THE FORBIDDEN ROAD

By MARIA ALBANESI.

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CHAPTER X.

On the following day the children and their governess went down to Yelverton. There was so much excitement and bustle in getting away that Miss Graniger had little time to realize that she was tired. She saw nothing of Mrs. Lancing, who was in her room.

The children were told to keep very quiet, because mother had a headache.

It was Dennis who had communicated the news to Katherine that she was to take Betty and Baby down to Mrs. Brenton's delightful country house by an early afternoon train.

It seemed to the girl that Dennis was in a great state of excitement about something. Also it was evident that the gloom which had appeared to settle so definitely on the little house the day before had been lifted.

When they were ready to go, the children crept into their mother's room to say "good-by," but Katherine remained outside.

Betty brought out a message.

"Mother says we are to be as good as we know how, and to do everything we are telled."

It was very delightful to be welcomed by Mrs. Brenton so cordially.

Betty had dilated with enthusiasm on the joys which awaited them at Yelverton, and Katherine quickly realized that the child had exaggerated nothing.

The little people were installed in a wing of the house where there were any number of empty rooms and long passages just made to be danced in and to echo with happy voices—a veritable playground; and Agnes Brenton, who had studied the art of making people comfortable all her life, took the children's governess into her first consideration.

There were no guests when they arrived, though plenty were expected for Christmas.

There mere thought of having her house full, and of arranging all sorts of treats for the children, made Mrs. Brenton quite happy.

"I am going to keep you tremendously busy," she said to Katherine; "we must furbish up this old house. This is the first year that Camilla has let me have the children with me for Christmas. But I intend to make a bargain with her now. I shall insist that she send them here as much as possible. I know Rupert Haverford will join forces with me in this. I suppose they will be married very soon."

Miss Graniger looked so surprised that Mrs. Brenton laughed.

"Do you mean to tell me you have not heard the great news? It is known now to everybody," she said, "therefore I am not betraying confidences. I am so delighted about it, for I confess I have been hoping for this for a long time past. You know how dear Camilla is to me, and I like him immensely. Don't you?" Then Mrs. Brenton laughed. "Oh, I forgot, you don't know him! It is funny that you never came across him when you were with his mother!"

"He used to go very seldom to see Mrs. Baynhurst," Katherine answered. She spoke slowly, as if her thoughts were occupied.

The engagement between Mrs. Lancing and Rupert Haverford was of course largely discussed at Yelverton, and was the favorite item of gossip elsewhere for the moment. As Camilla had prophesied, the world gave nearly all its congratulations to Haverford's betrothed. Mrs. Lancing was very delightful, very pretty—in every way a most charming woman; but there are any amount of charming and delightful and pretty women in the world, and rich men (rich, at least, in the great way that Haverford was) are so scarce.

Katherine was sharply startled when she heard that Mrs. Lancing was pledged to marry Rupert Haverford.

There was a suggestion of anxiety in the way her thoughts worked about the other woman.

Camilla had ceased utterly to be a stranger to her. If there had been nothing else to bind them together, that scene in the silence of the night would have put them into very close touch with one another. Moreover, it was natural that the girl should sit and weave stories to herself out of the material that lay to her hands.

There was everything about Camilla Lancing to excite the imagination, to stimulate the appetite for romance.

Agnes Brenton rejoiced frankly over the enormous material satisfaction this engagement signified, and Katherine joined with her in this; but she was unlike Mrs. Brenton in one respect, for whereas the older woman saw nothing but a certainty of happiness in this marriage, the governess, young, unworldly as she was, felt from the very first that there was in this prospective union a doubtful element; that difficulties would most certainly present themselves—great difficulties, every whit as black and as heart-shadowing as any that had belonged to Camilla in the past.

She needed very little now to convince herself that Haverford would meet those difficulties in a firm, a straightforward way. But what about the woman?

Although she had only seen him twice, Katherine had been instantly impressed with the restraint, even the coldness, of Haverford's manner.

To her he seemed to be the very last man in the world who would be able to assimilate himself with Camilla Lancing's effervescent nature. Surely her fanciful inconsequence, her pretty conceits, her irresponsible ways, would never wed with his seriousness and restraint, his peculiar gravity.

