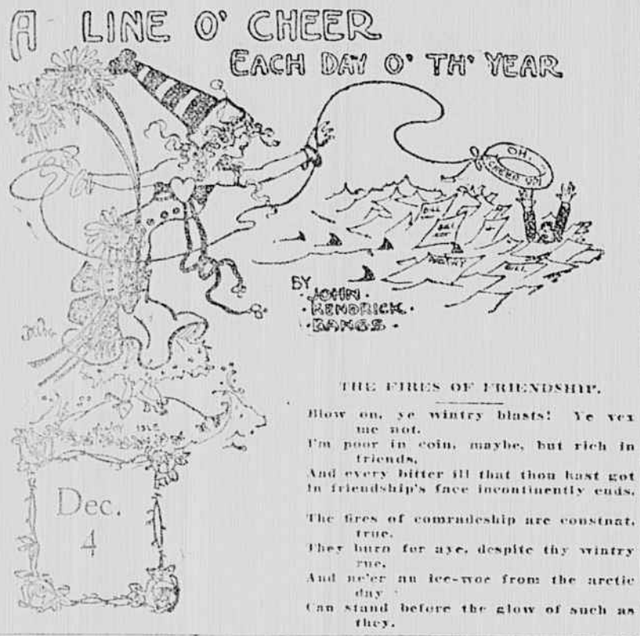
Of Interest to Every Woman

Edited by Martha Westover

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



THE FIRES OF FRIENDSHIP.

Blow on, ye wintry blasts! Ye vex me not.
I'm poor in coin, maybe, but rich in friends,
And every bitter ill that thou hast got
In friendship's face incontinently ends.

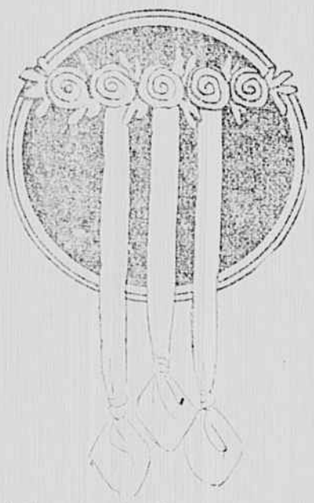
The fires of comradeship are constnat, true,
They burn for aye, despite thy wintry rue,
And ne'er an ice-woe from the arctic day
Can stand before the glow of such as they.

CHANGE IN EVENING WRAPS

The Pegoud Revers.

Old rose velvet is the material of one attractive evening coat. It has a lining of silvery gray brocade, patterned with huge pink daisies. An original touch is the "Pegoud revers," occurring, as might be expected, at the border of the cloak instead of the collar, and really consisting of a turned-back hem, revealing the brocaded lining. A long, shaped, roling and very wide cuffs of rich gray fox complete this sumptuous garment. Many satin wraps are veiled with an excess of close head embroidery on net, worked in most intricate designs. At the opera was seen one of the long, clinging all-around cloaks in brocho, having the fullness set into a high, upstanding collar, after the fashion of those Italian officers' cloaks which are always considered so graceful and becoming. These are such easy little garments to slip on and off in a darkened sanitarium, with no intricacies of armholes or fastenings to impede one's movements.

A CHARMING LITTLE NECK BOW.



A suggestion for Xmas gift-makers.

Inexpensive Cloaks.

Young people are still wearing the dainty polonaise. A pretty example is made in silver gray [illegible] mousseline, a silver [illegible] rating silk, [illegible] with and at [illegible] than its high-sounding name implies. It was shot apricot and brown, the darker shade appearing in the foot, finished with an [illegible] and again in the white [illegible] which proclaimed the [illegible] Some cloaks [illegible] fullness [illegible] of velvet [illegible] below the [illegible] of silk [illegible] the [illegible] of a frill [illegible] plain, but [illegible] to willow-[illegible] decorated with [illegible] and padded purple grapes and foliage.

