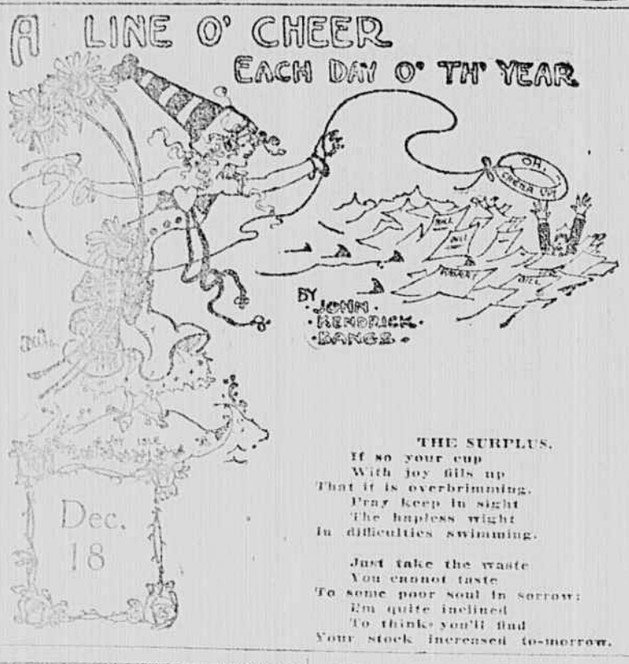
Of Interest to Every Woman

Edited by Martha Westover



THE SURPLUS.

If so your cup
With joy fills up
That it is overbrimming,
Pray keep in sight
The hapless wight
In difficulties swimming.

Just take the waste
You cannot taste
To some poor soul in sorrow:
'Em quite inclined
To think you'll find
Your stock increased to-morrow.

MENU

Breakfast.

Baked Apples — Hominy
Bacon and Eggs
Muffins — Coffee

Luncheon.

Panned Oysters
Baked Potatoes
Cream Cheese — Cookies
Tea

Dinner.

Roast Breast of Veal, Stuffed
Carrots — Boiled Rice — Buttered Tomatoes
Plain Salad — French Dressing
Fruit — Cake
Coffee

Fig Pudding.

Soak in warm water for an hour enough figs to make a cupful when chopped. Mince fine. Soak two cupfuls of bread crumbs in a pint of milk until very soft; then beat into the crumbs five whipped eggs, a half-cupful of sugar, a little salt and the figs, well dredged with flour. Beat hard and turn into a greased mold with a closely-fitting top, and steam for three hours. Dip the mold in cold water and turn out the pudding; then set it in the oven for five minutes to dry. Serve with hard sauce.

Potato Fritters.

Boil, peel and mash two pounds of white potatoes; add one-half cupful of granulated sugar, one teaspoonful of baking powder and salt to suit the taste. Beat the seasoned potatoes and add slowly one-half pint of milk, stirring meanwhile until the mixture is smooth and white. Then add enough flour to make a thicks batter and fry in deep, hot lard. When the cakes are golden brown, take them from the pan and serve them on a hot platter. This recipe makes enough potato fritters for a family of four.

Apple Snow.

Pare and core tart, juicy apples; stew with just enough water to keep them from burning; sweeten with whites ugar, and beat until free from lumps; when cold add the juice of half a lemon, and for a dish large enough for eight or ten persons, the whites of two eggs; beat the mixture until it is stiff enough to stand alone, and is as "white as snow." Eat with whipped cream.

New Indian Animal Stories

How the Red Bird Became the Daughter of the Sun

By John M. Oskison.

Just as They Raised Up the Lid of the Box a Tiny Bit, Something Flew Swiftly Pass Them.

Long time ago, in the days when the clouds hung over the sky from the time the people got up until they went to bed, and the rain came pattering down on the roofs hour after hour, the old men would gather the little boys who wanted to go out in the wet woods to play, and tell them that they must wait until the sun had stopped crying over the death of her daughter.

And while the little boys listened, the old men would tell them about how the sun's tears came not alone from the Yonwi Tsunsdi, the little people of the woods, who killed the rattlesnake to bring her back to life, but from those days the sun cried for every one that might pass away and stay by the dead.

The old men would tell about how the little people went up to the house of the daughter of the sun, in the middle of the sky, and made a mistake. It was the daughter of the sun he killed, instead of the sun herself.

"Then," the old men would say, "the sun cried and would not stop, and she sent her messengers to find her daughter. The messengers had been called, and they came to the houses of the people, and they grew cold and frightened because it was dark all the time.