That spell of definite heart anguish, witnessed and shared by herself, charged all memory now of the children's mother with pathos. She could not help associating it with what had occurred.

Knowing nothing definitely, Katherine Graniger yet knew enough to assure herself that the engagement had been forced into existence by that very mental maelstrom of only a few hours before. And already she felt she understood Camilla well enough to be sure that this act, born of expediency, the outcome of intense excitement, would have its aftermath of judgment, of regret, perhaps even of condemnation.

But for this sense of clinging anxiety about the woman she had learned to love so dearly the girl would have been so happy.

"I want you to run wild," Mrs. Brenton said to her. "You can always leave the children with me when you want to be alone; they don't bother me in the least."

So on every possible occasion Miss Graniger was out of the house, either with the children or without them, and day by day she blossomed out a little more into health and good looks.

"I wonder if you have Irish blood in your veins?" Mrs. Brenton asked her, on one occasion, when they went for a brisk walk together, "Your eyes are distinctly Irish, you know."

Katherine had laughed.

"I may be a Hottentot for all I know about myself. Undoubtedly I must have had some beginning, but what it was I have not the least idea."

Agnes Brenton did not answer at once, and then she said:

"You have never heard from Mrs. Baynhurst?"

The girl shook her head, and then laughed again.

"Oh, no, I never expected to. I dare say Mr. Haverford has tried to make her speak, but I shall be very much surprised if he gets anything out of her."

"I am quite sure he will have tried," said Mrs. Brenton, warmly.

"Oh!" said Katherine, quietly, "he must have so many things to think of just now. I expect he has forgotten all about me."

On Christmas Eve Mrs. Brenton handed over the completion of the decorations to Miss Graniger. People were arriving all day.

Toward the afternoon Betty fell into a state of consternation. They had run out of gold and silver paper, and there were any amount of other little things that had been forgotten.

Katherine rose to the occasion.

"Look here, sweetheart, I'll tell you what I will do. I will ask Mrs. Brenton if I may go and get everything for you."

"You will be gone ages, and ages, and ages, and I want it now," said Betty, who was like her mother in more than one thing. She pleaded to be allowed to go into the town, too, but the wind was much too cold.

Mrs. Brenton fell in quickly with the arrangement, only suggesting that Katherine should drive; but the walk did not frighten the girl.

Indeed, a sense of gladness radiated her as she progressed briskly along the muddy road, and yet perhaps it was inevitable that as she found herself alone, away from the warmth and the cozy atmosphere of the busy household, she should drift into comparisons; that she should awaken to the significance of how really apart she was from these happy elements of home, and family, and festival.

Oddly enough, it was not for herself as she was this day that she felt pity; it was for herself as that little, lonely creature, left to pick what sunshine she could out of the bleakest surroundings, that her heart ached.

The very pleasantness of her present circumstances emphasized all she had missed.

Christmas hitherto had been to her synonymous only with the packing of boxes and the departure of all her schoolmates. The last winter she had spent in that old schoolhouse had, it is true, been less lonely than most, for two other little children had been left to share her solitude, and she had made gallant efforts at gayety. She smiled faintly now as she recalled all she had done, but she sighed, too.

"Yet we were really and truly happy," she said to herself. "At any rate, it was a hundred times better than last Christmas. Shall I ever forget that dull, long, miserable, foggy day! It seemed as if it would never end. My food sent up as usual to my room, and not a soul to say a kind word! Well, it is a little bit different now!"

The wind swept across the open place. It was so strong and cold that it made her gasp for breath every now and then, but it stung the color into her cheeks, and made her dark eyes light up into extraordinary beauty.

"If only this could go on forever," she said to herself; "but somehow I feel so afraid it can't last. She is so sweet, so affectionate"—the "she" was Camilla—"when we are together, but even now I believe she has forgotten my existence."

Indeed, though a daily report of the children's doings was sent to London, Mrs. Lancing had not even scribbled a word to the girl in reply. She wrote to Mrs. Brenton, she telegraphed, she telephoned, and she sent all manner of things to her children, but she showed no signs of remembrance to Katherine.

