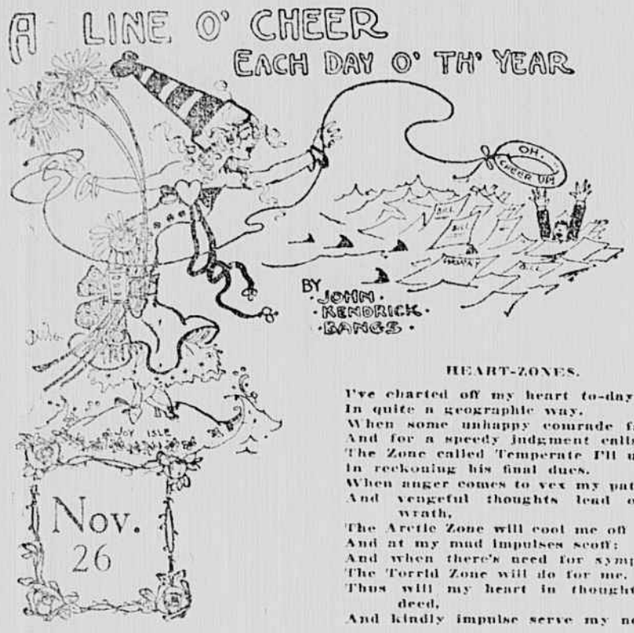
Of Interest to Every Woman

Edited by Martha Westover

A LINE O' CHEER EACH DAY O' TH' YEAR



Nov. 26

HEART-ZONES.

I've charted off my heart to-day
In quite a geographic way.
When some unhappy comrade falls
And for a speedy judgment calls,
The Zone called Temperate I'll use
In reckoning his final dues.
When anger comes to vex my path
And vengeful thoughts lead on to wrath,
The Arctic Zone will cool me off
And at my mad impulses scoff;
And when there's need for sympathy,
The Torrid Zone will do for me.
Thus will my heart in thought and deed,
And kindly impulse serve my need.

Of blue satin, covered with tulle of same shade, held with pink and lavender roses.

DELIGHTS OF THE OLD LACE STUDY

In Beauty and Design of Workmanship Italy Has No Rival.

Old lace in its growth and conception forms a subject for study of very deep interest. There is little doubt that the Egyptians were the first to form a crude idea of ornamenting dresses with a peculiar form of drawn thread work, and it is to this, by the process of experiment and improvement, that we now owe the filmy fabric known as lace.

For beauty of workmanship and design the products of Italy have no rival, and old Venetian lace, the handsomest variety in the world for wear upon velvet, will always command high prices.

Flemish Laces.

The laces of Flanders were of exceedingly fine texture, and this was due to the superior quality of the flax used—so fine as to be almost invisible to the naked eye. As much as $1,200 was paid for a pound of this, and when it is remembered that some of the lace made with it is two or three hundred years old, we have some idea as to the durability of this thread. These early Flemish laces are of great beauty, that made at Brussels being most costly of all the needle laces made in the Low countries.

French Work.

It was Colbert who first conceived the idea of bringing skilled Venetian workmen into France, and by means of bribes induced them to settle down. In this way the huge sums spent in lace were kept in the country, and the French lace bid fair to rival that of Italy or Flanders. Curiously enough, great opposition was given to this scheme by old French lace makers, who were rather reluctant to leave their old styles and take up with the new. French history abounds with the mention of lace, and the uses it was put to in dress, and many are the fine old portraits in which beautiful lace plays an important part.

English and Irish.

England was certainly behind the times as regards the manufacture of lace, most of which was imported from abroad. Honiton lace is the most expensive, as well as, perhaps, the most beautiful, lace of England; while other makes owe their origin to Henry VIII's unhappy Queen, who solaced her days while waiting for her divorce by teaching those around her the intricacies of many of the motifs that are extant to-day. It was about the middle of the eighteenth century when the Irish first made a very good imitation of Brussels lace, and, although not very old, some of their work is very beautiful.