"Then came the chief of the Little People and told the wise medicine men that they would need to send messengers to Tsunsdi, the Ghost Country in Ushunhiyi (the Shining Land in the West) to bring back the daughter of the sun.

"So the wise medicine men chose seven hunters to go to the Ghost Country, and they set out carrying a box to bring back the daughter of the sun in. When they got to that country they found all the people at a big dance, just as the chief of the Yunkwi Tsunsdi said they would.

"And just as they had been told to do, they stood close by the circle of the dancers, and, whenever the daughter of the sun came round in the dance, each one of the seven messengers struck her with a stick which they carried. And when the seventh man had struck her, she stepped out of the circle of dancers and fell down as if dead.

"Then the seven messengers took her up, as they had been told to do, and put her in the box they had brought. And they started East toward the country from which they had come.

"In a little while, the daughter of the sun came back to life and begged the man to let her out of the box. But they remembered what the chief of the Little People had told the wise medicine men, and they would not let her out.

"After they had gone a long way," the girl in the box said that she was hungry and begged the seven men to let her out to eat; but they refused and went on.

"When they were near home, the daughter of the sun begged the men who carried her to lift the lid of the box just a little, for she said she was smothering. And so pitifully did she beg that the men decided that it would do no harm to lift the lid just a crack.

"And just as they raised up the lid of the box a tiny bit to let in some air to the daughter of the sun, something flew swiftly past them into the bushes, and they heard a redbird cry, 'Kwish! Kwish! Kwish!' from the limb of a tall tree. Then they shut down the lid of the box and went on to where the wise medicine men were waiting.

"When the seven messengers got to the council house and opened the box they found that it was empty. It was the daughter of the sun who had flown out of the box when they lifted the lid—she had taken the shape of the redbird; and so we know to-day that the redbird is the daughter of the sun."

And when the boys would ask what made the sun stop crying for her daughter, the old men would only say: "Oh, that is another story. If it is raining to-morrow I will tell it to you."

CHRISTMAS MASQUERADES

One of the pleasantest sorts of children's party to give in the holiday season is a masquerade of some sort. Children always like to "dress up" and a "dress-up" party meets their highest expectations of holiday fun.

One of the most attractive sorts of masquerade parties is one that calls for costumes of a certain era, or character. For instance, a Mother Goose party, where all the guests come dressed as characters from Mother Goose, is always successful. In such a case, and perhaps in any masquerade party for children, it is a good idea for the hostess to tell the guests that if they care to let her know what costumes they will wear, she can see that they avoid duplicating the costumes of other guests.

Other periods or sets of characters that might be chosen for children's parties are these: Paper flowers, when the children might all come dressed in crepe and tissue paper costumes representing flowers. Fairy story characters—like Cinderella, Jack and the Bean-Stalk, Puss in Boots, and Snow White. Elizabethan children, if the respective mamas of the small guests are willing to go to a good deal of trouble and some expense for the costumes.

A delightful masquerade party for small girls was a "Little Women" party. All the little girls came dressed to represent the characters in "Little Women." Some of the older ones came as Marmee and the cook, Hannah. The youngest, of course, chose Beth and Amy, and the tomboys chose Jo. It was great fun for the various Amys to compare their curls and for the Megs to exchange notes about the way their skirts were held out.

A Wild West party appealed to a group of children, especially to the boys. Some of them donned Boy Scouts' costumes and posed as Rough Riders and cowboys. Others dressed in Indian costume and danced about with many brandishings of tomahawks and wild war whoops. Little Indian squaws with doll papooses on their backs abounded. There were some pioneer settlers, and some gold prospectors. One little pioneer mother came with her four younger brothers and sisters in the guise of pioneer children and her older brother for a pioneer husband. They pulled the small children to the place of the party in a toy express wagon rigged up with a sheet like a prairie schooner.

A doll party is another successful sort to give. Each child dresses like a doll. There are big French dolls, of course, dressed in silk and lace and satin, with flowered and ribboned hats. There are boy dolls, dressed in sailor suits. There are little girl dolls, dressed in white muslin, with big sashes of ribbon. There are character dolls, nowadays, dressed in imitation of the small dolls that wear gingham rompers.

A Japanese party is another idea. The children all dress in kimonos. This is especially satisfactory to the mothers, for any woman can make a little cotton crepe kimono without much trouble and at very small cost. The little girls can have small fans or parasols or big paper chrysanthemums stuck in their hair to heighten the picturesqueness of their costumes.

THE BEST WAY

To clean furs, moisten bran with warm water and rub a little at a time into the fur. When dry, shake and brush out. Another way is to wet a cloth with gasolene and slowly rub the fur. White furs are best cleaned with dry flour, thickly powdered on and then the fur shaken.

