# HOW TO ENHANCE BEAUTY OF HANDS

## TOO MUCH MANICURING AS BAD AS NOT ENOUGH ☙ POLISHING NAILS

SO GREAT is the charm of a beautiful hand that there is scarcely any other that surpasses it.

The artistic hand, with its delicate, tapering fingers, is like the poet, "born, not made." Every woman may not hope for this ideal "second face," as the hand has been cleverly called, but no hands of womankind are really barred from a greater or less degree of beauty.

"Your soft hand is a woman in itself," said a poet-painter, to one whom he loved. Perhaps he was quite content that her face seemed but passably fair. Her soft hand was doubtless subtle, soothing, sympathetic.

Care and scrupulous cleanliness are soon repaid in the toilet of the hands, but too much manicuring is as bad as not enough. Too much polishing makes the hands so tender as to be reddened and roughened easily, and the nails so brittle that the slightest contact with anything hard breaks them down into the quick, causing intense pain.

Instead of using the nailpolisher, or buffer, on the nails, try polishing them on the palm of the hand. Put a little rose-tinted nail paste on the nails, and then carefully polish them by rubbing on the palm of the other hand. This may be a daily process.

If the nails are rounded off with the file, when necessary, they will not need to be cut with the scissors. Nothing tends to injure the nails so much as persistent trimming with a pair of scissors. In order to keep the crescent at the base well formed, the skin should be pushed back from the nail with a towel, or, if necessary, with a blunt orange-wood stick, every time the hands are washed. This stick is also excellent for cleaning the nails after they have been soaked for a few minutes in warm water.

The finger nail should be about one and a half times as long as it is broad, and neatly rounded at the top.

An extremely ugly fashion is that of trimming the nails to sharp points. If there is anything in this world worse than a creaking door to set one's teeth on edge, it is to shake a hand and feel a slight graze from such claws. It is feline.

Chapped hands are an especial source of annoyance to many persons during cold weather. Every one should keep a bottle of glycerine on the toilet table; it is best to add a few drops of rose water. Another preparation of glycerine is 1 dram powdered borax, 6 ounces of rose water, and 1 ounce of glycerine. Still another preparation calls for 1 ounce of glycerine and rose water and 8 ounces of distilled rose water; or equal parts liquor ammoniac, tincture of opium, spirits of turpentine and olive oil is still another remedy.

Massaging the hands with perfumed glycerine or honey is a good way to help to keep them soft and smooth. The palms, as much as the backs of the hands, need attention. Rub the emollient into the palms with thumb and forefinger.

If you want to make hands soft and smooth very quickly, first soap them well and then pour into pour hand a little pure glycerine. Wash your hands well with this, rinse, dry thoroughly and dust with oatmeal. Give a final rub with a piece of toilet chamois. If you want your hands to be always white, keep a box of oatmeal on your washstand, and rub some over your hands every time after washing.

Excessive moisture, a disagreeable affliction, can be helped, if not cured, by care. Such hands indicate an anaemic state of the system, and want of quick circulation, the corrections for which are nourishing food, a tonic and cold baths. Keep a box of powdered alum on the washstand and sprinkle a half teaspoonful into the hand bath. After drying the hands thoroughly, rub into the palms a pinch or two of the boracic powder. Now and then dust the inside of gloves with this powder, and the flow of moisture will be, in a measure, checked. To stop it entirely would be impossible until, by means of a good tonic and careful diet, the whole system regains its normal vigor.

It is not enough to make hands smooth and white. The flesh must be firm and the hand shapely. To accomplish this, muscles must be exercised.

For the fingers—five-finger exercises, as they may be called—extend the right or left forearm forward horizontally, hand open and palm up. Close the fist tightly, folding the thumb over the fingers. Open the hand and stretch the palm and fingers, using some force. If possible, arch the hand backward. When the hand is stretched, the fingers should remain close together, the thumb apart.

This exercise is to make the hand supple and free in movement by cultivating the muscles on the back and by stretching the flexors of the palm. The stretching is the most important part of the exercise. The tight closing of the hand strengthens it for piano-playing.

For the exercise called hand flinging, bend the elbow and extend the forearm horizontally forward, flexing the wrist to face the palm toward the body. Then fling the hand rapidly edgewise up and down, as though cutting the air or dropping water from the fingers.

