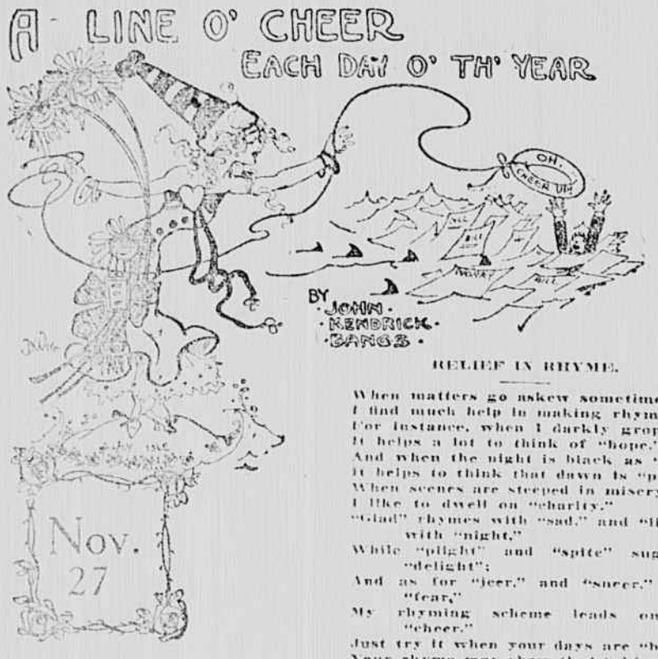
# Of Interest to Every Woman

Edited by Martha Westover

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




Nov. 27

**RELIEF IN RHYME.**

When matters go askew sometimes
I find much help in making rhymes.
For instance, when I darkly grope
It helps a lot to think of "hope."
And when the night is black as "ink"
It helps to think that dawn is "pink."
When scenes are steeped in misery
I like to dwell on "charity."
"Glad" rhymes with "sad," and "light" with "night,"
While "plight" and "spite" suggest "delight";
And as for "jeer," and "sneer," and "fear,"
My rhyming scheme leads on to "cheer."
Just try it when your days are "blue,"
Your rhyme may show that "skies are, too."

A Smart Black Velvet Toque.

## MENU

**Breakfast.**
Grapefruit Cereal
Ham and Eggs Corn Muffins
Coffee

**Luncheon.**
Lamb Chops French Fried Potatoes
Tomato Salad
Tea Cake

**Dinner.**
Puree of Tomatoes
Fried Chicken Buttered Beets
Baked Sweet Potatoes Spinach
Apple and Nut Salad
Lemon Meringue Pie Coffee

Pour boiling water on oranges, let them stand for two minutes, then the white lining will come away clean with the skin and you can quickly slice a large quantity.

When a pie is ready for the oven pour cold water over it and drain. Put it once into a hot oven, and it will bake at once to a nice brown, and the crust will be much more flaky.

Always remove perspiration stains on white clothes and undergarments in the following manner: First dampen the article with a little lemon juice before it is put into soap and water.

## REGARDING RELATIVES

Most every one is fortunate enough to have some relatives. Some persons are unfortunate enough to have too many. It is largely a matter of our own good sense whether or not our relatives are a blessing or a burden. Some one once said that we choose our friends, whereas our relatives are ladled out to us. Of course, this is true. We are not at liberty to choose the persons we are related to. But we are at liberty to make the best of our relations, whoever they may be.

To begin with, don't be ashamed of your relations. As soon as we realize that the world is made up of thousands of different sorts and types of persons, so soon are we able to take the world—including our relations—at its worth. Your relations fit into some groove in the world which is as real and important—to them—as your own groove is to you. And in spite of all their peculiarities, they are worth while being proud of. If they do not meet your especial standards, remember that your standards are not the only ones worth heeding. Perhaps you fall short of other standards which to them are very important.

On the other hand, don't be proud of your relations. If you have relations who are richer or more influential or more attractive than you are, you are quite justified in feeling a certain amount of pride in them. But don't brag of them and don't toady to them.