To clean feathers, soak in benzine and rinse in clean benzine and dry out of doors.

To clean gold chains, put them in a bottle with warm soapsuds and a little prepared chalk. Shake until clean, then rinse.

To clean combs, wash in warm water in which has been dissolved one tablespoonful of borax to each quart of water. Rinse by holding the comb under the cold-water faucet and allowing the water to run through with force.

It is not generally known that casseroles are the better for tempering, like any other earthenware; therefore, when they are new, and before used for baking, put them on the stove in cold water (the water must cover them) and heat gradually until the water boils. The casserole is then less likely to crack.

This is the time of year when one should look well into leaks around chimneys—these cause considerable damage when snows get banked around them, especially in suburban houses, where the repair man isn't always available. To stop such leaks, make a paste of tar and dry, sifted road-dust. The paste should be lapped over surrounding shingles to form a collar.

Only a very slightly warm iron must be used on flannels. It is said that wiping the iron over with kerosene will prevent scorching. There is no known remedy for scorching on flannels, because the fibres have been destroyed by the heat.

Black and white in combination are popular even with the youngsters. The coat shown is made of Black velvet, trimmed with white rabbit.

One Should Make Mince Pies Now

If mince pies are to be a part of the Christmas menu, the mincemeat should be made now, for it is the better for standing a week. Of course, mincemeat already prepared can now be bought that is by far better than mincemeat that some cooks or housewives make. But there are still many housewives who prefer to have mincemeat made at home. Following are recipes for several sorts of mincemeat which ought to suit every taste. When the mincemeat is prepared, it should be put in glass jars or stone jars, and sealed in some way. If it is put in stone jars, it can be sprinkled over with sugar, after it is thoroughly packed down, and covered with three thicknesses of brown paper, carefully tied down. Then it should be stored in a cool place. It can also be stored in screw-top fruit jars.

Here is a recipe for a rather rich mincemeat: Boil some round of beef and put enough through the meat-chopper to measure two cupfuls. Mix it with chopped apple, enough to measure six cupfuls; a pound of currants, a quarter of a pound of shredded citron, two pounds of seedless raisins, two oranges and two lemons—juice and grated rinds—a pound of chopped suet, two cupfuls of brown sugar, a teaspoonful each of allspice, cloves and grated nutmeg, a tablespoonful each of cinnamon and salt, a quart of cherry, a quart of Catawba wine, a pint of brandy, a cupful of orange peel, candied and shredded, and two cupfuls of rich juice from pickled peaches. Add also any left-over bits of jelly or jam—a little currant jelly or raspberry jam or apricot marmalade. Stand in a stone jar over night and the next morning put it in glass jars and seal.

This is a plainer mincemeat, made without liquor: Mix three ounces of chopped almonds, two ounces of chopped, cooked beef-tongue, twelve ounces of raisins, six ounces of brown sugar, the grated rind and juice of two lemons and an orange, eight ounces of currants, eight ounces of chopped apples, eight ounces of chopped, candied orange and lemon peel, eight ounces of chopped beef-suet, two teaspoonfuls of allspice and a half a cupful of any rich fruit juice. Mix thoroughly before putting in jars.

Here is a recipe for mincemeat made with cider: Chop a boiled and trimmed beef-tongue and mix it with two pounds of currants, four pounds of raisins, two pounds of chopped beef-suet, a pound of shaved citron, four pounds of chopped apples, two pounds of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of cinnamon, two grated nutmegs, a teaspoonful and a half of salt and three pints of boiling hot cider. Then add the juice and grated rind of an orange and two lemons.

This recipe calls for molasses: Mix one part of boiled and chopped beef, with two parts of finely chopped apples, two parts of raisins, two parts of candied peel and shaved citron, a part and a half of brown sugar, one part of molasses, and cinnamon, cloves and nutmeg to taste. When putting this mince meat in the crusts, dot it with bits of butter.

SOME CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS

Powder box of enamel and silver. New design in an Oriental lamp. Desk clock. Leather card box, with two decks of cards and score cards. A Parfait glass.

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, offers her a home. The two women return from a long trip, and Leslie Wrandall, the dead man's brother, falls desperately in love with Miss Castleton and proposes to her, but is rejected with horror. Smith, a detective, suspects Mrs. Wrandall of having committed the murder, but offers to drop the matter for a price. Mr. Wrandall, the elder, disconcerts the sleuth by declaring falsely that he had talked with Mrs. Wrandall at her own apartment on the night of the murder. Mrs. Wrandall, however, agrees to pay the man, because he had "given her a chance." Brandon Booth, a friend of Leslie's, also falls in love with the girl, and his love is returned, but she refuses to marry him, telling him that she will explain why some day. She confesses what he has known for a long time—that she once posed, as Hetty Glynn, an actress, for another artist. Though the girl tells Mrs. Wrandall, who believes her, that she went in innocence to the inn with Challis Wrandall, Mrs. Wrandall insists that she accept Leslie Wrandall, who still urges his suit. Miss Castleton, however, again refuses him, and the two women separate, the girl going to England, whither Booth follows her immediately.