In whirling the hands, another exercise which is admirable for relieving the tension and fatigue of the hands incident to writing or playing the piano, hold the forearms forward with palms towards the body and then whirl or throw the hands around each other. After half a dozen whirls, reverse the direction. This is particularly good for muscles of the wrists.

For hand rotation, without moving the arm, bend the hand upward, downward, sidewise. For the upward motion, bend the hand from the wrist as far as possible in the direction of the back of the hand.

For another "hand athletic," hold the forearm forward, with the palms turned in, and shake the hand quickly from side to side.

With the weight of the body resting upon the ball of one foot and the other foot relaxed, relax the hand and wrist on the same side with the active foot, and raise the hand up on a level with the head. Then lower it, bringing life into it, or vitalizing it. As the arm moves up and down, poise the head easily.

Arm twisting, too, should receive some attention. Stretch the arm out straight from the shoulder, turning the palm up and clinching the hand as it goes out. Twist or rotate the arm forward from the shoulder and twist it back again with the palm up. Repeat the twisting several times, alternating the right and left arm.

While this movement is good for hand and wrist muscles, it is also admirable for overcoming round shoulders, and it is very well worth while to devote daily ten minutes or so to the exercise.

All the exercises are usually taken in a standing position, with the head held erect. The movements should be slow and steady, but made with some force, "energized," as they say in the gymnasiums.

Having brought one's own hand into a state of perfection, or as near it as possible, the proper study of man's hand—the hand of the one who would a wooing come—may very well next engage one's thoughts.

In choosing a husband, avoid a man with long, narrow hands. This is the hand of a nervous, fussy man. It shows that he is vacillating.

The fat hand, with puffy fingers, is not the one to slip the wedding ring upon a fair finger. The owner of such a hand is apt to be lazy and selfish. Very white hands are indicative of an egotistical, self-absorbed nature.

If the man has very red hands, he is quick-tempered, possessed of high spirits and a sanguine temperament. He is a delightful friend, but makes a poor husband. A hard, thick-skinned hand is often the property of a man who lacks intelligence and who is slow and phlegmatic.

If the hand or palm is very hollow, the man will be unsuccessful in business. A network of lines on the palm shows a worrying, sensitive nature. Signs of delicate health are blue, short, fat nails, with no moons. If the nails are curved over like a cat's, the man is cruel and brutal. Red, short, wide nails are signs of pugnacity and hot temper.

Not only by the shape of the hand may character be foretold, but by the shape of the fingers, also.

Meaning well, but seeing things in a different light from day to day, is the person whose fingers each take a different curve. Bow-legged fingers, or those which touch only at the tip and base, show ability and strength of character. The fingers which bend backward mean powerful determination. If they are round, strength, both physical and mental, is shown. Stubby fingers are grasping fingers. A finger, broad at the tip, denotes energy. Pointed fingers, with smooth joints, belong to an impulsive, fickle and impatient man. A little finger, with a decided prominence at the base upon the outer side, shows good judgment and good qualities generally.

After all, it is not necessary to closely scrutinize the hand which is offered to you in marriage, before breathing the final "No" or "Yes." A glance at a man's thumb should be sufficient, for "the thumb confesses the man." For all time it has been divided into three parts typifying the three qualities that master the world—will, logic and love.

When the thumb is unequally developed and the first phalange is extremely long, it is neither love nor logic that governs the man, but merely sheer will. If the middle phalange be much longer than the first, reason predominates. When the third phalange is long, and the thumb is short, man is revealed as the slave of the senses, guided neither by will nor reason.

KATHERINE MORTON.

(Copyright 1903.)

A HAND THAT SEEMS GRACEFUL IN ANY POSITION.

POLISH THE NAILS WITH PALM OF THE HAND—'TIS THE LATEST FAD

# CONCERNING THE FALLACY OF "HAPPY" CHILDHOOD

## JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM WRITES ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE QUESTION

WHEN we passed by his house he was sitting on the front stoop. Bent over, his hands hanging dejectedly between his open knees, his eyes on the step below him, he sat, motionless, silent as the grave.

