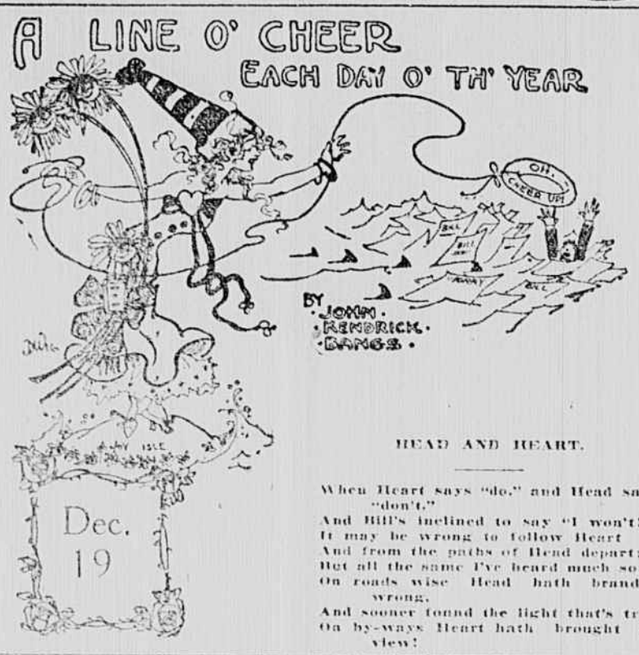
Of Interest to Every Woman

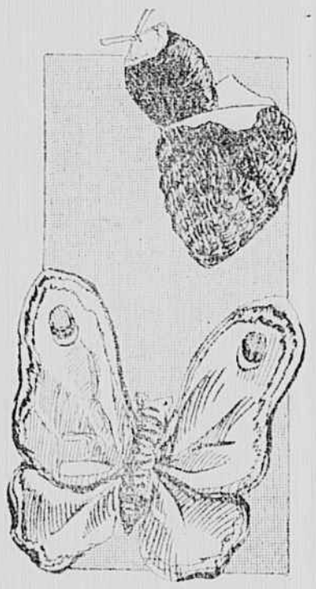
Edited by Martha Westover



HEAD AND HEART.

When Heart says "do," and Head says "don't,"
And Bill's inclined to say "I won't!"
It may be wrong to follow Heart
And from the paths of Head depart;
Bet all the same I've heard much song
On roads wise Head hath branded wrong,
And sooner found the light that's true
On by-ways Heart hath brought to view!

CHRISTMAS REMEMBRANCES



The persimmon leaf painted in natural colors, containing a persimmon made of silk and filled with Oriental sachet powder. The gorgeous hand-painted wings of the butterfly, with its body filled with sachet powder, is most charming.

NEW WATCH BRACELETS

More for Ornament Than Use—Colored Enamels Popular.

The gold half-hunter watch or demure little silver one, with its chased case, that was at one time the treasured possession of the girls of the day, has been entirely replaced by the exquisite jeweled and enameled watches, more for ornament than use, that are so much in vogue at the present.

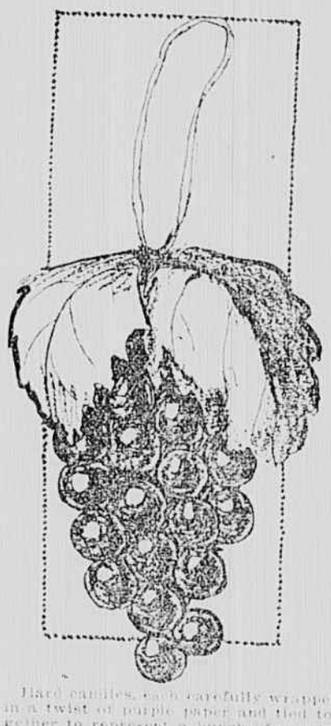
The newest watches are nearly all designed for wearing on the wrist, and some are of the finest workmanship and design imaginable. Among these there are flexible silver or gold bracelets, studded with jewels, into which tiny round watches, also jewel-mounted, are inset.

Another particularly charming pattern shows a tiny square watch made in silver, encircled with brilliants, to each side of which are attached small silver slides, through which is run a narrow black silk moire ribbon—this ribbon fastening securely round the wrist.

Colored enamels are as popular as ever, though now produced in more delicate shades and usually combined with small jewels—pearls or diamonds—and these make delightful little pendant watches, or can be fitted to small gold stands for the boudoir and drawing-room.