He hung up the receiver and straightway dashed over to the Savoy, hoping to catch her before she left the hotel. Just inside the door he came to an abrupt stop. She was at the news and ticket booth in the lobby, closely engaged in conversation with the clerk. Presently the latter took up the telephone, and after a brief conversation with some one at the other end, turned to Hetty and nodded his head. Whereupon she nodded her own adorable head and began the search for her purse. Booth edged around to an obscure spot and saw her pay for and receive something in return.

"By jove!" he said to himself, amazed.

She passed near him, without seeing him, and went out into the court. He watched her turn into the Strand.

When the night boat from Dover to Calais slipped away from her moorings that evening, Hetty Castleton and her maid were on board, with all their bags and trunks, and Brandon Booth was supposed to be completely at sea in the heart of that glittering London-town.

The night was fog-laden and dripping, and the crossing promised to be unpleasant. Wrapped in a thick sea-ulster Hetty sat huddled up in the lee of the deck-house, sick at heart and miserable. She reproached herself for the scurvy trick she was playing on him, reviled herself and yet pitied herself. After all, she was doing him a good turn in forcing him to despise her for the shameless way in which she treated his devotion, his fairness, his loyalty. He would be happier in the end for the brief spasm of pain and disgust he was to experience in this second revelation of her unworthiness.

Crouching there in the shadow, with the foghorn chortling hoarsely over the shabby trick—so it seemed to her—she stared back at the misty glow of the pier and tried to pierce the distance that lay between her and the lights of London, so many leagues away. He was there, in the glitter and glamour of it all, but black with disappointment and wonder. Oh, it was a detestable thing she had done! Her poor heart ached for him. She could almost see the despair, the bewilderment in his honest eyes as he sat in his room, hours after the discovery of her flight, defeated, betrayed, disillusioned.

There were but few people crossing. Sailors stood by the rail, peering into the fog, but it seemed to her that no one else was afoot on board the steamer. Already the boat was beginning to show signs of the uneasy trip ahead. Many foghorns, far and near, were belching their lugubrious warnings, the choppy waves were slashing against the vessel with a steady beat, the bobbing of the ship increased as it plunged deeper into the cross-seas. But she had no thought of the ship, the channel or the perils that surrounded her. Her mind was back in London with her heart, and there was nothing ahead of her save the dread of to-morrow's sunlight.

She was a good sailor. A dozen times, perhaps, she had crossed the English Channel, in fair weather and foul, and never with discomfort. Her maid, she knew, was in for a wretched brawl with the waves, but Hetty was too wise a sailor to think of trying to comfort the unhappy creature. Misery does not always love company.

A tall man came shambling down the narrow space along the rail and stopped directly in front of her. She started in alarm as he reached out his hand to support himself against the deck house. As he leaned forward, he laughed.

"You were thinking of me, Hetty," said the man.

For a long time she stared at him, transfixed, and then, with a low moan, covered her eyes with her hands.

"Is it true—is it a dream?" she sobbed.

He dropped down beside her and gathered her in his strong, eager arms.

"You were thinking of me, weren't you? And reproaching yourself, and hating yourself for running away like this? I thought so. Well, you might just as well try to dodge the smartest detective in the world as to give me the slip now, darling."

"You—you spied on me?" she cried, in muffled tones. She lay very limp in his arms.

"I did," he confessed, without shame. "'Gad, when I think of what I might be doing at this moment if I hadn't found you out in time! Think of me back there in London, racing about like a madman, searching for you in every—"

"Please, please!" she implored.

"But luck was with me. You can't get away, Hetty. I shan't let you out of my sight again. I'll camp in front of your door and you'll see me wither and die of sleeplessness, for one or the other of my eyes will always be open."

"Oh, I am so tired, so miserable," she murmured.

"Poor little sweetheart!"

"I wish you would hate me."

"Lie where you are, dearest, and—forget!"

"If I only could—forget!"

"Rest. Here's a cab. There, sh-sh, I'll keep you warm. We're in for a nasty crossing, but it is paradise for me. I am mad with the delight of having you here, holding you close to me, feeling you in my arms. The wilder the night the better, for I am wild with the joy of it all. I love you! I love you!" He strained her closer to him in a sort of paroxysm.