"Ah," said my friend sentimentally, "the happy days, the happy days! See the little steam engine and the blocks he has dropped it up with. Dear me, how soon it will all pass! But he doesn't appreciate it, alas!"

"I'm afraid he doesn't," I said. "He looks to me very much as if he wished it would pass somewhat more rapidly just about now."

"What do you mean?" she demanded. "Isn't he happy?"

"In that case he conceals it admirably," said I. "Do you feel happy when you sit that way?"

"Oh, nonsense," she objected, "it's different with me. You know perfectly well I have something to sit that way about. But when I was five—"

"Oh, yes, when you were five it was all one rosy dream! Trailing clouds of glory and all that. I remember. Probably he has loaned his clouds to his sister, who is even now weeping violently in the rear of the house. Do you hear her?"

"But that is only temper, not sorrow," she explained.

"Whatever it is, it's not very happy. Go up and ask him what's the matter," I suggested. "Find out why he's not trailing his clouds this morning."

She approached the stoop.

"Good morning, my little man," she began with ostentatious cheerfulness.

He gave no sign, nor raised his eyes from the lower step.

She repeated her salutation.

"I ain't a man," he replied brightly, still motionless.

"I said 'little' man, dear," she insisted.

"I ain't little. I'm big f'm' age," he stated succinctly.

Baffled, she tried a new tack.

"A little tired with playing, aren't you, dear?" she suggested. "Having a nice rest here in the sun? Is that your engine? What a fine one."

At this he raised his eyes. I would not have encountered that look for a great deal. He could not be said to stare at her precisely. He merely directed a blank, unseeing gaze at the space she occupied. There was nothing so personal as contempt in it, though it suddenly became apparent to both of us that the engine was not a fine one, being bolstered up with blocks and attached to the tender with twine.

No, it was stark ennui. Hamlet found life no flatter, staler and less profitable than did that pudgy infant that day. So far as that morning was concerned, he had had enough. In any other mood I have no doubt he would have managed to pull himself together and exert a little of that perfunctory politeness that association with adults and their usually imbecile attempts at conversation necessitates, but now he was beyond speech.

"Good morning, old fellow," I murmured. "I'm sorry for you," and we went on. There was nothing else to do.

It is in all Readers, of course, that happy spring-time-of-life motif. Why, bless your heart, I, even I, who know so much better, am quite likely to put "As happy as a child" into my next poem. But it won't be true.

Am I the only person who has grown more contented and amused, less despondent and intolerant with my declining years? I think not.

The great lesson of life is to learn that there are compensations for it, and how can a child know this? What recent misery—of a subjective nature—will stand out in my mind 15 years from today like an affliction that nearly turned my hair gray at ten? It was because I could not wear a separate waist and skirt. They were sewed to the same band and were always the same color, and they inevitably buttoned in the back. Now, indeed, they are of the same color because I have discovered that it is more artistic, and they sometimes button in the back, too; but I wish it so. At that period I did not. Viola la difference.

Heavens! The humiliation I endured, begging them for one dress—only one—that should button in the front. They were adamant. It would look ridiculous.

"What do you want it for, anyway?" they said.

I could not tell them that I wanted to borrow a watch, tie a red ribbon bow into the ring at the end and insert it somewhere between the buttons of my proud chest. Such a desire would have meant nothing to them, and besides they knew that I had no watch and no immediate prospect of obtaining one. But I felt that if I ever got a separate waist, God would provide a watch. Nothing that I can think of now, not the possession of perfect health, unlimited millions, and the love of all the world, brings me in imagination such a clear title to happiness as the thought of that separate waist 15 years ago. Now I know that I should not be perfectly happy, in all probability, whatever I had. Tradition, experience, superstition, all assure me that there would be a fly in the ointment. But, then, consumed with longing for that doubtful addition to my wardrobe, convinced that to possess it was to be entirely and eternally content, unable to see anything but stupid tyranny in the ultimatum that forbade it—I tell you I endured misery unspeakable. It seemed so cruel, with my life's happiness so almost within my grasp, to keep it from me.

I have wanted many things in later years—amethyst crosses, baby-grands, selected saddle horses. I doubt if when my hair is white I shall remember very well which of them I wanted the most. But ask me today what I wanted most when I wore stubby pig-tails, and I will tell you directly—the Little Brown Table.