WINTER SALADS

Salad has an increasingly large place on our winter tables. The markets of to-day make it possible to have fresh salad greens every day of the year. A small hot frame makes it possible for the country dweller, beyond the reach of the big city markets, to have it every day, too. Its health-giving qualities have always been recognized, although perhaps never so frankly as to-day. But it is one of the oldest dishes known. The ancient Romans ate salad greens dressed with a mixture of oil, ginger, honey, nitre and pickled fish paste—probably a tempting dressing. They ate salad at the beginning of the meal. There are epicures to-day who insist that this is the proper place for salad. It is appetizing and therefore, say these epicures, it should be eaten at a time when something appetizing is needed.

There is much diversity of opinion about olive oil. An epicure speaks of it as an oil at only for the lubrication of machinery. Most persons like it, and it agrees with practically every one. Of course it is quite possible to eat salad without oil. Good dressings can be made of eggs cooked with vinegar and spices, or of egg and flour and water, cooked in a sort of custard, spiced and seasoned with vinegar.

Cheese is a valuable part of our dietary. It is said that it is especially beneficial when eaten with lettuce because the potash salts in lettuce helps dissolve the cassin in the cheese. For this reason a cheese and lettuce sandwich is good; in fact, it is an almost perfect luncheon.

So much depends upon the seasoning of salads, especially in winter when there is not so much variety in the fresh vegetables and fruits that can be combined with the fundamental greens, as there is in summer, that a book might be written about them. Some one suggests that the vinegar in which homemade pickles have stood should never be thrown away but should be saved to use in salad dressing—either French or mayonnaise.

This is a good vegetable salad for winter eating: Cut five cold boiled white potatoes, a boiled beet, a boiled carrot, four tart apples, a banana and a stalk of celery into cubes. Rub a salad bowl with an onion and put in the potatoes, carrot, beet and apples. Mix well with three tablespoonfuls of olive oil, a small tablespoonful of good vinegar, two tablespoonfuls of salt and a liberal sprinkle of cayenne pepper. Then add the other ingredients, garnish with watercress and heap mayonnaise in the centre of the dish.

This is a luncheon salad that is tempting. Boil three frankfurters in four cupfuls of boiling water for seven or eight minutes. Drain them and cool them and then slice them in thin slices. Slice four cold boiled potatoes, a small onion, five small pickled cucumbers, and a head of crisp lettuce. Dress with French dressing and serve.

There are chic collarettes made of marabou, combined with ostrich. They fit snugly around the throat and give a piquant look to the face.

Dark red is a favored color for street costumes, and all tones of brown are in favor.

MENU

Breakfast.
Steamed Dates and Figs — Hominy
White and Gold Omelet
Corn Cakes — Coffee

Luncheon.
Baked Beans with Tomato Sauce
Chipped Beef — Brown Bread
Tea

Dinner.
Puree of Peas
Beefsteak — Lyonnaise Potatoes
Creamed Onions — Lima Beans
Lettuce Salad
Fruit — Cake — Nuts
Coffee

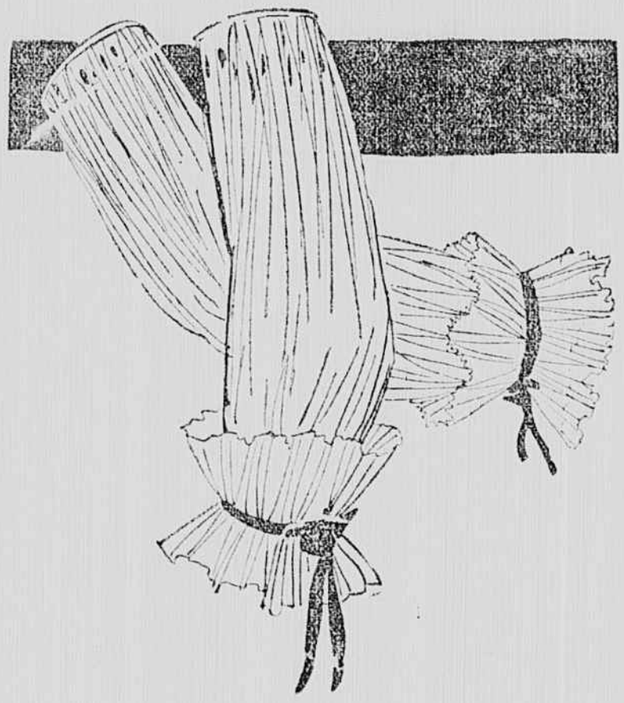
Puree of Peas.