Another new bracelet-watch is of an oblong shape, this being mounted in gold or platinum, the bracelet with the expanding links being most usually seen.

FOR THE CHRISTMAS TREE.



Hard candies, each carefully wrapped in a twist of purple paper and tied together to represent a bunch of grapes. The leaf ornamentation is very realistic.

XMAS GIFTS OF ODDS AND ENDS

Almost any small piece of lace or ribbon, silk or satin, upholstery material, brocade, tapestry or gilt braid can be used by the clever woman in making a little Christmas gift. Not a gift that is simply so much clutter to put away on the closet shelves, but a gift that is pretty and useful.

Bags, of course, first occur to the mind of the woman thinking of a gift for another woman. And bags were never more attractive than they are to-day, made as they are of almost every material under the sun. To begin with, there is the bag to carry. Theatre and vanity bags are made of light and rich brocades and silks. If you have a little brocaded velvet, for instance, in a soft shade of blue, and half a yard of [illegible] or old-gold satin, combine them. Make the closed end of the bag of the velvet and the open end of the satin. Use gold cords or satin ribbons for drawstrings. Line the bag with white china silk, to make it especially dainty.

A bag to carry with the street suit must necessarily be of heavier but not necessarily of darker material, than the one to carry in the evening. Brocaded silk or velvet combined with silk, covered with gold net or lace, can be used with good effect. The lining to such a bag will be far more serviceable if it is made of colored silk of some sort—rose, dull blue or golden brown all stand wear and yet are attractive.

Work-bags are quite as useful and quite as interesting to make as the other sort of bags. Big bags to hold mending can be made of linen, stenciled in a conventional design, in a darker shade of the color of the linen, or in green, blue or brown on tan linen. Dainty little bags to hold needles, thread, scissors and thimble to replace chance buttons and sew up unexpected tears can be made of flowered ribbon, cut in strips ten inches long, doubled across the centre, overhanded up the sides and turned in an inch-wide hem. The hem can be featherstitched and a narrow ribbon used as a drawstring. Other bags can be made of bits of silk or ribbon.

Another thing to make of scraps of silk is a holder for handkerchiefs. Such a holder can be made in the form of a pocket, with a flap that buttons. Another way to make one is to cut a square of silk the desired size and to bind it round the edge with ribbon. Sew a short length of narrow ribbon to each corner. Fold the handkerchief in the centre and tie two opposite corners, then the other two opposite corners together. Still another sort of handkerchief bag is made with a six-inch square of cardboard covered with silk. To this attach a scattered strip of silk of the same or another sort to form a bag. Run a drawstring in the top.

For a dainty bookholder, cut two pieces of cardboard six inches long and four inches wide. Cover each of these with tapestry or upholstery material of some sort. Cut four other pieces of heavy cardboard six inches wide and four inches high, rounding the upper corners. Cut four tapestry pieces to cover these, baste two and two together, slip two pieces of cardboard in each and bind the edges with gilt braid. Now comes the difficult part. Overhand the upright pieces to the base pieces along one long edge and make the upright pieces stand up. Do this by anchoring them with length of gilt braid, fastened securely halfway up the upright pieces and, by the other ends, securely to the side of the bases—like guyropes of a tent. These two stands go at the ends of a row of books to hold them in line.

FRUITS AND NUTS

—A well-known food specialist says, in speaking of the peculiarities of various foods that:

—Blanched almonds give the higher nerve or brain muscle food; no heat or waste.

—Green water grapes are blood-purifying, but of little food value; reject seeds and skins.

—Black grapes are nutritious and blood-purifying, but too rich for those who suffer from the liver.

—Tomatoes are good as nerve or brain food; no heat. They are thinning and stimulating. Do not swallow the skins.

—Juicy fruits give more or less higher nerve or brain, and some few muscle food and waste; no heat.

—Apples supply the higher nerve and muscle food, but do not give stay.

—Oranges are refreshing and nutritious, but are not good if the liver is out of order.

—Green figs are excellent food. Dried figs contain nerve and muscle food, heat and waste, but are bad for the liver.

—All stone fruits are considered to be injurious for those who suffer from the liver, and should be used cautiously.

—Prunes afford the highest nerve or brain food, supplies heat and waste, but are not muscle feeding. They must be properly cooked—soaked overnight, then boiled up. No sugar must be added.

The cellar for winter storage should be neither too dry nor too wet. If there are two rooms, one should be warmer than the other.