It was probably a simple matter in the old days in America for large families, even to the third and fourth generation and degree of kinship, to live together in peace. There was much work then connected with the homes of most persons—work which the women of the house helped the servants, if there were servants, in doing. So long as people are busy with work that is interesting and useful they are seldom quarrelsome. But a family composed, perhaps, of a father and mother, two children, a niece and her mother, a grandmother and an uncle in a steam-heated apartment in one of the big cities might easily fall out without knowing why. The same family, in a roomy country house—the grandmother knitting stockings and mending, perhaps, the mother spinning and weaving, the aunt, perhaps, taking charge of the candle-dipping and the preserving and dyeing, the children gathering herbs and caring for the chickens and carrying wood to stack on the fires, and the father and uncle working to clear a new farm—such a family would find small time to quarrel.

**Keeping Salt Dry.**

If pepper is mixed with salt in the proportions of one part of pepper to three of salt, it will be found that the salt flows freely in both hot and damp weather. The mixture is useful, not only on the table, but it is also a timesaver in cooking.

To remove the bitter taste from cranberries and give them a good flavor, add some raisins to the cranberries when they are partly cooked.

**FOR THE SCHOOLGIRL.**

A simple little dress trimmed with white frills.

## RISE OF THE GIRDLE

**Beginnings of Modish Detail Were in the Boudoir.**

The girdle began with the dressing gown, was promoted to accompany the tea gown, then was advanced to the dinner dress, and now has been adopted as a comparison of the tailor-made costume.

The belt has had vicissitudes. It used to encircle the normal waist. Then it rose a couple of inches and was worn a l'Empire. Suddenly it sank in front and rose high at the back. Now it is reversed in position, being higher in front. But its great change is that of being worn round the hips. Some of the new coats, rather fuller than has been the fashion of late, have the belt in this position, holding in the fullness to the figure. The belt is folded silk, the coat is a very soft, warm cloth striped purple and deep gray.

Warm coats are a necessity with the thin materials of the gowns. One of the latter is in gray brocho with changing lights in it, almost like a shot. The skirt is very lightly draped. The bodice opens in a deep point filled in with lace and soft white silk muslin, a line of rose-colored silk edging it on either side of the pointed opening in front. A belt of rose-colored velvet completes a charming dress, suitable for afternoon or demi-toilet in the evening.

## WAYS OF DOING THINGS

"A set of soft white willowy furs" can be cleaned by carefully rubbing into them coarse white cornmeal that has been moistened with deodorized benzine. Do this in the daylight, in a room where there is no fire. The fur must be laid smoothly on a flat surface, and into it the moistened cornmeal must be rubbed with the hands, each part of the garment being cleaned by degrees. The meal is then brushed (with a clean brush) and shaken out. If not completely clean, repeat the process. Warm sawdust is also excellent for cleansing light-colored furs, such as fox and ermine. Heat the sawdust in the oven and use it in the same manner as the cornmeal, omitting the benzine, of course.—Reader.

Dampness often comes through a painted wall and causes the paint to peel off, and yet this may be prevented by using a waterproof paint. To make a waterproof paint, dissolve, over a fire, one pound of brown soap in two quarts of water, and add to it one ounce of vitrol and six quarts of boiled oil. Remove from the fire and add two quarts of turpentine with any desired color; stain well and mix with more turpentine to thin for use.—Mrs. W. H. B.

If you would save yourself stooping to put things in a basket when taking down clothes on washday, and prevent soiling the basket and clothes if the ground is muddy, make a large, stout bag of heavy, unbleached muslin, shaped like a pillow case. Run a wide tape through the hem, joining the end of the tape together, but leaving an opening down the side of the bag large enough to admit the various garments, large and small. Then fasten this bag on the clothesline, pinning it by the tapes, and as fast as you take down the clothes slip them into the bag.—L. W.

