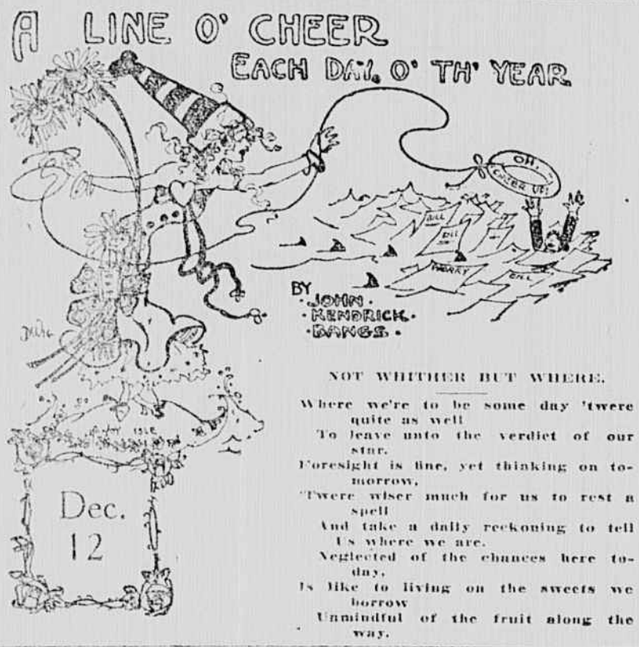
Of Interest to Every Woman

Edited by Martha Westover



NOT WHITHER BUT WHERE.

Where we're to be some day 'twere quite as well
To leave unto the verdict of our star.
Foresight is fine, yet thinking on to-morrow,
'Twere wiser much for us to rest a spell
And take a daily reckoning to tell
Us where we are.
Neglected of the chances here to-day,
Is like to living on the sweets we borrow
Unmindful of the fruit along the way.

FOR STAINS OF ONE KIND OR ANOTHER

Don't despair when you tip the ink bottle over on your lily-white hands or do anything else to bring stains to your fingers. There is a remedy, given by a manicure specialist, which is warranted to remove stains of any sort from the hands: Mix a little baking soda and powdered pumice-stone together and moisten the mixture with peroxide of hydrogen until it is the consistency of cream. Rub the stained skin with this mixture and behold, as if by magic the stains disappear. "Others may recommend lemon juice or sulphur fumes or one of the patented bleaches," says this clever manicure, "but just try my remedy when your fingers are stained and you will never desire to try any other."

It is a hue cry from stained fingers to a stained silver vase or clothes brush. But here is a remedy as simple to remove all stains from silver as the one given to remove stains from the fingers—and it is table salt. Moisten it and rub it on the stained spot, and, according to habit, the spot should disappear.

Here is a Southern housewife's method of cleaning brass. She mixes fine wood ashes with lemon juice to make a paste, just thin enough to handle on a soft flannel cloth. With this paste she rubs the stained brass until it shines clean and untarnished. She then rubs it with a chamois or another flannel cloth and the work is finished.

And now for soiled gloves. The best way to clean them is to make a naptha gasoline—which is no different from a water soapsuds, save that the naptha is not warmed as the water generally is. But rub a cake of soap about in naptha until a foamy suds results, and in this suds wash the gloves. Rinse them in clear naptha. The professional cleaners use chloroform in a third rinsing naptha, but it is troublesome for most of us to go to that trouble, and gloves washed first in soap and naptha, then in clear naptha, will be spotless, if anything can make them so.

If the small boy's woolen suit announces spotted or stained, try cleaning it with alcohol. Wood alcohol is quite as satisfactory as grain alcohol and, of course, much less expensive. Simply rub the spots with alcohol as you would rub it with naptha. The alcohol is pleasanter to us than gasolene, both because the odor of alcohol is not generally so offensive as that of gasolene and because it evaporates more quickly and because it irritates the hand less. Of course, the small boy's suit is not the only thing that can benefit from this sort of bath. Any dark woolen suit can be cleaned with alcohol—provided the alcohol does not harm the color. Dark blue and black serge, for instance, look the better for alcohol. Red would doubtless show lighter where the alcohol was used.

MIXING FRUITS

Add Grated Pineapple and Quinces to Apples—Result, a Delectable Dish.