Drain the liquor from one can of peas and add fresh water, about one cupful, one bay leaf, a pinch of salt, a dash of pepper and a pat of butter. Bring to the boil and remove the bay leaf and press the peas through a sieve, stir into this puree a tablespoonful of flour and two cupfuls of hot, new milk. Boil for a few minutes and serve.

TAKING A JOURNEY THROUGH TOYLAND

Toyland is a fascinating place, full of delightful surprises, especially when the holiday season approaches. When you wandered there last year there was no wonderful toy elephant, such as was seen in one of the shops yesterday.

This trick elephant is on a box-stand that is covered with imitation marble, and right in front of him is a marble (?) trough—such as real elephants drink out of when encaged, but the trough is filled with soft soap instead of water, and when the machinery in the box platform is wound up the elephant squats on his hunches, dips the tip of his trunk into the tank, lifts his head and blows a soap bubble from the end of his trunk. Who would ever have thought of a toy like that? And he keeps on blowing soap bubbles of all sizes as long as his "inner workings" keep busy.



The New Net Sleeves that One May Purchase Now in the Shops.

Fashions and Fads

Children's coats are charming with their trimming touches—girdles of bright ribbon and corded shirrings and fur and braid.

Furs are not only dyed in two colors, but two kinds of fur are used for sets. If harmoniously combined the effect is most artistic.

Smart suits have the modified blouse coat; also popular is the coat that is a combination of an eton jacket and cutaway back.

A youthful and pretty dancing frock is made of white taffeta, the skirt having many flounces, like the taffeta frocks of long ago.

HAT SMARTNESS.

Toques made entirely of black velvet are for the moment extremely chic.

Then there is the knitting doll. What an example of industry she seems, as she sits contentedly in her chair and knits the leg of a real stocking—she scorns to make feet in them—on four steel knitting needles of the old-fashioned kind. She looks like any other ordinary, healthy doll, but wind her up and you will see how talented she is.

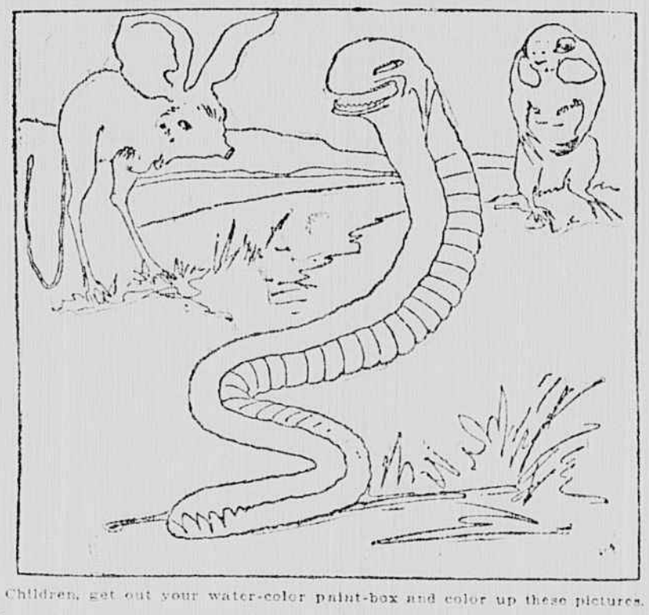
For the first time in our history since we defeated the British, has a complete English army landed on our shores. Every regiment—and there are many—is represented. The various Scotch Highlanders, Irish Guards, Coldstream Guards are seen correctly costumed—this is an education in itself; and they are in all sorts of poses, erect marching, aiming while lying flat on their stomachs, in a semicrouching position, on horseback and "off duty." And they have the dearest sand-bag encampment—real tiny bags filled with sand—and such cunning tents and cannons. While it hardly seems possible there will be any blood shed—our soldiers are very friendly with them—indeed, they occupy the same showcase—or Illness, as they have "iron" constitutions, yet the fact remains they took the precaution of bringing the Red Cross corps along with them.