"And"—then the girl mused—"I am all very well now, but Betty will want a real governess in a little while. It will be very hard to leave them then. I almost think that I was better off when I had no chance of growing very attached to any one. It cannot hurt to part when one does not know how sweet it is to care and to be cared for."

Cheerless and yet gray as the country was in its winter aspect, it had always a charm and a beauty for Katherine Graniger.

Half way to the town she marked a bush standing high above the hedge, on which clustered some brilliant red berries.

"Those are just what Betty wants," she said to herself. But she deferred picking them until her return.

The afternoon light was beginning to fade as she left town; she was laden with parcels, her arms were quite full.

She had just passed into the long road that led to Yelverton when a cab overtook her. It was an open fly, and a man sat in it alone, with some luggage piled in front of him.

Miss Grangier just glanced around, and then to her surprise she recognized Rupert Haverford, who quickly stopped the cab, as he in his turn recognized her.

"Are you walking?" he asked. "But it is getting quite dark; you will lose your way!"

She laughed.

"Oh, impossible! It is a straight road; one could not go astray."

"Give me some of those things," said Haverford, and he began to unload her arms. "This looks like Christmas." Then he said, "You will let me give you a lift?"

Katherine hesitated a moment, and then said, "Thank you. But I must stop a little way down," she said, "because I want to get some berries for Betty. I will tell you when we get to the place."

As he sat beside her in the cab, Rupert Haverford put a question to her rather eagerly.

"Do you know what train Mrs. Lancing came by?"

"Mrs. Lancing? She had not arrived when I left," Katherine answered. "I think she was expected just before dinner. At least I heard Mrs. Brenton arranging that the carriage should go to meet the quick train down from London. I believe that she expected that you would come together."

"It was arranged that we were to come together," said Haverford. But that was all he said; he began immediately to talk about Katherine herself.

"No doubt you have been expecting to hear from me, Miss Graniger?"

The girl said "No," in a quiet way.

He looked at her.

"Surely yes. You must have expected to hear from me?"

"Well," said Katherine, frankly, "I thought it possible that you might forget to write, or that you were so annoyed with me that you might not care to bother about me any more."

"I was not annoyed with you," said Haverford, quickly.

"Oh! weren't you? I thought you were!"

They drove on for a little while in silence, and then Katherine bent forward.

"Oh, will you ask the man to stop, please? I must really have those berries."

Haverford got out with her.

"They are much too high for you to reach," was his observation.

"They are rather high," Katherine agreed, "but I am sure I can reach them if I give a jump."

He laughed.

"I can get them without a jump."

He mounted the rough ground and reached up to the bush that stood high above the hedge.

Katherine thanked him.

"Betty will be delighted," she said; "we have been looking everywhere for those red berries, and somehow we never thought of coming down this road."

When they were back in the cab and jolting on again, Haverford said to her:

"Although you pretend that you did not expect me to write, I suppose you will be a little interested in hearing that I have some odds and ends of intelligence to give you about yourself. I should have written to you days ago," he went on, quickly, "but my mother is rather a difficult person to handle, as you know, and it was only yesterday that I managed to corner her on this subject. She knew what was coming, and shirked me accordingly."

TO BE CONTINUED TO-MORROW.

A Pretty Fashion.

What may be, with skillful treatment, a very pretty fashion—that of making the sleeves of an evening gown different in color and fabric from the rest of the dress—has been revived.

In the case of a recently made evening toilet, black gauze sleeves were allied to a white gown, with an outline of black upon the decolletage to connect the sleeves, as it were.

A COMFORTABLE SACK FOR MORNINGS.

The simple semi-fitting dressing sack is a most comfortable garment for wearing at breakfast on cool mornings, or for slipping on when one wants to rest awhile in one's own room. The model illustrated is a popular one, and is both practical and becoming. The choice of two styles of collar is given, while both the bishop and leg-o-mutton sleeve are included in the pattern, which thus affords scope for considerable variety in development. Eiderdown, albatross, cashmere, or any seasonable material may be selected for making the sack, 3¼ yards 36 inches wide being needed for the medium size.