**Retaining the Youthful Look.**

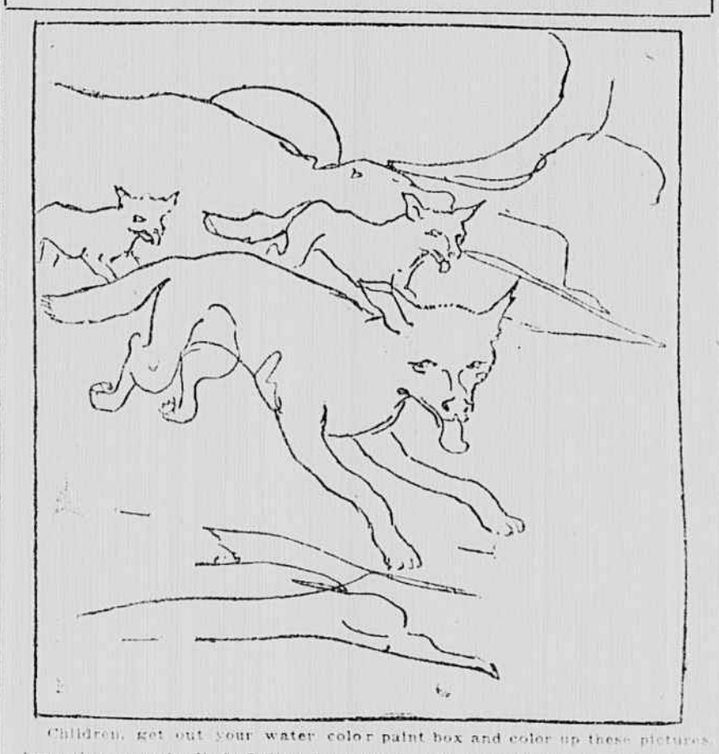
The woman who wishes to retain her youthful appearance should occasionally change her style of dress and coiffure. If she has been a "tailor-made woman," she can indulge in her home, and if she dresses her hair clinging art gowns now and then in high on her head, let her roll it low in her neck sometimes. These little touches alter her appearance and people fail to notice that she is losing that youth she longs to keep.

A HEAVY, SOFT SILK IN DARK BROWN.

## New Indian Animal Stories

*How the Wild Boy Trapped the Wolves.*

By John M. Askison.



Children, get out your water color paint box and color up these pictures.

Long time ago the little Indian boys used to get hungry at times when there was no pot on the fire, and then they would watch until they thought no one was looking so that they might get a chance to take from the storehouse some of the dried meat and roasted corn, which they loved.

But generally one of the old men, who could no longer go out to the woods to hunt, would catch the boys before they could get the food. And when the old man had caught the boys he would take them to his house, shaking his head and saying:

"Well, you must have seen the Wild Boy to-day?" And the boys would then ask the old man to tell them about the Wild Boy. And while the old man hunted around in his house for some bits of dried meat for the boys, he would tell them of the time the Wild Boy of the wood saved the two sons of Kanati, the Wise man, from the wolves.

Once Kanati and his wife Selu lived in a settlement where there was plenty of game and plenty of corn and beans, and no one ever went hungry for even half a day. They had two sons, and as the boys grew up they began to wonder how it was that Kanati and Selu could get game and corn so easily.

One day when their mother, Selu, went into the storehouse to fill her basket, the boys pulled out a piece of the clay from between the logs of the storehouse and watched their mother. They saw her come in and set down her basket and rub her hands over her stomach—and at once the basket was half full of corn! Then she rubber her hands under her shoulders and the basket was filled with beans!

"Our mother is a witch-woman!" cried the boys, and they decided that they must kill her. And when Kanati came home from the hunt with some deer meat over his shoulder, he found that the boys had killed Selu and put her head up on top of the house. Kanati was angry, and went off to talk to the wolves about his bad sons.

"We will go and destroy your sons," said the wolves, and Kanati told them how to find the house.

But the Wild Boy had heard Kanati say he was going to the wolves, and so he changed into a tuft of bird's down and went along, perched on Kanati's shoulder. And when Kanati had told the wolves to find his sons, the Wild Boy changed back into his own shape and ran to tell the sons of Kanati how to prepare for the coming of the wolves.

The Wild Boy told the two sons of Kanati to run around the house in a wide circle and make a trail, leaving just one narrow opening at the point where the wolves would come from. And then they made some bundles of arrows, which they laid down just outside the circle.

And when the wolves came running to destroy the sons of Kanati, they did not see the circle until they were inside; and then the circle became a high brush fence, with just the narrow opening the boys had left. With their bows and the arrows they had fixed the Wild Boy and the two sons of Kanati began killing the wolves. They thought they had killed all of them, but two got away, and those two became the father and mother of all the wolves in the world to-day.

And then the old man would say to the boys he had caught trying to break into the storehouse:

"To-day there is no Wild Boy to help you out, but there are plenty of wolves in the woods! So, you must wait until the pot is on the fire and your mother tells you that she has something for you to eat."

## Autumnal Glories in November

The autumnal glories left to us in the fields and woods in November furnish material for charming and seasonable table decorations.