Evidently there have been more accidents in dolldom than are reported in the newspapers, else how is one to account for the new ambulance automobile? And it is such a complete and perfect affair—no hospital could have better. The tires are heavily cushioned to save the injured doll from getting jolted when the ambulance is being rushed to the hospital. The inside of the ambulance is enameled in pure white, perfectly sanitary, and there is a medicine and instrument shelf and the most approved stretcher bed—the kind that is supported by means of four swinging iron poles (with holders through which the handle ends of the stretcher are thrust)

New Indian Animal Stories

Why the Grubworm Crawls on His Back

By John M. Oskison.



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

Long time ago, when the little Indian boys wanted to go fishing, one of the old men would sit down in the door of the house and make a hook out of bone for him to use. The line would be twisted from deer sinew. And while the old man worked, the boy would be sent out into the fields to dig grubworms for bait.

"See how the grubworm curls up and lies on his back!" the old man would say as he showed the boy how to put it on the hook. "When you come back from the creek, I will tell why the grubworm crawls on his back."

"Tell me now," the little boy would say, and then the old man would lean back against the door in the sun and smile as he told this story:

It was at the council of the little animals, the birds and the insects, that the grubworm sat in the chief seat and heard about how all of the hundreds of the helpless ones hated man because man destroyed them without asking leave.

After all had spoken, and after it was agreed that man ought to be removed from the earth, the grubworm asked everybody to say how man was to be killed. If one way wouldn't do, they ought to have another way to try, and so all day long one after another got up and said how man ought to be removed from the earth.

"I will go around and suck away the breath of the young babies," said the vampire bat. "So that women when they see me dying in the dusk will cry out in fear."

"I will go to the beds of those who sleep," said the scorpion, "and I will sting them in the throat, so that they may not draw breath again. And I shall learn to hide under every flat stone which the boys lift up when they look for beetles."

"I will bring rheumatism to the hunters," said the slender green marsh snake, "and I will twist their shoulders and knot their muscles, so that they can no longer go out and bring in meat to the people."

"And I will bring malaria out of the swamps to make man shake and grow cold!" sang the mosquito.

And every time one of the speakers finished what he had to say, the grubworm stood up very straight, clapped his hands and shouted as loud as he could:

"Wadan!" (Thanks!)

At last the big bullfrog got up and said that the worst thing he could think of to bring upon man was the whooping cough. He would see that the children, who came to mock him as he sang his hoarse song in the pond were sent away whooping and choking, with throats as thick and twisted as his own. And as they whooped and choked, the mothers of man's children would weep and wail.

And then the grubworm laughed loud and shouted loud, "Wadan!" So loud did he laugh and so far back did he lean as he shouted that he fell over backward.

Now, the grubworm had never gone over backward before in his whole life, and he was surprised to find that he could not get up again. So, while all the rest went on talking, he had to learn to crawl on his back. And from that day to this the grubworm has not learned to stand up, but has crawled on his back.

suspended from springs, so as to further prevent the invalid from feeling a jolt.

Household Notes

If underskirts shrink uncomfortably, it is possible to save them by knitting a sufficient length to cover the bare spots.

Cane-chair seats that have sagged may be tightened by washing the seat in hot soapsuds and letting it dry in the open air.

When travelling, try pinning your dress to the curtain of the berth with safety pins. It will not be wrinkled in the morning.

A lump of charcoal in the icebox will keep the box free from odors and will absorb impurities. It should be changed often.

Delicious gelatine can be made with the juice of canned strawberries. Add the juice of an orange to the strawberry.

An excellent syrup for hot cakes is made by boiling two cups of brown sugar and one cup of water until it will spin a thread.

All huckleberries that are made either into cake or pudding should be lightly dusted with flour before being mixed in the batter.

Home-Made Coat-Hangers.

If you live in the country where little conveniences are hard to obtain, a good substitute for the bought coat-hanger may be made as follows: Cut a section of a wooden barrel-hoop the length desired, make a notch in the exact middle for a loop to hang by, which may be of string or ribbon. Then cover nicely with strips of cloth, silk or ribbon. You may have them as plain or as fancy as you like, and if you want them extra fine you may add little bags of sachet.

ELIZABETH H. RYLAND,
Beulahville, Va.

THREE SIMPLE SOUPS

Oyster Soup.