Seven sizes, 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

This pattern will be sent upon receipt of 10 cents in stamps, by addressing Pattern Department, The Washington Herald, 734 Fifteenth street northwest, giving the number (2751) and size wanted.

FROM WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW

Undesirable acquaintances are thorns in the flesh which are permanently removed by heroic means only. It is better to make new acquaintances slowly, which is precisely what many women neglect to do. I know that undesirable persons are thrust upon our notice by careless persons, who introduce without forethought, but the greater part of acquaintances which we ought to weed out is the result of carelessness, pure and simple.

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Rudeness is never excusable, so that method of cutting short an acquaintanceship is out of the question. A neighbor's first call must be returned within a specified time, but a call can be so planned as to find a woman away from home, and make a bit of pasteboard do duty for an unpleasant obligation. The second call can be passed over with perfect politeness if one chooses to close the incident. To deliberately cut an acquaintance is a piece of rudeness whose folly is realized too late sometimes. There are methods of avoidance which tactful women can find without trouble.

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Every woman is better for having a small circle of friends. To meet the demands of even a few requires time and every addition to the circle means a bit more snipped out of each twenty-four hours. The joys and sorrows of friends one should share without a thought of the discomfort entailed, anniversaries should be properly observed, and hospitality offered with some degree of frequency. These are friends of a lifetime, you know, and not the careless acquaintance of travel and club life.

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It is well for us that so many of the men and women we meet at summer resorts pass out of our lives with the end of hot weather. Many of them are not the kind of persons we should have about us the year through. When we are on pleasure bent we ask nothing more than the amusement of the hour. We know absolutely nothing about many of those with whom we spend our holiday and are saved very unpleasant consequences of our carelessness by the good fortune that puts miles between us and our new acquaintances. I have met a few really delightful families in haphazard fashion, but the number of those whose existence I was glad to forget is many times larger.

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A brilliant woman's club to whose functions tickets were easy to obtain lost prestige—and money—by the measures it was forced to take to keep out a number of undesirable women. The directors are contemplating a return to its original methods, but there is considerable dread over a possible repetition of the unpleasantness. It is a well-known fact that undesirable people are thick-skinned but vindictive when the hide has really been penetrated, so the handling of them is a rather ticklish business. There have been family disruptions and club quarrels so bitter as to leave a permanent scar, proceeding directly from the mean disposition of women who were no welcome additions to any function and who were allowed to become acquainted with that fact.

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When a young woman takes up the profession of journalism her first lesson deals with the advantage of a large acquaintance. She is told that each addition has a money value, which is true, in a measure, because it opens another avenue of information. She must depend upon her acquaintances for news, and her value to her paper is increased with her facilities for obtaining information when it is needed. I know of no other class of women who are so dependent upon the public—certainly the home woman can be as particular as she chooses, and she is often the one who gets into serious trouble through promiscuous acquaintances. Nothing but experience will cure some of them.

BETTY BRADEEN.

Pretty Things to Wear.

The buckle on handsome new gowns is often made of the same material as the girdle and shirred and trimmed elaborately.

The pompadour of the season, to accord with the big crown hats in use, puffs full and low around the temples, ears and the nape of the neck.

White felt tricornes are with us again, and one design looked extremely smart lined with black panne. Large champagne-colored wings edged with black formed the trimming.

Serges are going into tailor-mades. With serge there is always apt to arrive the vogue for velvet trimmings, or at least for velvet in collar and cuffs, and this is no exception this fall.

Japanese Influence.

The picturesque Japanese sleeves and armhole draping have influenced the designers of blouses, and some of the prettiest models offered show this influence; but if the blouse is for wear under an ordinary coat sleeve it is a mistake to yield to the temptation of these charming blouse models.

They are practical only when the coat sleeve, too, is loose and ample, and under other conditions it is wiser to have the blouse armhole of conventional size, though the drapery of the blouse, shoulder, and side may give some suggestion of a draped sleeve.

HOW TO PRESS SEAMS.

To press seams open, lay the right side of the material next the board and open the seam. Run a thimble filled with water up and down, allowing a small quantity of water to remain all along the seam. Some women prefer to use a spoon to dampen the material.