I wanted it for one solid, silent year. It was small and square and very low, with two small drawers with knobs. In shape it was a dachshund of a table, and I can see today the litter of pink stones and shells that some one had put away in it. Oh, how I wanted it! I used to squat for half hours adoringly in front of it, dreaming of what life would be if it were mine. Why? I don't know. Why does one want anything? I had a passion for it, simply. I used to think how gladly I would lump everything else I owned and buy that little brown table with it. A life naked of all else would be rich and full with that table. I would have been cast ashore on a desert island immediately—if I might furnish it with the table.

They never knew. I think they might have given it to me if they had. They only said: "Don't scratch that little table, now. Why don't you go out doors and play something?" They were probably thinking what a happy, care-free thing a child was, with nothing to do but sit and look at a little table.

Now, of course, matters are different. If I want a thing so much as that, I either get it directly, on the ground that the strain of wanting it is bad for my nerves and that it is cheaper in the end; or I say to myself that it isn't half so nice as it looks, hard to live up to, a white elephant, and that, anyway, as soon as I get it I shall be tired of it and want something else as badly. The general fact that, in one way or another, sooner or later, an able and determined person can get just about what he wants in this world, is sobering in itself. Responsibility ballasts one.

But a child has no general facts to comfort him and no responsibility to save his self-respect. His limitations slap him in the face 20 times a day. They are so senseless, the things he cannot do. They are so cruelly alluring, the things he cannot have. He cannot say: "Ah, well, next year at this time, it will be all the same. I'll have another chance probably." Only experience gives that perspective.

And honestly, you know, it is precisely that fierce capacity for instant desire, that insistent blind determination that forgets the old interest in the flush of the new, that living poised in the constant present, that makes what we call genius akin in every age and country. It is called "hard work" and "taking pains" in the maxims, but you and I know that these, though very good things, will never make a genius in this or any other world.

Do you realize that we treat geniuses just as we treat children? That we spoil them and scold them and adore them and break their hearts and misunderstand them generally and can't get along without them, in precisely the same fashion? We are always wondering why, with all their inestimable blessings, they aren't happy. We never quite understand that, though they have intense specific pleasures, they inevitably forget these in the alternating pains that seem to them as eternal as their at-that-moment unhappy lives. And we, grown up and evenly balanced, sigh, "Ah, you don't know how happy you are! Enjoy it while you can. Favorite of the gods . . ."

But now that I have explained it to you, you will recollect that the favorites of the gods held rather precarious positions.

(Copyright 1903.)

# GEORGE ADE'S FABLE IN SLANG

## OF THE DIVIDED CONCERN THAT WAS REUNITED UNDER A NEW MANAGEMENT ☙ THE KIND OF PARTNER TO SELECT

ONCE upon a Time there was a Firm doing Business under the Name of Hailfellow & Grouch.

They had a large Retail Establishment upon entering which the Customer was greeted by the mingled Odors of Kerosene, Roasted Coffee, Leather, Herkhimer County Cheese, Navy Plug, Dried Apples and petrified Codfish. In the good old Summer Time it was not necessary to go into the Store in order to get the complicated Aroma. Farmers driving by could come very near guessing what Hailfellow & Grouch carried in Stock.

The Firm did a Nice Business and used to split quite a Piece of Money every January 1st. But neither one was satisfied. Each felt that he was entitled to at least two-thirds of the Net Profits.

Mr. Hailfellow was the Hand-Shaker for the Outfit. His Long Suit was to know everybody and call him by his Front Name. On every Pleasant Day he stood in front of the fragrant Emporium, in his Shirt Sleeves, holding a public levee.

He was a quiet Josher and knew a lot of good jokes that he had once heard in a Minstrel Show at Columbus, Ohio, and that made him very strong with the Country Trade.

Furthermore, he was a good Mixer. He belonged to the K. P.'s and the Odd Fellows and a few others, so that about four Nights out of the week he would fill his Pockets with mild Smokers, usually neglecting to make out a Ticket, and then he would pike for the Lodge Room and let his Partner and the Boy with the Pink Shirt attend to the Store.