Three pints of oyster, one quart of milk, a little chopped celery or celery seed. Put the milk and celery on and let it get scalding hot. Put the oysters and liquor on in another pot and let them come to a slow boil, taking off the scum that rises, then pour the liquor and oysters into the hot milk; mix a little flour with cold water like a paste, add this thickening and one tablespoon of butter and boil a few minutes, stirring all the time, as it is apt to cut. Serve at once.

Potato Puree.

Four Irish potatoes, one quart of milk, two tablespoons of butter, two tablespoons of flour, onion, bay leaves, cloves, celery, salt and pepper. Boil the potatoes in just enough water to cover them, and when done strain the water off and save it. Mash the potatoes through a masher or wire sieve. Put the flavoring in the milk and scald for one-half hour. Rub the flour and butter together to a smooth paste, then mix all the ingredients together and stir until it thickens. Strain and serve at once.

Mutton or Chicken Broth.

One pound of lean mutton, cut in small pieces and put in cold water, cover closely and boil until the meat is so tender that it falls to pieces. Should you desire to add rice or barley, let it soak in warm water while the mutton is boiling. When the meat is soft take it out and put in the rice or barley; let it simmer one-half hour longer. If thoroughly soaked this will be long enough. At all events, it must be cooked until done. Salt and pepper to taste. If chicken is used, just cut it up as for frying. If you have had a boiled chicken, save the water, and barley, rice or chopped celery, with a little thickening, and you will have a very nice soup. A little grated cheese, if liked, as very good with chicken soup, added after it is in the tureen.

When poaching eggs, stir the water until it whirls rapidly, then drop the egg in quickly. This will keep the edges round.

Table doilies will look better and keep their freshness much longer if they are put through a thin starch water when laundered.

If granulated lye is sifted down the drain of the kitchen sink once or twice a week, the pipe will never become clogged with grease.

To keep the hands soft and white while doing housework, mix equal parts of lemon juice and glycerine and rub on while they are moist.

Ivory Blanc Mange.

Take milk, one quart; gelatine, one ounce; flavoring, two heaping tablespoonfuls; white sugar, three-quarters of a cupful.

Take one quart of milk, one ounce of gelatine, a tablespoonful of almond flavoring, with a tablespoonful of rose water, three-fourths of a cup of white sugar. Heat the milk to boiling, turn in the gelatine, which should have been previously soaked for an hour in a cup of the milk; add the flavoring, and stir all together ten minutes before putting in the sugar. As soon as the gelatine has dissolved, remove from the fire; strain through a thin muslin bag, wet a mold with cold water, pour the blanc mange into it and set in a cold place till solid.

Silverware will stay bright much longer if it is carefully washed in a clean suds, rinsed in boiling water, then dried with a glass towel.

Remember when buying gloves, if the gloves are too tight, they will not wear well, and the hands always look longer in a glove too tight.

The cheapest cuts of meat that can be bought now are the necks, sticking piece (underpart of neck), brisket, leg, shin-bone and ox-tails.

When bread has been molded into loaf form and allowed to become too light, mold it again. It will make very fine bread if treated this way.

XMAS SHOPPING.

Nothing could be nicer than this ostrich neckpiece for a present.

THE HOLLOW OF HER HAND

By GEORGE BARR M'CUTCHEON.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

[illegible]

Just then the dog and the child detected their common stare. He was at first grateful, then interested. The child was beaming, the dog's tail was thumping a merry tattoo on the wooden step. Footsteps crunched on the gravel and he turned to look, although it was not the direction from which he expected his son and Miss Castleton.

He came to his feet, plainly perplexed. Miss Castleton approached, but the fellow beside her was not Leslie.

"How are you, Mr. Wrandall?" called out the young man cheerily, crossing the road.

"Good afternoon, Brandon," said Mr. Wrandall, nonplussed. "How do you do, Miss Castleton? Delighted to see you looking so well. Where did you leave my son?"

"Haven't seen him," said Booth. "Is he back?"

Mr. Redmond Wrandall swallowed hard.

"I was so informed," he replied, with an effort.

"Are you not coming up to the house, Mr. Wrandall?" inquired Miss Castleton, and he thought he detected a note of appeal in her voice.

"Certainly," he announced, taking his place beside her. To himself he was saying: "This young Blade has been annoying her, confound him."