Have a moderately hot iron, so as not to scorch the material; and it is all-important that the seams should be ironed until perfectly dry.

Do not stretch the material, but hold the seam that is being pressed so that there will be no danger of its being puckered.

Make Use of the Crow.

From the Chicago Record-Herald.

When airships come into common use people who tell us how far it is as the crow flies will be of real service.

THE NEW "HOME, SWEET HOME."

(Being the song entitled "Home," from "The Merry Widow.")

If I could go with you
Beyond the distant blue,
To some fair land unknown,
Where we were all alone,
No more would I demand,
Than with you hand in hand
To wander through that magic land—
That is the magic that fills the happy home;
The stormy world may be wild as ocean foam,
We shall not care what the weary world may do,
You're all the world to me, and I to you.
Ah, that is all to live for truly,
Can happiness be found elsewhere?
Only the sun and sky above,
Smiling on me and her I love,
Ah, when the world is all unruly,
One refuge we can find from care,
It is the home,

It is the home, and happiness is there, yes, there!
Yet all the lovely dream
Is but a bubble's gleam,
A rainbow's magic ray,
That breaks and fades away,
The home I thought so fair
We find not anywhere.
'Tis but a castle in the air—
That is the vision of happiness at home.
But in the search for it vainly we may roam.
The world is cold that we have to wander through,
Though you're the world to me, and I to you—
You're all my world, I'm the world to you!

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"THE BUSY CORNER"
TO-DAY
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DOLLAR DRESS GOODS
at 75c yd.
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$1.00 Quality Rice Cloth.....75c Yard.
$1.00 Quality Roxana.....75c Yard.
$1.00 Quality Crispine.....75c Yard.
$1.00 Quality Plain Wool Taffeta.....75c Yard.
$1.00 Quality Mohdelaine.....75c Yard.
$1.00 Quality Plaid Taffeta.....75c Yard.

THE GENTLE CYNIC OF TO-DAY

For every man who has his bust in the Hall of Fame there are a million busted outside.

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Even nature makes mistakes. Many a man with a pie appetite has a malted milk stomach.

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Few women have to take lessons in painting.

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Peace hath her victories, but we generally have to fight hard for them.

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A girl never reads a noved without wondering if she isn't a good bit like the heroine.

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You can sometimes flatter a woman by telling her you don't.

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Some people are never satisfied unless they put two and two together and make five.

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Time and tide wait for no man, but you can't make a woman believe it when she is putting on her hat.

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It makes some fellows chesty to think of all the medals coming to them.

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A fool and his money are soon married.

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Experience teaches us that if we want a thing cheap we must pay pretty dearly for it.

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The fellow who has traveled extensively often succeeds in making a fool of himself in several languages and upon a great many subjects.

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With some women the tragedy of married life begins with the first scratch on the parlor furniture.

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The people who are talked about are the last to hear it.

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The straight and narrow path is no place for the rounder.

If we are to believe the pure-food people, the can opener has as much to answer for as the corkscrew.

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It is better to face a man with a nasty tongue than to turn your back on him.

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Most of us feel that we could live comfortably on a thousand a year more than we have.

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A wedding may be said to go off without a hitch when the bridegroom fails to appear.

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When a girl is proverbially fond of lobsters, she generally goes out to supper with one.

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Nearly every girl at some time has made some fellow happy by refusing to marry him.

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If you want to find a man out get a job as bill collector.

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Many a fellow who has told a girl she was good enough to eat has been obliged to swallow his own words.

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The good die young, or if they don't they grow up to be mighty homely.

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The man who wants the earth must expect to have a little mud thrown at him.

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True dignity doesn't stop at a frock coat and a high hat.

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Enthusiasm doesn't accomplish much without a certain amount of hustle.

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After all, the man who tells his troubles may be preferable to the one who tells his jokes.

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It's a good plan to tell the truth, when it doesn't hurt.

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Even the tallest men don't always come up to our expectations.

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The attire of some men would seem to indicate that their tailors can't tell the difference between a fit and a convulsion.

Corset Styles.