To remove flyspecks from gilt frames, apply with a soft camel's-hair brush the beaten white of an egg mixed with two tablespoonfuls of cold water, and spread this over only a small part of the gilt at a time. Dry at once by wiping gently with a piece of soft silk or cotton batting.

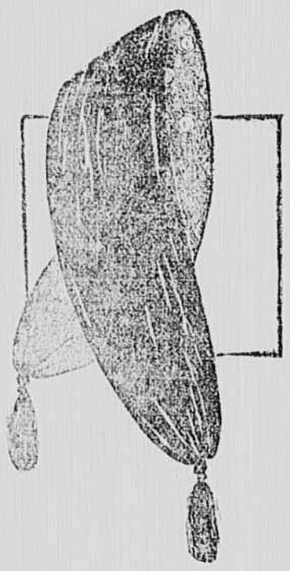
It will be found a convenience in the storeroom to have piece boxes, upon the cover of which are plainly marked ribbon, fancy buttons and ornaments, bits of silk, embroidery, passementerie, braids and designs. Then when you desire anything for the seamstress, you can find it without difficulty.

Alphabet of Tiny Tots.

Karen lives in Kolding,
In little Denmark, where
Tiny folk are healthy
With pretty yellow hair.
Karen's a little athlete.
She loves to drill and swim.
Her kitten, Gorm, is lazy
But she thinks she can
Teach him!

Elizabeth Kirkman

SCARFS



One finds them ranging in size from the small knitted mufflers to the handsome long ones so well adapted to any kind of muff. The one here shown is of heavy black satin lined with flowered silk.

MENU

Breakfast.

Baked Apples — Hominy
Bacon and Eggs
Cinnamon Cake — Coffee

Luncheon.

Minced Veal on Toast
Cream Cheese Sandwiches — Celery
Sliced Oranges and Bananas
Cookies — Tea

Dinner.

Cream of Celery and Potato Soup
Stewed Rabbit
Glazed Sweet Potatoes
Creamed White Potatoes — Peas
Baked Apples with Cream
Layer Cake — Coffee

Cream of Celery and Potato Soup.

Cook gently in salted water one cupful each of diced potato and celery and a very little chopped onion. When well done press through a sieve and add three cupfuls of hot, new milk. Thicken with a little flour stirred into a little cold milk, and when serving the plates add a little chopped parsley.

Evening gowns have tunics of lace and tulle, either pleated or gathered at the waist line.

Hats of ivory white plush, trimmed with white or brown skunk fur, are the vogue of the moment.

The slender woman is in her glory this year. She can break her skirt line with a joyful vengeance. The ways are numerous and the effect always good.

Many of the new gowns have sleeves reaching almost to the neck at the shoulder and are ballooned out at the elbow. They are shirred in about the waist, ending in frills over the hand.

THANKSGIVING CENTREPIECES

Timely Suggestions as to How They Can Be Made.

Going along a main street in the city one sees many things just now that suggest centrepiece decorations for the Thanksgiving table. There is a big squash, for instance, so cut that it forms a basket, filled with blushing apples, pears that suggest honeyed sweetness, oranges, bananas and grapes. The latter are both purple and wine-color, and often hang over the edge of the basket like fruit "poured from the horn of plenty."

Not a few like to have the big turkey itself made "the centre attraction" at the Thanksgiving table. If so, make it particularly interesting by adorning—garnish it with stalks of curled celery (in bunches) extending from both legs and the neck, string circular slices of carrots, strung on fine wire across the breast and from leg to leg where the roots of the celery-stalks lie. Little touches of parsley may be added if the fancy suggests.

A mass of greenery banked high around an elevated candlestick or candelabra, with fern fronds extending in six or eight star-like points from it, and with groups of fruit—an orange, apple and a bunch each of white and of purple grapes is prettiest—makes a truly beautiful and inexpensive centrepiece. Candlesticks should be placed at short distance from the tip of each fern frond tip; this insures even and artistic lighting around the table.

Boiling Cracked Eggs.

Add a little vinegar to the water, and eggs that are cracked can be boiled as satisfactorily as undamaged ones.

Cleaning Old Leather.