"Miss Castleton had a note from Leslie this morning, saying he wouldn't start home till Friday," said Booth, puzzled. "You don't mind my saying so, Miss Castleton?"

"Not at all. I am sure he said Friday."

"I fancy he did say Friday," said Mr. Wrandall. "I think Griggs had been drinking."

"Griggs?" inquired the two in unison.

He volunteered no more than that. He was too hugely engaged in wondering what his son could be thinking of, to leave this delightful girl to the tender mercies of a handsome, fascinating chap like Brandon Booth. He didn't relish the look of things. She was agitated, suspiciously so; and Booth wasn't what one would describe as perfectly at ease. There was something in the air, concluded Leslie's father.

"I hear you are coming over to spend a fortnight with us, Miss Castleton," said he pleasantly.

Hetty started. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Wrandall," she said, although he had spoken very distinctly.

"Leslie mentioned it a—oh, some time ago, my dear. This is the first time I have seen you, otherwise I should have added my warmest appeal for you to come early and to stay late. Ha-ha! Hope you will find your way to our place, Brandon. You are always a most welcome visitor."

The girl walked on in silence, her lips set with curious firmness. Booth looked at her and indulged in a queer little smile, to which she responded with a painful flush.

"Vivian expects to have a few friends out at the same time—very quietly, you know, and without much of a hurrah. Young ladies you ought to know in New York, my dear Miss Castleton. I dare say you will remember all of them, Brandon."

"I dare say," said Booth, without interest.

"I understand the portrait is finished," went on the old gentleman, blissfully oblivious to the disturbance he had created. "Mrs. Wrandall says it is wonderful, Brandon. You won't mind showing it to me? I am very much interested."

"Glad to have you see it, sir."

"Thanks."

He slackened his pace, an uneasy frown appearing between his eyes.

"I am almost afraid to tell Sara the news we have had from town this morning. She is so opposed to notoriety and all that sort of thing. Poor girl, she's had enough to drive one mad, I fear, with all that wretched business of a year ago."

Hetty stopped in her tracks. She went very white.

"What news, Mr. Wrandall?"

"They say they have stumbled upon a clew—an absolutely indisputable clew. Smith had me on the wire this morning. He is the chief operative, you understand, Miss Castleton. He informs me that his original theory is quite fully substantiated by this recent discovery. If you remember, he gave it as his opinion a year ago that the woman was not—er—I may say, of the class catalogued as fast. He is coming out to-morrow to see me."

Things went suddenly black before her eyes, but in an instant she regained control of herself.

"They have had many clews, Mr. Wrandall," she complained, shaking her head.

"I know," he replied; "and this one may be as futile as the rest. Smith appears to be absolutely certain this time, however."

"I understood that Mrs. Wrandall—I mean Mrs. Challis Wrandall—refused to offer a reward," said Booth. "These big detective agencies are not keen about—"

"There is a ten thousand dollar reward still standing, Brandon," said Mr. Wrandall.

Again the girl started.

"That isn't generally known, sir," observed the painter. "Leslie told me there was no reward."

"It was privately arranged," explained Leslie's father.

They came in sight of the house at that moment, and the subject was dropped, for Sara was approaching them in earnest conversation with Mr. Carroll, her lawyer.

They met at the edge of the lower basin, where the waters trickled down from an imposing Italian fountain on the level above, forming a deep, clear pool to which the lofty sky lent unfathomable depths. To the left of the basin there was a small tea-house, snug in the shadow of the cypresses that lined the crest of the hill. A series of rough stone steps wound down to the water's edge and the boathouse.

"Mr. Carroll is the bearer of startling news, Mr. Wrandall," said Sara, after the greetings. There was a trace of the sardonic in her voice.

"Indeed?" said Mr. Wrandall gravely.

"I was not aware, sir," said the old lawyer stiffly, and with a positive glare, "that your detectives were such unmitigated asses as they now appear to be."

"I fail to understand, Mr. Carroll," with considerable loftiness.

"That confounded rascal Smith called to see me this morning, sir. He is a rogue, sir. He—"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Carroll," protested Mr. Wrandall, in a far from conciliatory manner.

"It seems, in short, that he has been working on a very intimate clew," said Sara, staring fixedly at her father-in-law's face.