All the new corsets are long, close-hip sheaths, and the number of stocking supporters attached has increased to four, six, and in some cases to seven, pairs, attached at intervals all around the corset.

The newest corset form to be introduced this year is that having the front lacings instead of the ordinary steels.

Like all the new types, it is very long, and has what has been called the sculptured back.

The long corsets are especially necessary to meet the requirements of the extreme styles in dress waists which are now being developed.

All call for smooth, tightly worn, and fitted underwear.

Practically all the new corsets are provided with twelve-inch steels, which means that they are a great deal higher in the bust than formerly.

THE EPICURE.

In spite of the recent theories advanced to associate oysters with fever germs, that bivalve has lost none of its popularity. The most familiar way of preparing it, the oyster stew, is one of the most abused. The cardinal rules demand that the stew shall be steaming hot and that the oyster shall be cooked only until the edges shrivel and curl, and not until it is as hard as a rock—the usual way.

A quart of oysters will serve six people. The liquor must be strained carefully through a thin cloth to get rid of bits of shell. The oysters must be washed in cold water and carefully freed from any grit or shells.

Put a quart of milk on to boil in a double boiler. Add the strained liquor, a piece of butter the size of an egg, pepper and salt to taste. Roll six crackers very fine with a smooth glass bottle or a rolling pin. Stir in the crumbs and let the whole boil for ten minutes. Add the oysters the very last, and let the stew remain on the fire only until the edges curl. Serve hot. If a double boiler is not used to cook the milk it must be constantly stirred to prevent burning.

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Grilled oysters are good. Wash and dry the oysters thoroughly and dip in melted butter. Roll them in fine cracker dust, which has been seasoned with salt and pepper. Grease a wire gridiron with butter or olive oil and lay the oysters close together on the wires. Broil under a gas flame or over the coals until the juice runs, and serve on a very hot dish with lemon slices and parsley.

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A French method of preparing oysters is to fry some slices of thin fat bacon and set aside to cool. Season some stale bread crumbs with pepper, salt, onion, and a little parsley, and run through a sieve until perfectly smooth. Cut the crusts from bread and fry thick slices in long and narrow strips. Cut the bacon into small pieces and arrange alternately on a skewer an oyster and a bit of the bacon. Cover with the seasoned bread crumbs, baste with melted butter and a little of the liquor from the oysters, and bake in a hot oven.

Proverbs and Phrases.

A ragged colt may make a good horse.—Irish.

A single penny fairly got is worth a thousand that are not.—German.

A thing begun is half done.—French.

A vain hope flattereth the heart of a fool.—Italian.

How to Wear Colors.

The auburn-haired woman looks best in the browns that shade into the tones of her hair or in the rich, dark greens.

The yellow-haired girl can wear red. The greens, too, are delightful on her; also certain yellows and blacks. White is less becoming.

Blues, particularly the pale and cold blues, are best adapted to brunettes whose color is warm.

The woman whose hair is dull and whose complexion and eyes lack brilliancy may still be attractive if she wears frocks that harmonize with her eyes and hair. Usually dull finished materials in browns, blacks, and certain shades of blues that match the eyes are kindest to her.

An Ideal Wall Covering.

From a sanitary and even from an artistic standpoint nothing makes a better wall covering than a water color tint.

This must be the right kind, though; that will not fade or streak or rub off.

If you insist on having the best, then will you know the comfort of being able to wipe down your walls once or twice a week with a dry, soft cloth put over a broom or long-handled brush.

Some of these wall tints are antiseptic and germicides, and can be painted over when it is desired to change the decoration of the room without washing off the under tint.

PERFUME FOR THE BATH.

A deliciously refreshing perfume for the bath is the salts of genuine eau de cologne. A tablespoonful—or possibly double the quantity if one likes the odor specially strong—put in the bathtub makes the water soft and delightful to use. Eau de cologne is marvelously refreshing at all times, and this extract of salts in the bath will do much to take away the fatigue of a long day, or start one off in the morning invigorated and more than ready for the day's work.

The various toilet waters are all delicious for the bath if used in small quantities, but none can equal the new salts of eau de cologne.

At the Jewelers.

