

Near St. Anne's

By JANE OSBORN

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Matron of an "old ladies' home." Madge Gray! If you had seen her as she set out that Thanksgiving eve you, too, would have rebelled against the fate that had forced Madge to her decision. It had been merely the result of a little arithmetic. She received \$20 a week—a sum that would once have seemed munificent—for her work as filing clerk in a downtown office. For board and lodging in a tiny hall bedroom she had to deduct \$12. There were six lunches besides, and clothes and carfare and all those little incidentals that, no matter what your income, always come to work havoc with your budget. At St. Anne's Madge had been offered \$50 a month—but there would be no lunches—no carfare, board, lodging, lunch or laundry. It was not that institutional life seemed to hold out any attractions to Madge, but simply because she was tired of putting up the fight that seemed necessary in adjusting her standard of living to that \$20 a week. So Madge was interested when Mrs. Saunders, who had known Madge before Mr. Gray's death and the collapse of the Gray affairs, wrote telling her in a letter full of pity that St. Anne's home, of which Mrs. Saunders was a director, was in need of a matron and that Mrs. Saunders remembered how tactful Madge had been with the old ladies at the hotel where they had once spent the summer. Her letter did not very successfully conceal the fact that the matronship of St. Anne's had not been a position very much sought after and that the \$50 had not been deemed sufficient to the other matrons to persuade them to exert the supreme tact needed to get on with the "aged gentleness" who lived at St. Anne's.

If the inmates of St. Anne's had been really in need it might have been easier, but the fact that they paid a not inconsiderable board and that they themselves regarded St. Anne's not at all as a charitable institution—although it was heavily endowed—made the task of being their matron none too easy.

Imagine the fair-haired Madge, scarce more than a child herself, mothering all those old ladies. But to her there was nothing incongruous in the idea. So having no more interesting plans to make for the holiday, she told Mrs. Saunders that she would go out to St. Anne's to "look things over" and see if she thought she could possibly assume the responsibility that the position required.

Mrs. Saunders had thereupon asked her to go out Wednesday afternoon and spend the Thanksgiving week-end there. She wrote to the departing matron to receive Madge and to try to make St. Anne's seem as attractive as possible.

So when twenty-year-old Madge started out by train to the unfrequented suburb that harbored St. Anne's it was with the feeling that if she accepted the position—and there seemed not the faintest doubt but that she would—her last decision would have been reached. She would simply remain at St. Anne's the rest of her life.

So far there hadn't been very much else for her but disappointment, she reflected—poor little Madge who was capable of so much enjoyment—and for such as her a retreat like St. Anne's was the best that life could afford. Never had one of the inmates of St. Anne's approached that vine-covered house in the country feeling any older than did Madge that Thanksgiving eve.

But she didn't look old—far from it. The demure little hat and the inexpensive plain dark suit greatly became her. It did not require sables and velvets to set off the prettiness of Madge. In fact, Madge was of that winsome, artless type that appear best when most simply dressed.

She sat in her seat in the railroad train watching the retreating landscape—the cold gray November sky and the ponds in the meadows showing a border of ice around the edge.

And as she looked a tear welled up from each of those violet eyes and met at the bridge of her dainty nose and then splashed down on Madge's hands that lay folded before her. What was the use of wiping it away? There was no one to see, or, at least, no one to care.

Then two more tears started, but suddenly were checked. Some one was leaning over her. She looked up and stifled a little cry with the hand that had risen to wipe away the vestiges of her foolish tears.

"Bob," said Madge, and Bob said "Madge." Then he sat down; and she asked, "Well, whatever are you doing?" he asked, and Madge said: "Oh, just going to Malvern. Are you?"

Bob said he was, and then: "What can you be going to Malvern for?" "Oh, to see some people," said Madge, coloring, for there was very little out at Malvern, save St. Anne's, a pickle factory and a stone quarry. She was wondering what could have enticed Bob to that part of the country, Bob, whom in those days before the crash came Madge was "almost engaged to."

In those days of many suitors it was Bob as much as any one to whom she had given her young heart. And in the days that had followed, who knows

how completely that heart had been devoted to his memory?

She was hoping that Bob would not question her to the point where she would have to tell him of her plans to immerse herself in the old ladies' home.

"No," said Bob deliberately, "I have no friends there— He paused, looking backward as if interested in some one occupying a seat behind them across the aisle. Then it was that it seemed to Madge as if there was something very cruel in the fate that had made it necessary for her to solve her problem of existence in the way she had planned.

It would seem like such a confession of her own utter inability to cope with things. Madge felt as if she were showing her embarrassment, and suddenly she realized that Bob was as embarrassed as she.