When inclined to be dry or tasteless, apples are greatly improved by the addition of other fruits. Grated pineapples and quinces are both good for this purpose, but dried fruits, such as dates, figs and prunes, can also be used with excellent results. The dates should be stoned and cut into quarters before being cooked with the apples, and the figs should be shredded. Prunes must be well washed and allowed to soak in a little cold water before cooking, and, as apples require less cooking than prunes, they should not be added before the latter are nearly tender. Very little sweetening, if any, is required when figs, dates and prunes are used with apples.

VERY CHIC.

A top coat of duvetyne, fur-trimmed.

BLOUSE REVIVAL

Worn Fifteen Years Ago—The Cross-Over.

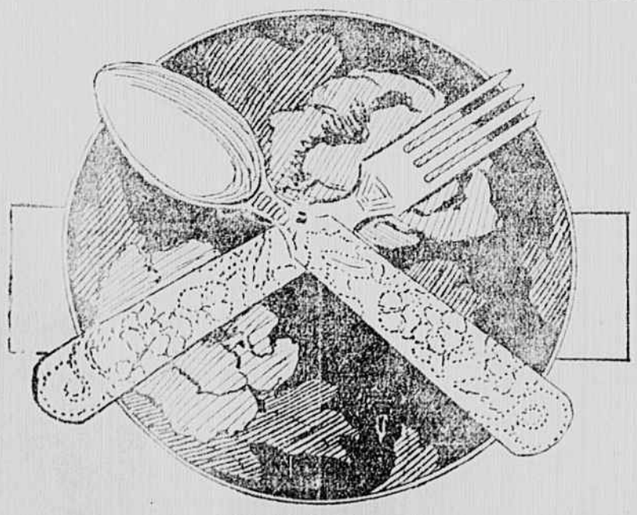
The cross-over blouse, which was popular some fifteen years ago, has been revived.

This blouse is usually made of lace net, and its principal charm is that it is devoid of a single button or hook.

The blouse has two long tulle ends, which the wearer crosses over her waist and fastens either in front or at the back. She is thus enabled to make the V-shaped opening at the neck high or low to suit her own taste.

Few blouses in net or mnon fasten at the back, and even those with high collars button down the front. Full blouses in net or mnon fasten at the back, and even those with high collars button down the front. Full length or three-quarter length sleeves are the rule.

Mud stains can be removed from white serge in the following way: First allow the mud to dry thoroughly, then cover the spots with common table salt and leave for two or three minutes. After that take a piece of tissue paper and rub off the salt. Finally apply a little French chalk and brush this off with a clean brush.



FOR A FAMILY GIFT.

A lacquered tray, with its rich coloring and beautiful design, makes a good present; also the hand-carved salad fork and spoon of wood. They are from Japan, and have unusual charm.

SEEN AMONG THE HOLIDAY NOVELTIES

Some of the new scarfs being displayed for the holidays have rather large squares in changeable silks, without any pattern except a fine line of gold on blue, white or black and black on deep claret.

Many pointed end bow ties in the same silks, and in silks of unusual shades with self-diamond pattern, are seen. On the whole, however, "hubby" need have less anxiety about the ties he may receive this Christmas, for the startlingly garish patterns that were novelties last season are not to be seen.

Among the newer garments the Georgette chemisette is ideal for wear over or under the corset. The skirt portion is narrow and finished around the bottom with lace, and often with ribbon run through and tied in a bow. It does not reach to the knees. The chemisette fastens down the left side, in front, and can be worn so that it does excellent service as a corset cover.

Necklaces show quite a little jade. Some have jade and lapis lazuli combined, others—tasselated necklaces—have jade and amber beads forming the main string, while a few have baroque pearls, jade and lapis lazuli alternating with a fine gold connecting chain.

Slippers having metal filigree figures on the toe-piece have come with the holiday novelties. These ornaments are of brass, of silver and of cut steel. They imitate, in a way, the toe-pieces on the footwear of the ancient Romans.

ALL SORTS OF SAUCES

Tomato Sauce.

One can of tomatoes, one tablespoon of sugar, two of flour, one teaspoon of salt, little red and black pepper, one pint of water. Let it boil up once and strain through a sieve, rubbing though all except the seeds. If fresh tomatoes are used they will have to be boiled longer. This sauce is good with chops or sliced beef.

Sauce Hollandaise.