While the innovation of the smoked bamboo basket has made this a most fashionable centrepiece, table basket, the woman who is not fortunate enough to possess one may substitute a wicker basket and carry out a pretty scheme. This is to fill the basket with a mixture of oranges, late pears, apples and other fruits; twine a mass of the silvery clematis around this and bring it over the edges, putting, alternately, red, brown or yellow oak leaves, mixed with scarlet bittersweet, in the decoration, extending it well out over the white cloth. To brighten add berries and leaves wherever taste suggests—in trailing lines of clematis and leaves, or irregularly.

The table lights should be of candles in mahogany, glass, brass or silver sticks, shaded with autumn colors. To make these use a silvery grass paper and stencil or paint on the shades tiny autumn leaves; or shape the four sides of each shade like a maple or oak leaf, tinting them with autumnal colors. A spray of bittersweet berries at each plate, with place cards to match the candle shades, completes the decorative ensemble.

**SEEN IN THE SHOPS.**

A Kewpie doll for pincushion.

## Household Notes

One dram of boric acid mixed with four ounces of distilled witch hazel makes a good lotion for a greasy skin. Apply with a soft cloth or velvet sponge.

It is said that dry bran is an excellent cleanser for dainty velvet flowers and woolen fabrics. Rub the soiled parts harder than the rest then run it all out.

Gum arabic is excellent for removing the stains on marble. Make a solution of the gum arabic and water, letting it remain until it dries, then pull or wash it off.

## Fashions and Fads

Many toques are trimmed with fur.

We see many hats turned up on the side.

If you are stout, do not wear the wide belt.

Small hats are more fantastic than ever.

Tulle sashes are finished with beaded ends.

Jet is increasingly used as the season advances.

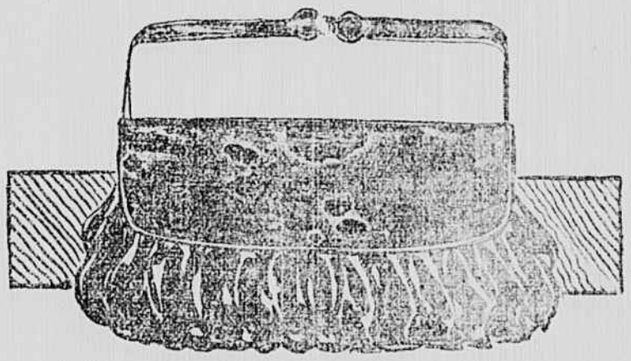
Last year's gown may be rejuvenated by a sash.

The gown of one color may have two or three girdles.

Almost without exception suits are trimmed with fur.

There is a slash in almost every skirt worn by women.

For little girls the Russian blouse dresses are in the lead.



AN ATTRACTIVE NEW MOIRE BAG.

# THE HOLLOW OF HER HAND

By GEORGE BARR M'CUTCHEON.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

[illegible]

The pelle fadet away. The hand that carried the garment before his eyes suddenly became motionless as if paralyzed. In the next instant, she recovered herself and, giving the hide a quick jerk, that sent its odor of sachet leaping to his nostrils responded with an even composure.

"Isn't there a distinction between posing for an artist, and sitting for one's portrait?" she asked.

He was silent. The fact that he did not respond seemed to disturb her after a moment or two. She made the common mistake of pressing the question.

"Why do you ask?" was her inquiry. When it was too late she wished she had not uttered the words. He had caught the somewhat anxious note in her voice.

"We always ask that, I think," he said. "It's a habit."

"Oh," she said doubtfully.

"And by the way, you haven't answered."

She was busy with the gown for a time. At last she locked him full in the face.

"That's true," she agreed; "I haven't answered, have I". No, Mr. Booth, I've never posed for a portrait. It is a new experience for me. You will have to excuse a great deal of stupidity on my part. But I shall try to be plassy."

He uttered a polite protest, and pursued the question no further. Her answer had been so palpably evasive that it struck him as bald, even awkward. He was disgusted and irritable to the point of profanity—he was a polysyllabic character and might have sworn if he felt like it without receiving notice. He was rumbling up the cottage walk late in the afternoon, bearing two large shapeless sewing bundles. He had walked from the station—a matter of half a mile—and it was hot. His employer, sat in the shady porch, viewing his approach.