Presently he excused himself. "My aunt—that little old lady in black is with me," he said. "I will just tell her that I have met you, and then may I come and sit here beside you for at least part of the trip?"

Until he came Madge's heart beat so fast and her poor little tired brain was in such a whirl that she could not explain just what she would say in the event that he asked her point-blank where she was going; if, for instance, he suggested that he accompany her to her destination in Malvern.

He came back and they talked about the dreary weather, then of Thanksgiving. "I suppose," ventured Madge, for her curiosity was aroused, "that you are going to Malvern for the holidays?" She was sure now that Bob was going to see a possible fiancée. She couldn't help being jealous.

"I may stay over Thanksgiving," he said drearily. "If they let me."

There was a rather sorry attempt to talk about things in general and then the conversation got back to the subject of Malvern. It was only fifteen minutes away and each was eager to find why the other was bound there, though each was as eager not to tell.

It was Bob who began. "I am really sorry for what I am doing—ashamed I would be if there were any way out of it. Dear old Aunt Sally brought me up. A mother could not have been kinder to me. I have wanted to make a home for her—I hope to some day."

"But she is old and she cannot be left alone. Now I have a chance to do really big things in the West—that is, big for me. After a year I've been promised ten thousand a year. But I can't take Aunt Sally with me. She would be without friends. I want to make good first. I've tried to repay her just a little for all she did for me—that is the reason why I never asked—asked the one woman in the world to be my wife. Because I felt that so long as Aunt Sally lived I wanted to live with her and I did not feel free to ask her—"

Madge as if it were really afraid to rest on her, and he looked out on the gray landscape without actually seeing it.

"But, Bob," cried Madge as she realized what he had been saying—and then their eyes met. "Why are you taking her to Malvern? Are you taking her to St. Anne's?"

"Yes, to St. Anne's, and it does sound pretty shabby to let her go to an old ladies' home—but it is just for the year. I know she will be treated well there and she would not consent to my giving up this chance in the West just to stay East with her. Then I'll get a little home and I can afford a companion for her. But until then—"

They were very near to Malvern. Suddenly it seemed to Madge as if the whole world of love and life were slipping through her fingers. She felt a boldness of speech that was not at all usual with Madge; besides, hadn't he hinted that she was the only woman?

"Bob, if you had married and if your—your wife happened to be very fond of old ladies—very tactful and perfectly willing to be considerate—mightn't you have been willing to take the wife and Aunt Sally out West with you right away? The wife would be willing to take care of the dear old aunt, and having them both with you might help you to win out. That is, providing the one woman in the world were still willing to marry you, even though you nearly broke her heart because you didn't tell her that you loved her before."

"You didn't—you wouldn't really?" stammered Bob.

"Yes, I did, Bob," announced Madge.

"But could you share your home with Aunt Sally?" "I've a reputation for being very, very fond of old ladies—I know I'd love Aunt Sally. I could manage beautifully with one old lady," and there was an emphasis on the one, the reason for which Bob did not understand.

There was just time enough before they reached Malvern for Madge to explain.

"Then why should any of us go to St. Anne's?" asked Aunt Sally, when they explained just what had happened in the little waiting room at Malvern while they were waiting for the omnibus from the old ladies' home. "Why shouldn't we take the next train back to town and just send a telegram that we aren't any of us coming?"

"And what could we do then?" asked Madge, holding the little old lady's hand very tight in hers.

"Why, I suppose you two children could get married. Then we'd all have Thanksgiving together, and you and I, dear, could go West with Bob if he'd let us."

Till it work into which you do not put any enthusiasm.

Paris Fads Not to Affect U.S.

American Women Cling to Chemise Frock Despite Radical Changes Abroad.

CHOICE FOR SLIM AND STOUT

Never Again Will One Overpowering Silhouette Be Thrust Upon Certain Types Alike, Fashion Writer Asserts.

It is a question whether the chemise frock, so dear to the American woman and so suited to the American type, will be in any way seriously menaced by the many brave efforts to change the silhouette which were launched at the Paris opening, writes a New York fashion correspondent.

Crinolined hips, nipped in waistlines, circular skirts and tunics, bustle draperies and flowing Renaissance folds as a means of altering the silhouette seem destined to cast no more than a passing shadow on the coming mode, and not one of them, at the present time, appears to have the slightest chance of establishing its characteristic lines as a surrounding fashion.

Poor Time to Experiment.

The truth is that industrial conditions are much against experimentation. Neither work nor fabric can be wasted when there is little enough of either, and unless a radical change of line bids fair to dominate it is likely to get only the most half-hearted trying out.