MENU

Breakfast.
Sliced Bananas Boiled Rice
Fish Cakes with Tomato Gravy
Rolls Coffee

Luncheon.
Clam Chowder
Lettuce and Cheese Sandwiches
Biscuits Tea

Dinner.
Cream of Celery Soup
Boiled Cod with Oyster Sauce
Mashed Potatoes Creamed Celery
Lettuce with Mayonnaise
Lemon Tarts Coffee

Lemon Tarts.

Line the small, individual pie plates with a rich crust, pierce with a fork and bake. Prepare a filling from the juice and grated rind of one lemon, one-half cup of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch and one beaten egg, mix thoroughly and pour upon the mixture, very gradually, two and one-half cups of boiling water. Simmer until it thickens and fill the tarts. Strip the tops with sweetened pastry and bake until brown.

A FROSTY WEATHER TIP

How to Keep Your Hands Smooth and White in Winter.

A most excellent lotion for softening and whitening the hands and for keeping them from chafing, is made of equal parts of pure olive oil and glycerine, beaten together and perfumed with oil of violets. Where glycerine is objected to, a paste made of two ounces of beeswax and one ounce of sweet almonds may be used instead of the lotion. Place the ingredients in a jar in a saucepan of boiling water and let them melt together. Stir until well mixed, and when cold pot the paste and apply it as often as necessary to the hands or smear it inside the sleeping gloves.

IN ORDER TO PREVENT

The line of black dust forming on wallpaper at the lower edge of a picture frame, tack tiny corks on the back of the lower corners of the picture frames.

Fire bars turning red, rub with a raw onion or weak treacle and water, then apply the stove polish with a rag or soft brush, and you will get a brilliant polish that remains.

Cakes from burning on the bottom when being baked in a gas stove, put the tin which contains the cake inside another which has a layer of sand on the bottom.

Maidenhair fern from drying up soon after it is put into vases, soak it for two hours in cold water, then singe the ends of the stems with a match. Ferns thus treated will last three times as long, and keep quite green and fresh for several days.

WHY—AND THE REMEDY

The Prevention and the Cure Given in a Paragraph.

The reason that piano keys turn yellow is because they absorb the grease from the fingers. It is therefore necessary to remove this. To do so, make a paste of whiting and a solution of potash and spread it on the keys, allowing it to remain about twenty-four hours, when the ivory will be nearly, if not entirely, restored to its original color.

Sage tea really stains the hair and has no effect upon the pigment that colors the hair, as is often erroneously supposed; nevertheless it is a harmless concoction, with decidedly tonic qualities that have often done good service in making the hair grow. In some cases it has been known to darken locks which have become streaked with gray. It should be made very strong by steeping the dried leaves and being carefully strained, while two teaspoonfuls of bay rum may be added to a quart of the tea, with the addition of a very little perfume. The tea should be made only from the dried leaves.

A lemon is prescribed for the removal of a fishbone in the throat for the reason that the acid of its juice dissolves the fishbone. Cut the lemon in half and suck the juice slowly.

Household Hints

To boil cracked eggs, add a little salt to the water.

To save time in baking sweet potatoes, parboil them first.

A dash of quince preserve is a great improvement in pumpkin pie.

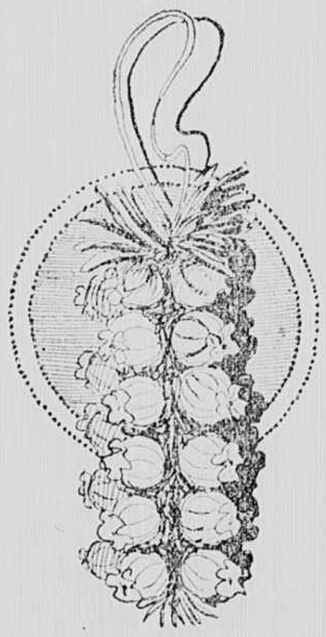
The economical housewife should give due importance to the molasses jug.

Common baking soda is a great help in cleaning bath-tubs and wash-basins.

Chopped dates and nuts mixed are another good filling for school lunches.

To ice a tiny cake, dip it into the icing, holding it by the thumb and forefinger.

If apples are not keeping well, they will only keep the worse for sorting and handling. The bruising and general disturbance will work a positive injury.



Candles, each separately wrapped in yellow paper and tied in a bunch to represent onions.

SOME GOOD RECIPES

Two Prune Puddings.