A little oxalic acid, dissolved in warm water and applied with a sponge, will make old leather look like new.

To Remove a Glass Stopper.

A glass stopper that sticks can be loosened like magic by tapping it gently with another stopper of the same material.

Helpful Suggestions From Our Readers

Close Your Eyes.

Close your eyes when using the telephone and experience not only a sense of relaxation, but also a clearer understanding of the message. This suggestion was given by an oculist to a woman who insisted that it was impossible for her to avoid eyestrain. It is not only good for the eyes, but also a help to the tired nerves.

MRS. LUCY M. JETER,
Bedford, Va.

An Easy Way to Clean Kid Gloves.

Kid gloves may be successfully cleaned by the use of little milk and white soap. Put the gloves to be cleaned on the hand; moisten a soft flannel cloth in milk, rub on a little soap and go over the entire glove, renewing the milk and soap on cloth when needed, and dry with another cloth. The glove is nicely cleaned, remains soft, and wears longer than if gasoline is used, and you are spared the trouble, odor and danger of the latter.

MRS. LUCY M. JETER,
Bedford, Va.

Knox Peanut Candy.

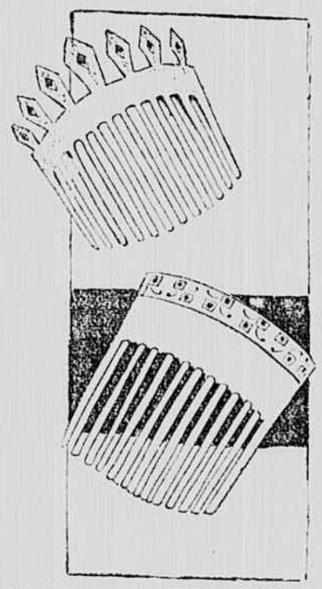
Miss Martha Westover,
The Times-Dispatch, Richmond, Va.:

Dear Madam,—I am sending you a recipe which I suggest for making "Knox Peanut Candy," which you will see below:

One envelope Knox gelatine, one-half cup cold water, three-quarter cup boiling water, two cups light brown sugar, two cups roasted peanuts, chopped. Soak gelatine in the cold water ten minutes; add sugar to the boiling water and when dissolved add the gelatine, and boil slowly fifteen minutes. Remove from fire and add one cup of peanuts and one tablespoonful of lemon juice. Wet pan in cold water and turn mixture into a depth of one-quarter inch. Let stand over night, cut in squares and roll in ground peanuts.

Sincerely,
MISS LUCY MADISON,
Newtown,
King and Queen County, Va.

NEW COLONIAL COMBS



They are pretty and popular for high hair dressing.

PUMPKIN RECIPES

Stewed Pumpkin.

Peel, parboil and drain a pumpkin. Wipe it dry and cut it into cubes after removing the pith and seeds. Put the pieces in a saucepan with three ounces of butter, a little salt and pepper and a dash of grated nutmeg. In about ten minutes remove it from the fire. While it is cooking in the butter it must be watched carefully to keep it from scorching. Put the pumpkin, after it is cooked in butter for ten minutes, in a buttered baking dish—a shallow one—and cover it with grated Parmesan cheese and grated, buttered bread-crumbs. Put it in a hot oven and cook it until it is a golden brown. Serve immediately, so that it will be very hot.

Pumpkin and Tomatoes.

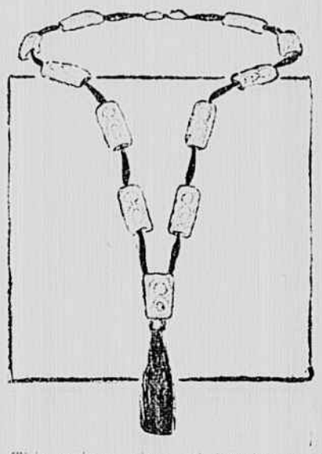
Wash and peel a pumpkin and cut it into pieces a couple of inches square. Parboil some of these, and then drain them. Chop an onion and fry it brown in a stewpan. Then add the pumpkin and a little salt and pepper and cook it for five or ten minutes. Then just cover the pumpkin with thin tomato sauce and stew it gently until the pumpkin is quite tender. Arrange the pumpkin and tomato on a dish and put thin, narrow strips of buttered toast around the edge of the dish as a border. The tomato sauce used should be well seasoned, with a dash of sugar and plenty of butter, as well as salt and red pepper.