The manufacturer is backed by the knowledge that the American woman gives every evidence of understanding her type and of realizing that her tall, lithe, Diana-like figure is at its best in garments which do not depart further than is necessary from nature's lines.

How long this combination of practicality and good taste will hold sway it is impossible to predict. How firm

the more practical garments for day time wear.

The makers of tailored suits have accomplished the result by means of a number of interesting devices which have already been described. Similar devices, such as cartridge plaits and rather exaggerated organ pipe plaits are employed to distend the hips of one-piece frocks in the heavy fabrics like velvet and duvetyne.

But in the case of the afternoon and informal evening gowns of more pliable textiles the widened hip-line is apt to be produced by draperies manipulated in a graceful and frequently irregular manner and also by a clever use of wide loops either of the fabric of the gown or of one of the enormously wide ribbons which are to be had in such handsome variety.

The flare of the hip is by no means always accompanied by a nipped in waist. One black satin dress has a bodice loosely fitted and long, extending well below the waistline. The draped skirt, which is close about the ankles and is drawn up at the back, has openings at the hips which disclose plaitings of wide black satin ribbon polka dotted largely in gold.

The square opening of the neck is outlined with ermine and there are long, snugly fitting sleeves.

Long Waisted Models.

Models are not wanting in which a long waist is the distinguishing feature and more and more favor is granted to the blousing bodice, particularly to a very long version of it in which the wide grille is a hip band after the oriental manner.

A striking gown of this type without sleeves, but with a shallow, oblong neck opening is developed in beaded and sequined brown net with a grille of wide brown velvet ribbon. This is, of course, a dinner gown, but the oriental silhouette is much in evidence as well in the more gorgeous and decorative evening gowns so far as the gridded hips and the straight and clinging draperies are concerned.



An Attractive and Quaint Crinolined Frock of Ashes and Roses Silk and a Dress of Black Satin With Gold Brocaded Ribbon.

a bulwark it will prove against one of those irresistible movements of fashion which have swept away from time to time all the hitherto cherished ideals of what was sartorially beautiful no one can tell. But it is almost safe to say that perhaps never again will one overpowering silhouette be thrust relentlessly upon the slim and the fat alike. There will always be a field of choice.

Charming Creations Offered.

At present the designers have given us some charming examples of the crinoline for our delectation. They are frankly pictorial and are confined exclusively to extremely youthful evening or dressy afternoon frocks.

One in deep rose taffeta, the other in ashes of roses silk, both have fitted bodices, sharply pointed front and back over the fullness of the many gathered skirt folds. Both skirts are divided into three flounces, the edges of which are widely scalloped and trimmed. In one instance with bands of goffered plaiting and in the other with interlaced French folds edged by narrow silk fringe.

The bodices close at the back and the rose taffeta is laced through large eyelets by means of a flet of the silk. Both have a modest oblong neck line and short elbow sleeves edged by the trimming and in the gray frock there is the addition of a small one-sided fichu fastened by a tiny quaint nose-gay, like which there are others placed here and there among the skirt flounces.

The Widened Hip-Line

Without entering the realm of evening frocks, in which there is always a good chance for the launching of picturesque modes, one finds evidence of a tendency toward a widened hip-line in

The KITCHEN CABINET

GOOD THINGS FOR CHRISTMAS.

When the north wind taps at my case—ment. And the fields are bare and brown. When out from the sullen leaden sky, Stray snow flakes flutter down. What care I then for the shadows, That the roads are deep in mire! I've a comrade true in my home tonight. 'Tis the light of my open fire. —Alix Thorn.

The following cakes and cookies are too good to last. Christmas would not be Christmas without plenty of cakes. It is a wise plan to do some of the Christmas baking in advance, as many cakes and cookies are better when a few days old.

White House Pound Cake.—This is a favorite of President Wilson's. Chop the peel of one lemon and work it into a pound of butter until the latter is very creamy; add a pound of sugar, and continue beating for ten minutes. Blend with this the yolks of nine eggs and the juice of five lemons, beating for another ten minutes. Add to this mixture a quarter of a pound each of stoned raisins, currants, chopped cherries, seedless raisins, and mixed peel cut into shreds; then fold in gradually the whites of the eggs, a pound of wheat flour, a quarter of a pound of rice flour and an ounce of baking powder. Put into a greased and papered tin and bake in a slow oven nearly three hours.

Honey Doughnuts.—The doughnut crock must be well filled at holiday time. Doughnuts made of honey may be cooked in advance of Christmas, and will keep soft, which the sugar ones will not do. Take two eggs, one and one-half cupsful of honey, one cupful of sour milk, three tablespoonfuls of melted shortening, one teaspoonful of soda, three cupfuls of flour sifted with two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar; add a little salt. Roll as soft as possible and fry in hot fat.