If there was an Auction Sale or a Base Ball Game or a Circus anywhere within a Radius of 20 Miles, then Mr. Hailfellow would put on his Dark Suit and stand-up Collar and drive over, just to get his Mind off of his Business. In one Way and another he managed to keep his Mind off of Business about seven-eighths of the Time.

Sometimes, when he was around the Store, and there was a Saturday Rush, he would have to wait on a few Customers, but he was a shine Salesman because he never could make out what the Cost-Mark meant.

Mr. Grouch, the Partner, possessed a Good Head for Business, but he had the Social Disposition of a Coffin-Trimmer. While Hailfellow would be up and down the street, kidding the local Population and making himself well-liked, Grouch would be in the back end of the Store straightening out the Books and figuring Discounts.

Grouch was at the Store by 7 o'clock every Morning, keeping Tab, for fear that some one who was No Good would get his Name on the Books.

Hailfellow would land in about 9:30 and open the Day by reading the Morning Paper through from the Weather Bulletin in front to the Testimonials on the last Page. After which, he was ready to go out and plant himself on a Salt Barrel and discuss the Issues of the Day.

Grouch had only one Day off in Four Years and then he had to attend the Funeral of a Relative. So that when he did get a Vacation there was not much Enjoyment in it.

There was no denying his Industry but no one liked him. He seemed to have some kind of an inward Grudge against every one who came in to buy a Bill of Goods. If a customer remarked that it was a Nice Day, he didn't seem to believe it. The Trade would not have stuck at all, had it not been for Hailfellow, who had a way of giving Stick Candy to the Kids and beautiful Colored Pictures, advertising Breakfast Foods, to the Women Folks.

Each Partner naturally believed that he was getting the Short End of the Arrangement. They would go home and tell their Troubles to the Wives. Mrs. Hailfellow went around to Sewing Societies and Missionary Meetings telling how Mr. Hailfellow had to put up with a lot and was really the one who brought all the Trade to the Store.

Mrs. Grouch loved to let all her Friends know that her Husband slaved like a Dog, while the Partner soldiered, but just the same, always came in on the Cut-Up of the Profits.

When the Wives began to take part in a Business Row, the Dissolution Notice is about Due.

Hailfellow and Grouch agreed to disagree. Hailfellow took his Share and opened a New Place across the Street, with a Gilt Sign and Nickel-Plated Showcases.

Almost immediately it was the most popular Joint in Town. At Times there were as many as Ten Men sitting around the Stove swapping Fish Stories. Hailfellow employed a couple of Clerks who knew more about a Cash Register than the Man that invented it.

He issued Passbooks to all those who cared for his Jokes. The Drummers would jump several Towns in order to get to him in a Hurry, because, if Hailfellow liked a Drummer, he would order a thousand Gross of Lamp Chimneys rather than appear cold and unsociable. In a short time he had a Magnificent Stock, but he could not remember exactly how much it cost him. So he sold Goods at whatever seemed to be Reasonable, and the Farmers drove long distances so as to give him their Trade.

In the meantime Grouch was reaping the sure Reward of one who is not kind to his Fellow-Man. People did not care to patronize one whose Conversation consisted very largely of Grunts, and why should they do so when they could go right across the Street and buy Stuff Below Cost, and a Joke given away with every Purchase?

Grouch began to lose Money and the Rent ate up his Invested Capital. At last the Jobbers closed in on him and asked the Sheriff to step in and the Sheriff said he would do so as soon as he got through closing up the Hailfellow Matter.

Mr. Hailfellow had done a rushing Business. He owed nearly every Wholesale House west of New York and in addition to laying up the most remarkable mess of Junk ever seen under one Roof, he had collected the Autograph signatures of all the Paupers in the County. Four Experts worked for a Month trying to find out where he stood and at last they figured out 14 Cents on the Dollar.

It is always pleasant to record a Reconciliation. After all their Differences and Misunderstandings Hailfellow and Grouch came together and resumed Friendly Relations.

Both are employed by a New Concern which bought up the Bankrupt Stocks.

Grouch is keeping the Books at not very much per Month and Hailfellow receives exactly the same Salary for standing around the front Doorway and gladhanding the Yaps.