Pumpkin Fritters.

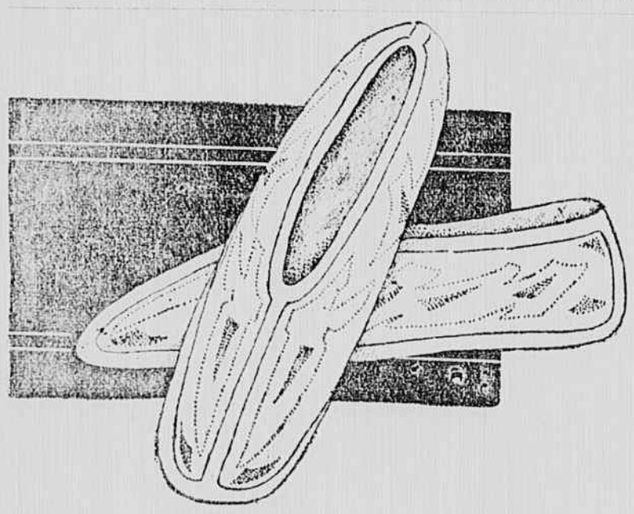
Peel a pumpkin and cut it in finger-shaped pieces, four inches long and an inch wide, or narrower. Rub each with salt and soak them in cold water for ten minutes. Then drain them and dry them with a cloth. Cover each with flour, by rubbing it on thoroughly, and fry them in deep fat. Sprinkle with salt, and serve hot, each topped with a slice of broiled bacon or bacon fried in deep fat.

PRACTICAL FLOUR SIFTER

A flour-sifter that can be operated and held with the left hand will be appreciated by the cook, for it enables her to use her right hand for mixing. Another advantage is its flat bottom, which cannot be knocked out of shape, and which is so constructed that the sifter can be carried about full of flour, without a plate under it, and yet no flour will be scattered over the trail it has taken. The sifter is easily operated by the forefinger of the hand holding it.



This unique piece of jewelry is a pleasing finishing touch to the afternoon toilet. It consists of carved coral beads placed upon a black silken cord with a tassel in lieu of a pendant.



FOR BOUDOIR WEAR

When madame discards her heavy English walking boots or high-heeled French slipper, she welcomes the ease of these soft Chinese shoes wherein to stretch her toes.

THE

HOLLOW OF HER HAND

By GEORGE BARR M'CUTCHEON.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

[illegible] Booth had no thought for the [illegible] that was far off. He was thinking [illegible] the quarter-of-an-hour that came [illegible] to the wheel of time, whose minutes were to check off the results of a [illegible] anticipation. He had not [illegible] the charms of Southlook [illegible] two weeks, but he had been [illegible] under the spell of them so sharply that they were seldom out of his thoughts.

Sara was at the bottom of the terrace, moving among the flower beds of the formal garden. He distinguished her from a distance as a slender, graceful figure in black. A black scarf edged with marabou covered her shoulders, the line of a white neck separating it from the raven hue of her hair. He paused at the lower gate to look. Then his gaze was drawn to the gleaming white figure at the top of the terrace outlined distinctly against the blue-black sky that hung over the Sound. Hetty stood there, straight and motionless, looking out over the water. So still was the evening wind that not a ruffle of her soft gown was noticeable. She was like a statue.

At the sound of his footsteps on the gravel, Sara looked up and instantly hailed her welcome. When Sara smiled the heart of man responded, long in advance of his lips. Hers was the inviting, mysterious smile of the Orient, with the eyes half shaded by drooping, languorous lids; dusky, shadowy eyes that looked at you as through a veil, and yet were as clear as crystal once you lost the illusion.

"It is so nice to see you again," she said, giving him her hand.