Put in a skillet a light one-quarter pound of butter, rubbed in small tablespoon of flour and the yolk of two eggs. Stir all together over the fire until well mixed, then add salt and pepper to taste, juice of one large or two small lemons, and put it on to boil again; stir with care to keep from burning. It must be thick enough to cover the fish or vegetables with which it is to be served.

Sauce for Asparagus, No. 1.

Melt one tablespoon of butter, beat in it saltspoon of dry mustard, one of salt, little red and white pepper, and lemon juice to taste. Serve with the asparagus, but do not pour over it.

Asparagus Sauce, No. 2.

To the yolk of one egg take one tablespoon of butter, salt and pepper to taste; beat all together, first melting the butter. When well beaten, put on the fire, dusting in a little flour to make the consistency of salad dressing. After taking from the fire beat in a teaspoon of lemon juice or vinegar. Make enough to pour over the asparagus.

Mint Sauce.

A good size cup of vinegar, two tablespoons of sugar, two of chopped mint. Prepare two hours before using and serve with roast lamb.

Slaw Dressing.

Piece of butter the size of an egg, one cup of vinegar, one-half teaspoon of dry mustard, one teaspoon of brown sugar, yolk of an egg, salt, red and white pepper to taste. Cream the butter and egg together, then put in mustard, salt, pepper and sugar. Stir well together and pour on the vinegar. Put it on the stove and stir until it comes to a boil. Pour hot over the slaw, which has been cut fine and sprinkled with a little black pepper. Mix well through the slaw and let it get cold for dinner. A little celery chopped fine or celery seed improves the slaw.

French Dressing.

One-quarter teaspoon salt, one-quarter teaspoon of white or black pepper, three tablespoons of oil, ten drops of onion juice, one tablespoon of vinegar, one-half tablespoon of lemon juice. Mix salt, pepper, onion juice and one tablespoon oil together, then add alternately the remaining oil, lemon juice and vinegar.

Salad Dressing Without Oil.

Boil one pint of vinegar with some celery-seed; beat four eggs and pour the vinegar over them slowly; return to the fire with a piece of butter size of an egg; let it thicken like custard. Mix a tablespoon each of salt, mustard and sugar with a cup of sour or sweet cream; add this to the other mixture. When cold this will keep some time. The celery-seed should be strained out before the vinegar and eggs are mixed.

Sauce Tartare.

To mayonnaise dressing add one teaspoon of onion juice, one tablespoon of chopped capers and one tablespoon of chopped cucumber-pickle.

Salad Sauce.

One-half teaspoon salt, one teaspoon of sugar, one teaspoon dry mustard, a dash of red pepper. Mix them and add two tablespoons sweet oil or two tablespoons of melted butter, two tablespoons of vinegar. Stir all these together and then break in one raw egg; stir well and then add one cup of cold boiled milk. Stir all this well and then put it in a saucepan and set that in a pan of water. Let it come to a boil, stirring occasionally, and then it will be done.

Mayonnaise Dressing.

Yolk of one egg, saltspoon of dry mustard, one of salt, one of sugar, red and white pepper to taste. Stir all together well and then add the oil, drop by drop, stirring slowly—always one way until you have the consistency of thick paste—then add a dessertspoon of vinegar or lemon juice. Your eggs should be fresh and cold and the oil cold. Don't make the dressing in the kitchen or where it is hot. If it should cut try stirring it the other way briskly or put it in the icebox for a little while and try it again. More vinegar can be added if desired thinner, or if not so rich the white of the egg well beaten before it is stirred in.

Old Games for the Young.

Animals—This is another version of "blind man's bluff." All the players except the blind man station themselves in different parts of the room. The blindfolded player then feels his way round the room until he touches somebody. The player who is touched must immediately give an imitation of the noise made by some animal—a donkey, cat, dog, cow, pig, etc., repeating it three times, if requested. The blind man must guess the name of his prisoner by the voice. If he is successful, the person named becomes blind man; if unsuccessful, the blind man must release his prisoner and try again.

MENU

Breakfast.

Sliced Bananas with Cream
Fished Cakes — Boiled Rice, Tomato Sauce
Coffee

Luncheon.

Lamb Chops — Spiced Pickles
Corn Muffins — Tea

Dinner.

Cream of Celery Soup
Fresh Salmon Steaks — Mashed Potatoes
Peas — Cauliflower
Lemon Tarts — Coffee

A Dyspepsia Cure.