A prune pudding, with a foundation of lemon jelly, is made as follows: Prepare a small mold of lemon jelly. Break it and add a dozen nicely stewed prunes. Turn it out on a low crystal platter and pour over it a sauce made of two stiffly whipped whites of eggs and half a cupful of cream, also whipped to a froth. Sweeten this sauce with a quarter of a cupful of sifted powdered sugar.

A good foundation for this pudding is the following jelly: To every two large tablespoonfuls of gelatine, soaked, add half a cupful of sugar, two cupfuls of boiling water and two lemons. The rind, as well as the juice, should be used, and when cool it should be strained. For most foundation jellies it need not be quite so acid in flavor, but in this matter the housewife should follow her own tastes. This rule makes an excellent foundation for a tutti-frutti of nuts and fruit and any fancy jelly. Jellies made with gelatine always harden quickly if placed in a pan and cracked ice or snow banked tightly around them. They should also be closely covered. All housekeepers do not know that gelatine, when turned into jelly, attracts germs of every variety if left exposed to the air. It is always better for this reason to serve a gelatine dessert soon after it has "set," and not leave it "standing about."

Another delicious prune pudding is made as follows: Whip the whites of four or five absolutely fresh eggs to a stiff froth. Fold in lightly half a cupful of sifted powdered sugar, a quarter of a teaspoonful of cream of tartar, the same amount of salt, and then one-quarter of a pound of prunes. The prunes should have first been stewed, stoned and chopped. Bake the pudding in a slow oven for twenty-two minutes. Serve it cold, with custard sauce.

Mocha Gems.

Cream one cupful of sugar with two tablespoonfuls of butter; add one egg and beat well. Add one cupful of coffee and half a cupful of milk, one and one-half cupfuls of flour with one and one-quarter teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Then beat in one cupful of rolled oats. Pour into hot buttered gem pans, and bake twenty minutes in a quick oven.

Choppings.

Leg of veal, three pounds of pork, well-boiled, separate from the bone and chop fine; six dry rolls, grated or rolled fine, mixed with half a cup of melted lard; twelve eggs, well beaten, and a small piece of garlic, chopped fine; now mix the ingredients together well and season with salt, according to taste. Spread in a fair-sized dripping pan; bake in the oven until the top browns. To be sliced and eaten either warm or cold. Less of the recipe may be used.

Beef or Veal Loaf.

To each pound of chopped meat add one egg, one-half cup of moistened bread crumbs, salt and pepper to taste. Mix well, pack solid in a square pan, well greased. Pour over it a pint of boiling water. Bake from two to three hours, according to size. Slice very thin when cold. Prepare the day before using.

Miroton of Beef.

Peel and cut into thin slices two large onions; put them into a saucepan with two ounces of butter and place over a slow fire, keeping the onions stirred round with a wooden spoon till rather brown, but not burnt; then add a heaping teaspoonful of flour; mix it well in and moisten with half a pint of water or broth, if handy, season with three saltspoonfuls of salt, two of sugar and one of pepper, if water has been used, but if broth, diminish the quantity of salt, add a little coloring to improve its appearance. Put in the beef, which has been previously cut into small, thin pieces, as free from fat as possible. Let it remain a few minutes upon the fire to simmer, and serve upon a hot dish. To vary the flavor, a tablespoonful of vinegar or half a glass of sherry might be added. The above proportions are sufficient for one and one-half pounds of meat, and of course could be increased or diminished according to the quantity of meat.

Fashions and Fads

There are gowns that intimate that history may repeat itself in the bustle.

Antique buckles and buttons are eagerly sought for by women of fashion.

Very beautiful are the blouses made of panne velvet, chiffon, lace and fur.

The new high boots that are worn with the slit skirt have uppers of cloth or velvet matching the toilette, and are finished around the top with fur.

Charming frocks for young girls are fashioned of crepe de chine, soft brocades and charmeuse.

The new corset presents a straight, boyish appearance and is longer than ever below the waist.

Some of the smartest afternoon frocks have bolero overdraperies, edged with skunk, sable and mink.

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 she still 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 insists upon knowing why she cannot marry him, and she admits that her reason has [illegible] with Challis Wrandall.

"Hetty!" he cried, in a hoarse whisper. "You—you can't mean that you—"

"You must go to Sara," she cried hurriedly. "Haven't I told you that she is the one—"

"Were you in love with that infernal scoundrel?" he demanded fiercely.