"My heart's in the Highlands," he quoted, waving a vague tribute to the heavens. "And it's nice of you to see me," he added gracefully. Then he pointed up the terrace. "Isn't she a picture? Gad, it's lovely—the whole effect. That picture against the sky—"

He stopped short, and the sentence was never finished, although she waited for him to complete it before remarking:

"Her heart is not in the Highlands."

"You mean—something's gone wrong?"

"Oh, no," she said, still smiling, "nothing like that. Her heart is in the Lowlands. You would consider Washington Square to be in the lowlands, wouldn't you?"

"Oh, I see," he said slowly. "You mean she's thinking of Leslie."

"Who knows? It was a venture on my part, that's all. She may be thinking of you, Mr. Booth."

"Or some chap in old England; that's more like it," he retorted. "She can't be thinking of me, you know. I'm never thinks of me when I'm out of view. Out of sight, out of mind. No! She's thinking of something a long way off—or some one, if you choose to have it that way."

"In that case it isn't good for her to be thinking of things so remote. Shall we shout 'halloa the house?'"

He shot a glance at her and responded gallantly. "If she isn't thinking of us, why should we be thinking of her? Is it too near the dinner hour for you to let me sit here and rest before attempting to climb all those steps? And will you sit beside me, as the good Omar might have said?" He was fanning himself with his straw hat.

She searched his face for a second, a smiling but inscrutable expression in her eyes, and then sat down on the rustic bench at the foot of the terrace.

"Why didn't you let me send the motor for you?" she asked, as he took his place beside her.

"I mean to have an appetite in the country," he said, taking a deep, full breath. "Motors don't aid the appetite. Aeroplanes are better. I had a flight with a friend up in Westchester last week. I was very hungry when I came down."

"We'll all be flying before we really know it," said she. "Hetty tried it in France this spring. Have you seen Leslie this week?"

"I've been in Philadelphia for a few days. Is he coming out on Friday?"

"Oh, yes. He comes so often nowadays that we call him a commuter."

"Attractive spot, this," said he, with a significant glance up the terrace.

"So it would appear."

"He's really keen about her?"

She did not reply, but her smile meant more than words.

"I am eager to get at the portrait," said he, after a moment.

"Leslie tells me that you want to do me also," said she carelessly.

He flushed. "Confound him! I suppose it annoys you, Mrs. Wrandall. He shouldn't carry tales."

"But do you?"

"I should say I do," he cried warmly. "For my own pleasure and satisfaction, you understand. There's nothing I'd like better."

"We'll see how successfully you flatter Hetty," said she. "If it is possible to make her prettier than she really is, you may paint me. I shall be the first to fall at your feet and implore you to make me beautiful."

His eyes gleamed. "If I fail in that," said he warmly, "it will be because I am without integrity."

Again she smiled upon him with half-crossed, shadowy eyes, and shook her head. Then she arose.

"Let us go in. Hetty is eager to see you again."

They started up the terrace. His face clouded.

"I have had a feeling all along that she'd rather not have this portrait painted, Mrs. Wrandall. A queer sort of feeling that she doesn't just like the idea of being put on canvas."

"Nonsense," she said, without looking at him.

"Of course, I could understand her not caring to give up the time to it. It's a nuisance, I know. But it isn't that sort of feeling I have about her attitude. There's something else. Doesn't she like me?"

"Of course she does," she exclaimed. "How ridiculous. She will love it, once the picture is under way. It is the beginning of it that disturbs her. Isn't that always the way?"

"I am afraid you don't know women," said he bantemingly.

"By the way, have you been able to recall where you first saw her, or is your memory still a blank?" she asked suddenly.

"I can't think where it was or when," said he, "but I am absolutely positive I've seen her before. Her face is not the kind one forgets, you know."

"It may come to you unexpectedly."

"It's maddening, not to be able to remember."

The dusk of night hid the look of relief that came into her eyes.

Hetty met them at the top of the steps. The electric porch lights had just been turned on by the butler. The girl stood in the path of the light. Booth was never to forget the loveliness of her in that moment. He carried the image with him on the long walk home through the black night. (He declined Sara's offer to send him over in the car for the very reason that he wanted the half-hour of solitude in which to concentrate all the impressions she had made on his fancy.)