"Have you got them?" he inquired.

Pat dropped the bundles on the lower step and stared speechless. Then he mopped his drenched, turkey-red face with his handkerchief. He got his breath after a spell of contemptuous snorting.

"Have I got what?" he demanded sarcastically. "The measles?"

"The Studios, Patrick?" said Booth reproachfully.

"No, sor," said Patrick; "I came absolutely empty-handed, as you may have seen, sor."

"I know I couldn't be mistaken. I was confident I saw nothing in your hands."

"I kept them closed, sor, so's you couldn't see what was really in them. I've been wid you long enough, sor, to know how you hate the sight av blisters."

"They must be quite a novelty to you, Patrick. I should think you'd be proud of them."

"Where am I to put them, sir?"

"The blisters?"

"Yis, sor."

"On this table, if you please. And you might cut the strings while you're about it."

Pat put the bundles on the wicker table and cut the heavy twine in dignified silence. Carefully rolling it up in a neat ball, he stuck it in his pocket. Then he faced his employer.

"Is there anuything else, sor?"

"I think not, at present."

"Not even a cup av tea, sor?"

"No, thanks."

"This, if you will excuse me, I'll go about me work. I've had a pleasant day off, sor, thanks to ye. It's hard to go back to work after such a splendid spell of idleness. Heigho! I'd like to be a gintleman av leisure all the time, that I would, sor. The touch I've had av it to-day may be the spilling av me. If you're a smart man, Mr. Brandon Booth, you'll not be letting me off for a holiday like this again very soon."

Booth laughed outright. Pat's face wrinkled into a slow, forgiving grin.

"I love you Pat," cried the painter, "in spite of the way you bark at me."

"It's a poor dog that don't know his own master," said Pat magnanimously. "When you're through wid the magazines, I'll carry thim down to the cellar, sor."

"What's the matter with the attic?"

"Nothing at all, at all. I was only thinking they'd be handier for you to get at in the cellar. And its a dom sight cooler down there."

With that he departed, blinking slyly.

The young man drew a chair up to the table and began the task of working out the puzzle that now seemed more or less near to solution. He had a pretty clear idea as to the period he wanted to investigate. To the best of his recollection, the Studios published three or four weeks back held the key. He selected the numbers and began to run through them. One after another they were cast aside without result. In any other cause he would have tired of the quest, but in this his curiosity was so commanding that he stuck to the task without complaint. He was positive in his mind that what he desired was to be found inside the covers of one of these magazines. He was searching for a vaguely remembered article on one of the lesser-known English painters who had given great promise at the time it was published but who dropped completely out of notice soon afterward because of a mistaken notion of his own importance. If Booth's memory served him right, the fellow came a cropper, so to speak, in trying to ride rough shod over public opinion, and went to the dogs. He had been painting sensibly up to that time, but suddenly went in for the most violent style of impressionism. That, was the end of him.

There had been reproductions of his principal canvases, with sketches and studies in charcoal. One of these pictures had made a lasting impression on Booth—the figure of a young woman in deep meditation standing in the shadow of a window casement from which she looked out upon the world apparently without a thought of it. A slender young woman in vague reds and browns, whose shadowy face was positively illuminated by a pair of wonderful blue eyes.

He came upon it at last. For a long time he sat there gazing at the face of Hetty Castleton, a look of half-wonder, half-triumph in his eyes. There could be no doubt as to the identity of the subject. The face was here, the lovely eyes were hers—the velvety, dreamy, soulful eyes that had haunted him for years, as he now believed. In no sense could the picture be described as a portrait. It was a study, deliberately arranged and deliberately posed for in the artist's studio. He was mystified. Why should she, the daughter of Colonel Castleton, the grand-niece of an earl, be engaged in posing for what evidently was meant to be a commercial product of this whilom artist?

He remembered the painting itself as he had seen it in the exhibition at the National Academy when this fellow—Hawkright was his name—was at the top of his promise as a painter. He remembered going back to it again and again and marveling at the subtle, delicate beauty of the thing. Now he knew that it was the face, and not the art of the painter that had affected him so enduringly. The fellow had shown other paintings, but he recalled that none of them struck him save this one. After all, it was the face that made the picture memorable.