She was quiet for a long time. Then she breathed into his ear:

"You will never know how much I was longing for you, just as you are now, Brandon, and in the midst o' it all you came. It is like a fairy story, and oh, I shall always believe in fairies."

All about them were the sinister sounds of the fog—the hoots, the growls and groans of lost things in the swirl of the North Sea current, creeping blindly through the guideless mist. To both of them, the night had a strangely symbolic significance: whither were they drifting and where lay the unseen port?

A huge liner from one of the German ports slipped across their bows with hoarse blasts of warning. They saw the misty glow of her lights for an instant, and even as they drew the sharp breath of fear, the night resumed its mantle and their own little vessel seemed to come to life again after the shock of alarm and its engines throbbed the faster, just as the heartbeats quicken when reaction sets in.

A long time afterward the throbbing ceased, bellbuoys whistled and clanged about them; the sea suddenly grew calm and lifeless; they slid over it as if it were a quavering sheet of ice, and lights sneaked out of the fog and approached with stealthy swiftness. Bells rang below and above them, sailors sprang up from everywhere and calls were heard below; the rattling of chains and the thumping of heavy luggage took the place of that steady, monotonous beat of the engines. People began to infest the deck, limp and groaning, harassed but voiceless. A mighty sigh seemed to envelop the whole ship—a sigh of relief.

Then it was that these two arose stiffly from their sheltered bench and gave heed to the things that were about them.

The channel was behind them.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Rattling Old Bones.

They journeyed to Paris by the night mail. He was waiting for her on the platform when she descended from the wagon lit in the Gare du Nord. Sleepy passengers crowded with them into the customs department. She, alone among them all, was smiling brightly, as if the world could be sweet at an hour when, by all odds, it should be sleepiest.

"I was up and on the lookout for you at Amiens," he declared, as they walked off together. "You might have got off there, you know," with a wry grin.

"I shall not run away from you again, Brandon," she said earnestly. "I promise, on my honor."

"By Jove," he cried, "that's a relief!" Then he broke into a happy laugh.

"I shall go to the Ritz," she said, after her effects had been examined and were ready for release.

"I thought so," he announced calmly. "I wired for rooms before I left London."

"Really, this is ridiculous—"

"Don't frown like that, Hetty," he pleaded.

As they rattled and bounced over the cobblestones in a taximetre on the way to the Place Vendome, he devoted the whole of his conversation to the delicious breakfast they were to have, expatiating glibly on the wonderful berries that would come first in that always-to-be-remembered meal. She was ravenously hungry by the time they reached the hotel, just from listening to his dissertation on chops and rolls and coffee as they are served in Paris, to say nothing of waffles and honey and the marmalade that no Englishman can do without.

Alone in his room, however, he was quite another person. His calm assurance took flight the instant he closed the door and moodily began to prepare for his bath. Resolution was undiminished, but the facts in the case were most desolating. Whatever it was that stood between them, there was no gainsaying its power to influence their lives. It was no trifle that caused her to take this second flight, and the sooner he came to realize the seriousness of opposition the better.

He made up his mind on one point in that half hour before breakfast; if she asked him again to let her go her way in peace, it was only fair to her and right that he should submit to the inevitable. She loved him, he was sure of it. Then there must be a very good reason for her perplexing attitude toward him. He would make one more attempt to have the truth from her. Failing in that, he would accept the situation as hopeless, for the time being at least. She should know that he loved her deeply enough for that.

She joined him in the little open-air cafe, and they sat down at a table in a remote corner. There were few people breakfasting. In her tender blue eyes there was a look of sadness that haunted him, even as she smiled and called him beloved.

"Hetty, darling," he said, leaning forward and laying his hand on hers, "can't you tell me what it is?"

She was prepared for the question. In her heart she knew the time had come when she must be fair with him. He observed the pallor that stole into her warm, smooth cheeks as she regarded him fixedly for a long time before replying.

"There is only one person in the world who can tell you, Brandon. It is for her to decide. I mean Sara Wrandall."

He felt a queer, sickening sensation of uneasiness sneak into existence. In the back of his mind, a hateful fear began to shape itself. For a long time he looked into her sombre eyes, and as he looked the fear that was hateful took on something of a definite shape.

"Did you know her husband?" he asked, and somehow he knew what the answer would be.

"Yes," she replied, after a moment. She was startled. Her lips remained parted.

He watched her closely. "Has this—this secret anything to do with Challis Wrandall?"

"It has," said she, meeting his gaze steadily.

His hands clutched the edge of the table in a grip that turned the knuckles white.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)