Which proves that it is impossible for a Business Man to side-step his Destiny.

Moral—Pick out the Other Kind for a Partner.

(Copyright, 1903.)

# NOVEL INDIGNATION MEETING

## THE EIGHT PARTS OF SPEECH AIR THEIR GRIEVANCES IN SORROW, NOT ANGER

"ONE, two, three, four, five, six, seven. We are all here but Mrs. Adjective, and it is not remarkable that she is late, for she has so many children to get ready for their day's work. Hark! there is some one in the hall. Perhaps it is she."

The door was opened and a short, stout woman entered.

"I am very late, am I not?" she said, as she shook the snow from her cloak. "I am sorry that I was obliged to keep you waiting, but I really could not help it. My poor son, Awful, came home last night completely worn out from a hard day's work. It is a shame that the poor boy has to work so hard. If he did only the work which is intended for him, he would have very little to do, but people make him describe everything from a storm to a hat. It is 'an awful storm,' or 'an awful pretty hat.'"

"It is very evident," said Mrs. Interjection, "that something should be done at once. People are using us altogether too thoughtlessly, and if we do not stand up for our rights, they will soon kill us with their abuse. I, however, have much less to complain of than the rest of you. Mrs. Verb has something to say, I think."

"Yes, indeed, I have. First of all, there is my little girl, Invite. People make her do work which belongs to Mrs. Noun's daughter, Invitation. Several of my other children are abused in the same fashion. We ought not to allow it."

Mrs. Verb arose and walked with a quick, nervous step to the other side of the room, where, seating herself in a low chair, she rocked back and forth in an energetic manner.

"And some of my children," said Mrs. Noun, "are compelled to take the place of Mrs. Adjective's children. For instance, my son, Dandy, is often used in an entirely wrong way. Imagine two girls talking together about a young man whom they met the evening before. One says, 'He is a dandy dancer.' Now what does she mean? Can you tell?"

"And my daughter, Love. You hear a young woman remark, 'Oh, Miss B. had on a love of a hat this evening,' or, perhaps she says, 'a dream of a hat.' I wonder if she ever saw a dream or a love?"

"Mrs. Verb's little boy, Love, is also ill-treated. A group of girls tell their likes and dislikes to one another. One loves a certain football hero; another ice cream; another has a new silk gown which she just loves. Thus, you see, poor little Love is kept almost as busy as Awful. Mrs. Adverb, you have not yet spoken. What have you to say?"

"Oh, my children are abused like the others. They are always being used where Mrs. Adjective's should be. Not long ago I heard a young lady say, 'Well, my hair looks decently today.' One would imagine that hair had eyes and could see.

"But to go back to Mrs. Adjective; there is her son, Fierce. Have you noticed how hard he has had to work lately? Two boys were going home from a football game yesterday, and one said, 'That was a fierce game.'"

"I should think," said Mrs. Article, "that Fierce might be used in speaking of a football game."

"He certainly should be in some cases, but this young man simply meant that it was a very poor game. What do you think of the expression, 'Oh, say, that tie is fierce'? I do not know what the speaker meant, but I thought of a tie embroidered with swords and cannon balls."

"I, too, have some things to complain of, though not nearly so many as the rest of you," said Mrs. Preposition. "Suppose some of us should die. How would people manage to talk? Would it be possible, do you think, for us to go on a strike?"

"No, I think not," said Mrs. Article. "We are almost powerless. Why not send out a petition, asking that we be treated better?"

"Oh, yes," exclaimed all. "You do the writing, Mrs. Article."

After a little more talk the following message was sent out:

"To the People Who Speak the English Language—We, the Eight Parts of Speech, do beg that you treat us better. Some of our children are obliged to work too hard, while others are allowed to be idle and grow weak. It is in your power to remedy this matter. We think that, if you would use the right word in the right place at the right time, you, as well as we, would be better satisfied. Please try."

MRS. ADJECTIVE CAME IN

### Hints About Table Linen.

In buying table linen the Irish damask, which is grass bleached, is usually considered best. The French loses its gloss and the Scotch is partially bleached with chlorine, which weakens the fiber. A good plan is to get the half bleached, which soon becomes white. A poor, sleazy linen is never economical. A good quality looks well to the last—even darns being considered a patent of nobility.