"Sara knows everything. She will tell you—"

"Were you carrying on an affair with him while professing to be the friend of his wife? Tell me that! Did she find you out and—"

"Oh, Brandon, why will you persist?" she cried, her eyes aflame. "I can tell you no more. Why do you glare at me as if I were the meanest thing on earth? Is this love? Is this your idea of greatness? Isn't it enough for you to know that Sara is my loyal, devoted friend; that she—"

"Wait!" he commanded darkly. "Is it possible that she did not discover your secret until the day you left her house so abruptly? Does that explain your sudden departure?"

"I can answer that," she said quietly. "She has known everything from the day I met her. I have not said anything, Brandon, to lead you to believe that I was in love with Challis Wrandall, have I?"

His eyes softened. "No, you haven't. I—I hope you will forget what I said. You see, I knew Wrandall's reputation. He had no sense of honor. He—"

"Well, I have!" she said levelly.

He flushed. "I am a beast! I'll put it in this way, then: was he in love with you?"

"You are still unfair. I shall not answer."

He was silent for a long time. "And Sara's lips are sealed," he mused, still possessed of doubts and fears.

"Until she elects to tell the story, dearest love, my lips are also sealed. I love you better than anything else in all this world. I could willingly offer up my life for you, but—well, my life does not belong to me. It is Sara's."

"For heaven's sake, Hetty, what is all this?" he cried in desperation.

"I can say no more. It is useless to insist, Brandon. If you can wrest the story from her, all well and good. You will hate me then, dear love. But it cannot be helped. I am prepared."

"Tell me this much: when you refused to marry Leslie, was your course inspired by what had happened in—in connection with Challis Wrandall?"

"You forget that it is you that I love," she responded simply.

"But why should Sara urge you to marry Leslie if there is anything—"

"Hush! Here is the waiter. Come to my sitting-room after breakfast. I have something to say to you. We must come to a definite understanding. This cannot go on."

He was with her for an hour in that pinched little sitting-room, and left her there without a vestige of rancor in his soul. She would not give an inch in the stand she had taken, but something immeasurably great in his make-up rose to the occasion and he went forth with the conviction that he had no right to demand more of her than she was ready to give. He was satisfied to abide by her decision. The spell of her was over him more completely than ever before.

Two days later he saw her off at the Gare de Lyons, bound for Interlaken. There was a complete understanding between them. She wanted to be quite alone in the Alpine town; he was not to follow her there. She had reserved rooms at the Schweitzerhof, and the windows of her sitting-room looked straight up the valley to the snow-covered crest of the Jungfrau. She remembered these to me; as a girl she had occupied them with her father and mother. By some hook or crook, Booth arranged by wire for her to have them again, not an easy matter at that season of the year. Later she was to go on to Lucerne, and then to Venice.

The slightest shred of hope was left for Booth. Even though he might accomplish the task he had set unto himself—the conquest of Sara in respect to the untold story—he still had Hetty's dismal prophecy that after he learned the truth he would come to see why they could not be married. But he would not despair.

"We'll see," was all that he said in response to her forlorn cry that they were parting forever. There was a grimness in the way he said it that gave her something to cherish during the months to come: the hope that he would come back and take her in spite of herself.

He sailed from Cherbourg on the first steamship calling there. Awake, he thought of her; asleep, he dreamed of Challis Wrandall. There was something uncanny in the persistence with which that ruthless despoiler of peace forced his way into his dreams, to the absolute exclusion of all else. The voyage home was made horrid by these nightly reminders of a man he scarcely knew, yet dreaded. He became more or less obsessed by the idea that an evil spell had descended upon him in the shape of a ghostly influence.

The weeks passed slowly for Hetty. There were no letters from Sara, but an occasional line or so from Mr. Carroll. She had made Brandon Booth promise that he would not write to her, nor was he to expect anything from her, if her intention was to cut herself off entirely from her recent world and its people, as she might have done in another way by pursuing the time-honored and rather cowardly plan of entering a convent, she was soon to discover that success in the undertaking brought a deeper sense of exile than she could have imagined herself able to endure at the outset. She found herself more utterly alone and friendless than at any time in her life. The chance companions she formed at Interlaken—despite a well-meant reserve—served only to increase her feeling of loneliness and despair. The very natural attentions of men, young and old, depressed her, instead of encouraging that essentially feminine thing called vanity. She lived as one without an aim, without a single purpose except to close one day that she might begin the next.