"So he informed me over the 'phone this morning," said he, rather taken a-back. "However, he did not go into the details. I am here, Sara, to tell you that he is coming out to-morrow. I want to ask you to come over to my place at—"

"That is out of the question, sir," exclaimed Mr. Carroll vehemently.

"My dear Mr. Carroll—" began Wrandall angrily, but Sara interrupted him to suggest that they talk it over in the tea-house. She would ring for tea.

"If you will excuse me, Mrs. Wrandall, I think I will be off," said Booth.

"Please stay, Mr. Booth," she urged. "I would like to have you here."

She fell behind with Hetty. The girl's eyes were glassy.

"Don't be alarmed," she whispered. Booth pressed the button for her. "Thank you. You will be surprised, Mr. Wrandall, to hear that the new clew leads to a member of your own family."

Mr. Wrandall was in the act of sitting down. At her words he dropped. His eyes bulged.

"Good God!"

"It appears that Mr. Smith suspects—me!" said she coolly.

Her father-in-law's lips moved, but no sound issued. His face was livid.

"The stupid fool!" hissed the irate Mr. Carroll.

There was deathly silence for a moment following this outburst. Every face was pale. In Hetty's there was an expression of utter horror. Her lips, too, were moving.

"He has, it seems, put one thing and another together, as if it were a picture puzzle," went on Sara. "His visit to Mr. Carroll this morning was for the purpose of ascertaining how much it would be worth to me if he dropped the case—now."

"The infernal blackmailer!" gasped Mr. Wrandall, finding his voice. "I will have him kicked off the place if he comes to me with— My dear, my dear! You cannot mean what you say."

He was in a shocking state of bewilderment.

"I'd advise you to call off your infernal blackmailer, Mr. Redmond Wrandall," snarled Mr. Carroll, pacing back and forth.

"My dear sir," stammered the other, "I—I—do you mean to imply that I know anything about this infamous business?"

"He is your dog, not ours," declared the lawyer, pacing the brick floor.

"I pace, gentlemen," admonished Sara. "Let us discuss it calmly."

"Calmly?" gasped Mr. Wrandall.

"Calmly!" snapped the lawyer.

"At least deliberately. It appears, Mr. Wrandall, that Smith has been working on the theory all along that it was I who went to the inn with Challis. You recall the description given of the woman? She was of my size and figure, they said at the time. Well, he has—"

"It is infamous!" shouted Mr. Wrandall, springing to his feet. "He shall hear from me to-night. I shall have him lodged in jail before—"

"You will do nothing of the sort," interrupted Sara firmly. "I think you will do well to hear his side of the story. And remember, sir, that it would be very difficult for me to establish an alibi."

"Bless me!" groaned the old man. Then his eyes brightened. "But Miss Castleton can prove that for you, my dear. Don't forget Miss Castleton."

"Miss Castleton did not come to me, you should remember, until after the—the trouble. It occurred the second night after my arrival from Europe. Mr. Smith has discovered that I was not in my rooms at the hotel that night."

"You were not?" fell from Mr. Wrandall's lips. "Where were you?"

"I spent the night in our apartment—alone." She shivered as with a chill as she uttered these words.

"What!"

"Leslie met me at the dock. He said that Challis had gone away from town for a day or two. The next day I telephoned to the garage and asked them to send the big car to me as I wanted to make some calls. They said that Mr. Wrandall had discharged the chauffeur a week or two before and had been using my little French runabout for a few days, driving it himself. I then instructed them to send the runabout around with one of their own drivers. You can imagine my surprise when I was told that Mr. Wrandall had taken the car out that morning and had not returned with it."

"I see," said Mr. Wrandall, beads of perspiration standing on his forehead.

"He had not left town. I will not try to describe my feelings. Late in the afternoon, I called them up again. He had not returned. It was then that I thought of going to the apartment, which had been closed all winter. Watson and his wife were to go in the next day by my instructions. Challis had been living at a club, I believe. Somehow, I had the feeling that during the night my husband would come to the apartment—perhaps not alone. You understand. I went there and waited all night. That is the story. Of course, it is known that I did not spend the night at the hotel. Mr. Smith evidently has learned as much. It is on this circumstance that he bases his belief."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)