The three of them stood there for a few minutes awaiting the butler's announcement. Sara's arm was about Hetty's shoulders. He was so taken up with the picture they presented that he scarcely heard their light chatter. They were types of loveliness so full of contrast that he marvelled at the power of nature to create women in the same mold and yet to model so differently.

They were as near alike in height, figure and carriage as two women could be, and yet there was a subtle distinction that left him conscious of the fact that two vastly different strains of blood ran through their veins. Apart, he would not have perceived this market difference in them. Hetty represented the violet, Sara the pansy. The distinction may be subtile. However, it was the estimate he formed in that moment of comparison.

The English girl's soft white gown was cut low in the neck, her shapely arms were bare. Sara's black covered her arms and shoulders, even to the slender throat. The hair of both was black and rich and alive with the gloss of health. The eyes of one were blue and velvety, even in the glare of light that fell from above; those of the other were black, Oriental, mysterious.

As they entered the vestibule, a servant came up with the word that Miss Castleton was wanted at the telephone, "long distance from New York."

The girl stopped in her tracks. Booth looked at her in mild surprise, a condition which gave way an instant later to perplexity. The look of annoyance in her eyes could not be disguised or mistaken.

"Ask him to call me up later, Watson," she said quietly.

"This is the third time he has called, Miss Castleton," said the man. "You were dressing, if you please, ma'am, the first time—"

"I will come," she interrupted sharply, with a curious glance at Sara, who for some reason avoided meeting Booth's gaze.

"Tell him we shall expect him on Friday," said Mrs. Wrandall.

"By George!" thought Booth, as she left them. "I wonder if it can be Leslie. If it is—well, he wouldn't be flattered if he could have seen the look in her eyes."

Later on, he had no trouble in gathering that it was Leslie Wrandall who called, but he was very much in the dark as to the meaning of that expressive look. He only knew that she was in the telephone room for ten minutes or longer, and that all trace of emotion was gone from her face when she rejoined them with a brief apology for keeping them waiting.

He left at ten-thirty, saying good-night to them on the terrace. Sara walked to the steps with him.

"Don't you think her voice is lovely?" she asked. Hetty had sung for them.

"I dare say," he responded absently. "Give you my word, though, I wasn't thinking of her voice. She is lovely."

He walked home as if in a dream. The spell was on him.

Far in the night, he started up from the easy chair in which he had been smoking and dreaming and racking his brain by turns.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed aloud. "I remember! I've got it! And to-morrow I'll prove it."

Then he went to bed, with the storm from the sea pounding about the house, and slept serenely until Pat and Mary wondered whether he meant to get up at all.

"Pat," said he at breakfast, "I want you to go to the city this morning and fetch out all of the studios you can find about the place. The old ones are in that Italian hall seat and the late ones are in the studio. Bring all of them."

"There's a devvil of a bunch of thim," said Pat ruefully.

He was not to begin sketching the figure until the following day. After luncheon, however, he had an appointment to inspect Hetty's wardrobe, ostensibly for the purpose of picking out a gown for the picture. As a matter of fact, he had decided the point to his own satisfaction the night before. She should pose for him in the dainty white dress she had worn on that occasion.

While they were going over the extensive assortment of gowns, with Sara as the judge from whom there seemed to be no appeal, he casually inquired if she had ever posed before.

Two ladies' maids were engaged in flinging the costly garments about as if they represented so much rubbish. The floor was littered with silks and satins and laces. He was accustomed to this ruthless handling of exquisite fabrics by eager ladies of wealth; it was one way these pampered women had of showing their contempt for possession. Gowns came from everywhere by the armload: from closets, presses and trunks, ultimately landing in a conglomerate heap on the floor when cast aside as undesirable by the artist, the model and the censor.

He watched her closely as he put the question. She was holding up a beautiful point lace creation for his inspection, and there was a pleading smile on her lips. It must have been her favorite gown.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)