egg, a flavoring of rum if desired, and of anise. Stir until a smooth paste is obtained.

Cottage Cake.

ONE and one-half cupfuls of sugar, one-half cupful of butter, one-half teaspoon of soda, one teaspoonful of cream tartar, two cups of flour, two-thirds cup of milk; flavor to suit taste

French Gingerbread.

BLANCH and chop fine a quarter of a pound of sweet almonds. Add a quarter of a teaspoonful of grated nutmeg, the same amount of anise seed, half a cupful of sugar, and half a pound of strained honey. Mix well together, then add the flour, four cupfuls, and knead the mixture thoroughly for thirty minutes. Work into a ball, cover with a napkin and set aside for twenty-four hours. Roll out in a thin sheet, cut into fancy shapes, and bake in a moderate oven. When cool glaze with a glaze a l'eau.

Orange Sauce.

BEAT the whites of 3 eggs stiff, add gradually 1 cupful powdered sugar, then add juice and grated rind of 2 oranges and 1 tablespoonful of lemon juice.