Simply rest.
Rest after meals.
And rest at night.
Sleep nine hours every night.
And exercise in the open air daily.
Of course, eating must be sane and regular.
Bathing (sponge or plunge) must also be regular.
If for any reason a bath cannot be taken that day rub vigorously all over the body with fresh towels.
And plenty of pure water should be sipped between meals, a half hour from any meal.
Women at home who suffer from dyspepsia will be benefited by a half-hour nap after luncheon.
Business people are benefited by a gentle walk after luncheon—a rush back to the desk is very bad.

Fashion being elastic, the short sleeve is in fashion almost as much as its longer sister.

Tunics of sheerest lace are bordered with skunk, mink and marten in finger widths.

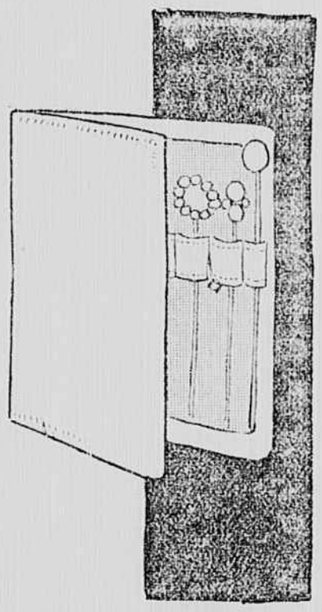
A charming color combination for a blouse is white, cream and delicate bisque tints.

The pocketbook stocking is a novelty. It has a little purse for bills in the top of the hem.

Flesh-colored chiffon makes a very effective foundation for the transparent blouse.

A charming device for the freshening of last year's serge frock is the use of plaid silk.

FOR THE MEN.



A stick pin case of leather, lined with silk.

A SERVICEABLE DRESS.

Trimmed with a flowered sash and embroidered collar and cuffs.

THE BEST WAY

Some Useful Suggestions Condensed for Your Benefit.

To pack books for a long journey line the packing box with oilcloth. This will preserve the volumes from damage during long journeys or from mold or mildew if left in a damp storage house.

To restore crocheted buttons that have lost their shape through much laundering dip them in cold starch, shape them with your fingers and let them dry. This makes them look like new.

To keep your rose bushes nice through the winter, use raffia for tying them before you put the straw around them. Raffia will not cut the canes as cord does.

To add to the enjoyment of the children who are blowing bubbles, put a little vegetable coloring to the bubble mixture, and a half a teaspoonful of glycerine to a quart of water gives greater strength or durability to the bubbles.

To remove tight rings from fingers that have become swollen from sweeping or other labor, take a piece of wrapping cord and wrap it closely around the finger from tip to ring. Do this twice, slipping the end under the ring with the help of a toothpick. Then as you remove the string the ring comes off easily.

Sleeves are important to the costume; they may spoil or enhance the beauty of the gown.

Alphabet of Tiny Tots.

THE

HOLLOW OF HER HAND

By GEORGE BARR M'CUTCHEON.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

Challis Wrandall is found dead in a roadhouse. His widow, accidentally meeting the girl, Hetty Castleton, who had accompanied him to the inn the night before, is moved to offer her a home. After a year's absence, the two women return and Leslie Wrandall, the dead man's brother, falls deeply in love with Miss Castleton and proposes marriage, but is rejected with horror. Smith, a private detective employed by the Wrandall family, suspects Mrs. Wrandall of having committed the murder, but offers to drop the trail for a price. Mr. Wrandall, the elder, disconcerts the detective by declaring falsely that he had talked over the telephone with her at her own apartment on the night of the murder. Mrs. Wrandall, however, agrees to pay the detective his price, because he had offered to "give her a chance." Brandon Booth, who had been engaged in painting Miss Castleton's portrait, also falls in love with her, and his love is returned. But the girl refuses to marry him, saying that she will explain some day why it is impossible. She confesses that she had posed in scanty attire as Hetty Glynn, an actress, for an other artist, but Booth tells her that he has known that for some time. She also tells Mrs. Wrandall that she will not marry Booth and, in denying indignantly an ugly insinuation, asserts that at the time she went to the inn with Challis Wrandall she did not know he was married.

"But you went there with him," insisted the other, her eyes hard as steel. "It doesn't matter whether he was married—or free. You went."

Hetty threw herself upon her companion's breast and wound her strong young arms about her.