Osprey and bird-of-paradise aigrettes are a part of almost every coiffure ornament. When ornaments of brilliants are not worn, spangled birds, bows, and flowers are good style. The low Greek pattern is most fashionable in diadems.

Since the back comb and the barette are of necessity closely associated, they now may be bought to match each other.

A silver cigar box with a repousse design over glass on the lid is an addition to a man's smoking outfit.

The Largest Morning Circulation.

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To-night at 7:45, Verdi's Opera, AIDA (In Italian). Conductor, CONTI. Mmes. Noria, Claessens. MM. Opezzo, Blanchart, Rossi, Villani, Giaccone. Corps de Ballet.
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To-morrow, Rigoletto, with Nielsen and Maurel; Wed. Mat., Double Bill, Cavalleria Rusticana and I Pagliacci; Wed. Eve., La Gioconda, with Nordica and Constantino; Thurs., Carmen, with Noria and Constantino; Fri., Traviata, with Nielsen and Dani; Sat. Mat., Aida; Sat. Eve., Lucia, with Nielsen and Constantino.
PRICES, $3.00, $2.50, $2.00, $1.50, $1.00.
BOXES, $30.00 and $25.00.
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MONTGOMERY AND STONE IN "THE RED MILL"
ALL TELEPHONE ORDERS SUSPENDED.
NEXT WEEK—"THE MAN OF THE HOUR."
To-morrow Afternoon at 4:30.
PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA
CARL POHLIG, Conductor.
WAGNER PROGRAMME.
Tickets at T. Arthur Smith's, 1411 F st. nw.
TUESDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 21, AT 4:30 PROMPTLY,
MME. OLGA SAMAROFF
THE FAMOUS PIANISTE.
SEATS ON SALE JANUARY 16.

To-night at 8.15 COLUMBIA Mats. Thur. and Sat.
"Say! I'm Here" ROSE STAHL IN The Chorus Lady
NEXT WEEK.
AUGUSTUS PITOU PRESENTS
CHAUNCEY OLCOTT
IN A NEW ROMANTIC DRAMA,
O'NEILL OF DERRY
BY THEODORE BURTE SAYER.

Chase's POLITE VAUDEVILLE
Daily Mats. 25c & 50c. Eves., 25c, 50c, & 75c.
Polite Vaudeville's Greatest Stellar Offering.
Jolly MAY IRWIN
Offering Her New Repertoire of Exclusive Song and Comedy Successes.
JAMES NEILL and EDYTHE CHAPMAN. HOLDEN'S MANNIKINS. CHARLES F. SEMON. JUNO SALMO. Schenk Brothers. Burr & Evans. "Ireland's Giants' Causeway" motion pictures.
NEXT WEEK—MARCEL'S LIVING MASTERPIECES OF ART. JOHN HYAMS & LEILA McINTYRE. GRACIE EMMETT & CO., &C. BUY SEATS TO-DAY.

GAYETY THEATRE, 9th St. near F
ALL THIS WEEK.
Matinee Every Day. Another Big Show.
FRED. IRWIN'S MAJESTICS
50—STAR PERFORMERS—50
INCLUDING COOK & MADISON.
NEXT WEEK—BOWERY BURLESQUERS.

Washington's Popular Family Playhouse.
Matinees, Mon., Wed., and Sat., 2:15, 25c. MAJESTIC THEATRE EVENINGS, 8:15 25c to 75c.
Good Seats on Main Floor, 25c.
Antony E. Wills Amusement Company Presents
THE LOST TRAIL
A Beautiful Western Comedy Drama.
Another "Arizona." As good as "The Squaw Man," as strong as "The Man of the Hour."
Next Week—"WE ARE KING."

Popular with the People. NEW LYCEUM
MATINEE DAILY ALL THIS WEEK.
WILLIAMS' IMPERIALS
EXTRA—Grand Singing Contest Friday Night Between the Chorus Girls for a Prize of $10 in Gold.
Next Week—WATSON'S COSY CORNER GIRLS.

SKATING RINK, CONVENTION HALL
3 Sessions. Mor. 15c. Military Band. Aft. & Night 25c