An allover design or a running pattern is to be preferred in the medium quality of damask, to a cloth that has much plain surface, while the snowdrop and other scattered designs may be selected in the more expensive cloths. The term "double" damask means a heavy linen. It is not, however, necessarily more expensive nor yet better wearing than the single damask.

When cutting table linen cut by the pattern, which is the same as cutting by the thread. The thread makes the pattern and if you follow the pattern, which takes less time than pulling the thread, you will achieve the same result.

The simple rolled hem done by hand should finish the raw edges of all damask, table cloths and napkins, unless a hemstitch is preferred. In this case the tablecloth usually has a two-inch hem and the napkins are finished with an inch hem. Tablecloths cut from the web are much cheaper than those woven with a border.

# OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

## SOMETHING NEW IN BAVARIAN CREAM ☙ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

without separating until exceedingly light. Add them to the butter and sugar, and finally add the grated potatoes and all the ingredients, stirring in one gill of sherry and two tablespoonfuls of brandy. Turn into a well-buttered baking dish and bake in a moderately quick oven for three-quarters of an hour. Serve hot with the following sauce:

Beat one-third of a cupful of butter to a cream with one-third of a cupful of sugar. Add the beaten yolks of two eggs, beat vigorously; add wine or brandy to taste, whip in the beaten whites and stand over a kettle of hot water until the sauce is smooth and creamy.

### Poor Man's Pudding With Raisins.

To one quart of milk allow two tablespoonfuls of rice, four tablespoonfuls of sugar, one scant tablespoonful of butter and half cupful of seeded raisins. Mix all the ingredients together, grate a little nutmeg over the top and pour into an earthen pudding dish. Cook in a moderate over very slowly until the mixture takes the consistency of thick rich cream, stirring up from the bottom every 10 or 15 minutes. When the proper thickness is obtained, brown the surface quickly and stand aside to become cold.

### Delicious Lemon Pie.

The ordinary lemon pie made of corn starch lacks the delicacy produced by the use of bread crumbs. A pie of ordinary size requires half a cupful of fine, fresh bread crumbs, water enough to soak them, two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of butter, three of sugar, the juice of one large lemon, and the grated rind of two. Beat the butter and sugar until they form a cream, add the eggs, the lemon juice and granted rind, and lastly the soaked bread crumbs. Mix well and thoroughly, and pour into a pie plate, which has been lined with good plain crust. Cover the top with narrow strips of crust, arranged in log-cabin style, and bake in a moderate oven until the crust is brown. If a meringue is preferred to an upper crust, omit the strips and put a single one around the edge of the plate, pressing the edges of the crust firmly together. Beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth, add two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar and spread over the surface of the pie after it is baked. Return to the oven for a moment and brown slightly.

### Hot Apple Pudding.

To make enough for six persons, butter a deep pudding dish and half fill it with tart cooking apples peeled and sliced. Sprinkle very lightly with sugar and cover with a soft crust made as follows: Sift together 1½ cupfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder and half teaspoonful of salt. Place in a deep bowl and cut through the mixture a piece of butter the size of an egg. Then mix with milk to the consistency of a thick dough that will just drop from the spoon. Spread over the top of the apples and cover with an inverted dish, to allow room for swelling. Cook in a moderate over for three-quarters of an hour so that the apples may become perfectly tender. Then remove the cover and brown the crust. Turn out of the dish, sprinkle with grated nutmeg, and serve with cream and sugar, or with hard sauce. Make a creamy sauce by adding two tablespoonfuls of cream to hard sauce, made with ¼-cup of butter and ¼-cup of sugar. Beat thoroughly, flavor with wine and stir over hot water until it becomes perfectly smooth.

### Hot Bread Pudding.

For six persons allow one and a half pints of milk, two slices from an ordinary loaf of bread, two eggs, four tablespoonfuls of sugar and half a cup of seeded raisins. Break the bread into bits and add to the milk. Beat the eggs and sugar together and stir into the milk. Add the raisins and let stand for half an hour, so that the bread may be thoroughly soaked. Cook in a moderate oven until a rich custard is formed. Stand aside for a few moments to cool slightly and serve with either hard or creamy sauce.

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