"Sara, Sara, you must let me explain—you must let me tell you everything. Don't stop me! You have refused to hear my plea—"

"And I still refuse!" cried Sara, throwing her off angrily. "Good God, do you think I will listen to you? If you utter another word, I will—strangle you!"

Hetty shrank back, terrified. Slowly she moved backward in the direction of the door, never taking her eyes from the impassioned face of her protector.

"Don't Sara, please don't," she begged. "Don't look at me like that! I promise. Forgive me! I would not give you an instant's pain for all the world. You would suffer, you would—"

Sara suddenly put her hands over her eyes. A single moan escaped her lips—a hoarse gasp of pain.

"Dearest!" cried Hetty, springing to her side.

Sara threw her head up and met her with a cold, repelling look.

"Wait!" she commanded. "The time has come when you should know what is in my mind, and has been for months and months. It concerns you. I expect you to marry Leslie Wrandall."

Hetty stopped short.

"How can you jest with me, Sara?" she cried, suddenly indignant.

"I am not jesting," said Sara levelly. "You—you—really mean—what you have just said?" The puzzled look gave way to one of revulsion. A great shudder swept over her.

"Leslie Wrandall must pay his brother's debt to you."

"My God!" fell from the girl's stiff lips. "You—you must be going mad—mad!"

Sara laughed softly. "I have meant it almost from the beginning," she said. "It came to my mind the day that Challis was buried. It has never been out of it for an instant since that day. Now you understand."

If she expected Hetty to fall into a fit of weeping, to collapse, to plead with her for mercy, she was soon to find herself mistaken. The girl straightened up suddenly and met her gaze with one in which there was the force determination. Her eyes were steady, her bosom heaved.

"And I have loved you so devotedly—so blindly," she said, in low tones of scorn. "You have been hating me all these months while I thought you were loving me. What a fool I have been! I might have known. You couldn't love me."

"When Leslie asked you to-night to marry him, you are to say that you will do so," said Sara, betraying no sign of having heard the bitter words.

"I shall refuse, Sara," said Hetty, every vestige of color gone from her face.

"There is an alternative," announced the other deliberately.

"You will expose me to—him? To his family?"

"I shall turn you over to them, to let them do what they will with you. If you go as his wife, the secret is safe. If not, they may have you as you ready are, to destroy, to annihilate. Take your choice, my dear."

"And you, Sara?" asked the girl quietly. "What explanation will you have to offer for all these months of protection?"

Her companion stared. "Has the prospect no terror for you?"

"Not now. Not since I have found you out. The thing I have feared all along has come to pass. I am relieved, now that you show me just where I truly stand. But, I asked: what of you?"

"The world is more likely to applaud than to curse me, Hetty. It likes a new sensation. My change of heart will appear quite natural."

"Are you sure that the world will applaud your real design? You hate the Wrandalls. Will they be charitable toward you when the truth is given out? Will Leslie applaud you? Listen, please; I am trying to save you from yourself, Sara. You will fail in everything you have hoped for. You will be more accursed than I. The world will pity me, it may even forgive me. It will listen to my story, which is more than you will do, and it will believe me. Ah, I am not afraid now. At first I was in terror. I had no hope of escape. All that is past. To-day I am ready to take my chances with the big, generous world. Men will try me, and men are not made of stone and steel. They punish, but they do not avenge when they sit in jury boxes. They are not women! Good God, Sara, is there a man living to-day who could have planned this thing you have cherished all these months? Not one! And all men will curse you for it, even though they send me to prison or to the—chair. But they will not condemn me. They will hear my story and they will set me free. And then, what of you?"

Sara stood perfectly rigid, regarding this earnest reasoner with growing wonder.

"My dear," she said, "you would better be thinking of yourself, not of me."

"Why, when I tell my story, the world will hate you, Sara Wrandall. You have helped me, you have been good to me, no matter what sinister motive you may have had in doing so. It is my turn to help you."

"To help me?" cried Sara, astonished in spite of herself.

"Yes. To save you from execration—and even worse."

"There is no moral wrong in marriage with Leslie Wrandall," said Sara, returning to her own project.

"No moral wrong?" cried Hetty, aghast. "No, I suppose not," she went on, a moment later. "It is something much deeper, much blacker than moral wrong. There is no word for it. And if I marry him, what then? Wherein lies your triumph? You can't mean that—God in heaven! You would not go to them with the truth when it was too late for him to—to cast me off?"