Turning from this skilfully colored full page reproduction, he glanced at first casually over the dozen or more sketches and studies on the succeeding pages. Many of them represented studies of women's heads and figures, with little or no attempt to obtain a likeness. Some were half-draped, showing in a sketchy way the long graceful lines of the half-nude figure, of bare shoulders and breasts, of gauze-like fabrics that but illy concealed impressive charms. Suddenly his eyes narrowed and a sharp exclamation fell from his lips. He bent closer to the pages and studied the drawings with redoubled interest.

Then he whistled softly to himself, a token of simple amazement. The head of each of these remarkable studies suggested in outline the head and features of Hetty Castleton! She had been Hawkright's model!

The next morning at ten he was at Southlook, arranging his easel and canvas in the north end of the long living-room, where the light from the tall French windows afforded abundant and well-distributed light for the enterprise in hand. Hetty had not yet appeared. Sara, attired in a loose morning gown, was watching him from a comfortable chair in the corner, one shapely bare arm behind her head; the free hand was gracefully employed in managing a cigarette. He was conscious of the fact that her lazy, half-alert gaze was upon him all the time, although she pretended to be entirely indifferent to the preparations. Dimly he could see the faint smile of interest on her lips.

"By Jove," he exclaimed with sudden fervor, "I wish I could get you just as you are, Mrs. Wrandall. Do you mind if I sketch you in—just to preserve the pose for the future—"

"Never!" she cried and forthwith changed her position. She laughed at the look of disappointment in his face.

"You've no idea how—er—attractive—" he began confusedly, but broke off with a laugh. "I beg your pardon. I couldn't help it."

"The potent appeal of a cigarette," she surmised shrewdly.

"Not at all," he said promptly. He was a bit red in the face as he turned to busy himself with the tubes and brushes. When he glanced at her again, he found that she had resumed her former attitude.

Hetty came in at that moment, calm, serene and lovelier than ever in the clear morning light. She was wearing the simple white gown he had chosen the day before. If she was conscious of the rather intense scrutiny he bestowed upon her as she gave him her hand in greeting, she did not appear to be in the least disturbed.

"You may go away, Sara," she said firmly. "I shall be too dreadfully self-conscious if you are looking on."

Booth looked at her rather sharply. Sara indolently abandoned her comfortable chair and left them alone in the room.

"Shall we try a few effects, Miss Castleton?" he inquired, after a period of constraint that had its effect on both of them.

"I am in your hands," she said simply.

He made suggestions. She fell into the positions so easily, so naturally, so effectively, that he put aside all previous doubts and blurted out:

"You have posed before, Miss Castleton."

She smiled frankly. "But not for a really truly portrait," she said. "Such as this is to be."

He hesitated an instant. "I think I recall a canvas by Maurice Hawkright," he said, and at once experienced a curious sense of perturbation. It was not unlike fear.

Instead of betraying the confusion or surprise he expected, Miss Castleton merely raised her eyebrows inquiringly.

"What has that to do with me, Mr. Booth?" she asked.

He laughed awkwardly.

"Don't you know his work?" he inquired, with a slight twist of his lips.

"I may have seen his pictures," she replied, puckering her brow as if in reflection.

He stared for a second.

"Why do you look at me in that way, Mr. Booth?" she cried, with a nervous little laugh.

"Do you mean to say you—er—that is, you don't know Hawkright's work?"

"Is that so very strange?" she inquired plaintively.

"By Jove," he muttered, quite taken aback. "I don't understand. I'm flabbergasted."

"Please explain yourself," she said stiffly.

"You must have a double somewhere, Miss Castleton," said he, still staring. "Some one who looks enough like you to be—"

"Oh," she cried, with a bright smile of understanding. "I see! Yes, I have a double—a really remarkable double. Have you never seen Hetty Glynn, the actress?"

"I am sure I have not," he said, taking a long breath. It was one of relief, he remembered afterward. "If she is so like you as all that, I couldn't have forgotten her."

"She is quite unknown, I believe," she went on, ignoring the implied compliment. "A chorus-girl or something like that. They say she is wonderfully like me—or was, at least, a few years ago."

He was silent for a few minutes, studying her face and figure with the critical eye of the artist. As he turned to the canvas with his crayon point, he remarked, with an unmistakable note of relief in his voice:

"That explains everything. It must have been Hetty Glynn who posed for all those things of Hawkright's."

"I dare say," said she indifferently.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)