After a time, she went on to Lucerne. Here the life on the surface was gayer, and she was roused from her state of lethargy in spite of herself. Once, from her little balcony in the National, she saw two of her old acquaintances in the chorus at the Gaiety. They were wearing many pearls. Another time she met them in the street. She was rather quietly dressed. They did not notice her. But the prosperous Hebraic gentlemen who attended them were not so careless.

One day a card was brought to her rooms. For the next two weeks she had a true and unavoidable friend in Lucerne. It would appear that Mrs. Rowe-Martin had not been apprised of the rift in the Wrandall lute. She had no reason to consider the exclusive Miss Castleton as anything but the most desirable of companions. Mrs. Rowe-Martin was not long in finding out (though how she did it, heaven knows!), that Lord Murgatroyd's grandniece was no longer the intimate of that impossible person, Sara Gooch. She couldn't think of Sara without thinking of Gooch.

But at last Mrs. Rowe-Martin departed, much to Hetty's secret relief, but not before she had increased the girl's burthens by introducing her into a cosmopolitan set, from which there were but three ways of escape. She refused to marry one of them, denied another the privilege of making love to her, and declined to play auction bridge with all of them. They were not long in dropping her, although it must be said there was real regret among the men.

From Mrs. Rowe-Martin and others she heard that Mrs. Redmond Wrandall and Vivian were to be in Scotland in October, for somebody-or-other's christening, and that Leslie had been doing some really wonderful flying at Pau.

"I am so glad, my dear," said Mrs. Rowe-Martin, "that you refused to marry Leslie. He is a cad. Besides, you would have been in a perpetual state of nerves over his flying."

Of Sara, there was no news, as might have been expected. Mrs. Rowe-Martin made it very clear that Sara was a respectable person—but heavens!

The chill days of autumn came and the crowd began to dwindle. Hetty made preparations to join in the exodus. As the days grew short and bleak, she found herself more and more of the happy-hearted, symbolic dicky-bird on a faraway window ledge. His life was neither a travesty nor a tragedy; hers was both of these.

Something told her, too, that Brandon Booth had wormed the truth out of Sara, and that she would never see him again. It hurt her to think that while Sara believed in her, the man who loved her did not. It is a way men have.

On the eve of her departure, an event transpired that was to alter the whole course of her life; or, more properly speaking, it was destined to put her back into an old groove.

She was walking along the quay, in the dusk of early evening, her mind full of the next day's journey over the mountains to Milan. The wind was cold; about her neck there was a boa of white ostrich feathers, one end of which fluttered gaily over her shoulder. She was continually turning halfway about against the wind to reclaim the trunk end of the boa. It was in the act of doing so on one occasion that her attention was drawn to two men who sauntered across the avenue from the approach to the Schweitzerhof.

She stopped still in her tracks, petrified by amazement—and alarm, if we may anticipate the sensation by a second or two.

One of the men was Leslie Wrandall, the other—her own father!

In a flash came the impulse to avoid them, to fly before they recognized her. But even as she turned and started off with a sudden acceleration of speed, a shout assailed her ears, and then came the swift rush of footsteps over the hard pavement.

"Hetty! As I live!" cried Leslie, planting himself in front of her. His astonishment alone kept him from laying hands upon her, to make sure that she was really there. "Well, of all the—"

She extended her hand. "This is a surprise," she said, with admirable control. "I hadn't the faintest notion you were in Lucerne."

"By Jove!" he mumbled, shaking hands with her but still dazed and uncertain. He suddenly remembered his companion. Turning with a shout, he brought the soldierly, middle-aged gentleman about-face with scant ceremony. "Hey! Colonel Castleton! See who's here! Doesn't this bowl you over completely?"

Colonel Castleton, sallow, ascetic, deliberate in his movements, raised his glass to his eye as he came toward them.

"'Pon my soul!" burst from his astonished lips a second afterward. He stopped short and his jaw dropped in a most unmilitary fashion. "'Pon my soul! It can't be my daughter!" He seemed to be having difficulty not only with his head but with his feet; neither appeared to be operating intelligently. As a matter of fact, he stood for an instant on his toes and then on his heels. He was perilously near to being bowled over completely and literally.

Hetty was the first to recover. She advanced with a fair assumption of warmth in her manner. Her heart, belying her, was as cold as ice.

"Father!" she cried, holding out her hands.

He grasped them, and looked wildly about.

"Kiss me!" she whispered imperatively.

He stooped and brushed her cheek with his long mustache.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)