"I am no such fool as that. The secret would be forever safe in that event. My triumph, as you call it, we will not discuss."

"How you must hate me, to be willing to do such an infamous thing to me!"

"I do not hate you, Hetty."

"In Heaven's name, what do you call it?"

"Justification. Listen to me now. I am saying this for your good sense to seize and appreciate. Would it be right in me to allow you to marry any other man, knowing all that I know? There is but one man you can in justice marry; the one who can repair the wreck that his own blood created. Not Brandon Booth, nor any man save Leslie Wrandall. He is the man who must pay."

"I do not intend to marry," said Hetty.

"But Leslie will marry some one, and I intend that it shall be you. He shall marry the ex-chorus girl, the artist's model, the—the prostitute! Wait! Don't fly at me like that! Don't assume that look of virtuous horror! Let me say what I have to say. This much of your story shall they know, and no more. They will be proud of you."

Hetty's eyes were blazing. "You use that name—you call me that—and yet you have kissed me, caressed me—loved me!" she cried hoarse with passion.

"He will ask you to-night for the second time. You will accept him. That is all."

"You must take back what you have just said to me—of me,—Sara Wrandall. You must unsay it! You must beg my pardon for that!"

"I draw no line between mistress and prostitute."

"But I—"

"Enough!"

"You wrong me vilely! You must let me—"

"I have an excellent memory, and it serves me well."

Hetty suddenly threw herself upon the couch and buried her face in her arms. Great sobs shook her slender frame.

Sara stood over her and watched for a long time with pitiless eyes. Then a queer, uneasy, wondering light began to develop in those dark, ominous eyes. She leaned forward the better to listen to the choked, inarticulate words that were pouring from the girl's lips. At last, moved by some power she could not have accounted for, she knelt beside the quivering body, and laid her hand, almost timorously, upon the girl's shoulder.

"Hetty,—Hetty, if I have wronged you in—in thinking that of you,—I—I—" she began brokenly. Then she lifted her eyes, and the harsh light tried to steal back into them. "No, no! What am I saying? What a fool I am to give way—"

"You have wronged me—terribly, terribly!" came in smothered tones from the cushions. "I did not dream you thought that of me."

"What was I to think?"

Hetty lifted her head and cried out: "You would not let me speak! You refused to hear my story. You have been thinking this of me all along, holding it against me, damning me with it, and I have been closer to you than—My God, what manner of woman are you?"

Sara seized her hands and held them in a fierce, tense grip. Her eyes were glowing with a strange fire.

"Tell me—tell me now, on your soul, Hetty—were you—were you—"

"No! No! On my soul, no!"

"Look into my eyes!"

The girl's eyes did not falter. She met the dark, penetrating gaze of the other and, though dimmed by tears, her blue eyes were steadfast and resolute. Sara seemed to be searching the very soul of her, the soul that laid itself bare, denuded of every vestige of guile.

"I—I think I believe you," came slowly from the lips of the searcher. "You are looking the truth. I can see it. Hetty, Hetty, I—I don't understand myself. It is so—so overwhelming, so tremendous. It is so incredible. Am I really believing you? Is it possible that I have been wrong in—"

"Let me tell you everything," cried the girl, suddenly throwing her arms about her.

"Not now! Wait! Give me time to think. Go away now. I want to be alone." She arose and pushed the girl toward the door. Her eyes were fixed on her in a wondering, puzzled sort of way, and she was shaking her head as if trying to discredit the new emotion that had come to displace the one created ages ago.

Slowly Hetty Castleton retreated toward the door. With her hand on the knob, she paused.

"After what has happened, Sara, you must not expect me to stay with you any longer. I cannot. You may give me up to the law, but—"

Some one was tapping gently on the door.

"Shall I see who it is?" asked the girl, after a long period of silence.

"Yes."

It was Murray. "Mr. Leslie has returned, Miss Castleton, and asks if he may see you at once. He says it is very important."

"Tell him I will be down in a few minutes, Murray."

After the door closed, she waited until the footman's steps died away on the stairs.

"I shall say no to him, Sara, and I shall say to him that you will tell him why I cannot be his wife. Do you understand? Are you listening to me?"

Sara turned away without a word or look of response.

Hetty quietly opened the door and went out.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)