Spice Cookies.—Cream one-third of a cupful of butter and add half a cupful of sugar, one cupful of molasses in which has been dissolved one teaspoonful of soda. Then add three and a half cupfuls of flour, cinnamon, cloves and nutmeg to taste and from a half to a whole cupful of currants and chopped raisins. A few chopped nuts are an improvement. When well mixed, drop by spoonfuls on buttered tins and sprinkle with sugar.

A plain white cookie recipe may be divided and a part used with spice and fruit, with another part colored with melted chocolate, and one part left plain, making a variety of cakes from one recipe.

TASTY DISHES.

Thrift is steady earning, wise spending, sane saving, careful investing, and the avoidance of waste. "Be what ye is, not what ye ain't, because if ye is what ye ain't, ye ain't what ye is."

To make the common baked apple, delicious as it is, still more attractive, use the following idea: Select good medium sized greenings, wash and core. Fill the center with red cinnamon candies or use part sugar and part cinnamon drops. Bake until the apples crack open. Baste the center with the red sirup which forms in the bottom of the pan.

Deviled Tomatoes.—Cut in thick slices four to six tomatoes, dredge with flour, and saute in hot butter. Serve with one tablespoonful of the following mixture on each: Cream together one tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of sugar, two of dry mustard, a dash of salt, a sprinkle of cayenne and the yolk of a hard-cooked egg. Add to this two tablespoonfuls each of chopped green pepper, parsley and onion. Moisten with a tablespoonful or less of vinegar; heat in the pan and serve on the tomatoes.

Flemish Carrots.—Canned summer carrots may be used for this dish, or if those are not at hand, use the winter vegetable. If the carrots have not been previously cooked, cut in narrow strips and cook in a little water until tender. For a pint of carrots, melt one tablespoonful of butter, add four tablespoonfuls of finely chopped onion and half a teaspoonful of sugar. Cover and let cook very slowly on an asbestos mat, until slightly brown; add one cupful of beef stock, and simmer until the onion is tender; add the carrots and let stand over hot water 20 minutes or longer. Sprinkle with finely minced parsley just before serving.

Raised Potato Cakes.—Mix one pint of mashed potatoes with a pint of flour, sifted with half a teaspoonful of salt. Add milk enough to make a batter like griddle cakes, then add two tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Blend one-half yeast cake with two tablespoonfuls of water and one-quarter of a teaspoonful of soda; beat this into the batter. Let rise until light and full of bubbles, then bake in greased muffin rings. Serve covered with gravy with a roast or fricassee chicken.

COOKERY FOR THE CONVALESCENT.

Economy and variety may perfectly well go together—the better the cook, the greater the economy. Economy means getting full value for the expenditure, whether it is money or time.

In the majority of homes the care of the sick falls upon the people in the home as one cannot always get a nurse or pay for one.

The greatest care should be taken in the selection and care of food for the sick. The first requisite is cleanliness. The patient should have as much of a variety as possible, as those who are ill have poor appetites and tire of sameness in food much sooner than those who are well.

The physician's orders should always be followed and no new food should be introduced without first inquiring as to wisdom of the change.

Those recovering from fever have an abnormal appetite which cannot be satisfied with safety. Many have lost their lives by being allowed some food which was craved, but which the patient could not digest.

The liquid diet may be varied in such a manner that it never becomes monotonous. In beginning a more solid diet care should be taken to have the change very gradual.

Chicken Panada.—Remove the skin and every particle of fat from the breast of a chicken. If the fowl is a large one half of the breast will be sufficient. Place in a saucpan with enough water to cover and simmer slowly for two hours, or until the meat is very tender. Take it from the broth and cut it into small pieces, then press through a sieve, using a large spoon. Add the broth to the chicken, season to taste with a bit of salt. Add four tablespoonfuls of cream and bring to the boiling point. Serve in a pretty bowl with crisp bits of toast cut in fancy shapes.

Meat Pate.—Scrape with a small tin spoon a piece of beef cut from the round. This removes the tender meat fibers and leaves the connecting tissue which is tough and hard to digest. Press the scraped beef into a flat cake and broil in a smoking hot pan or toast on a fork over coals. Season it to taste before making it up into balls. Serve on triangles of toast garnished with parsley.

DAINTY DISHES FOR OCCASIONS.

To save money by going without necessities is bad economy, but to waste anything lessens your wealth, the wealth of your country and the wealth of the world.—American Cookery.

The following dishes are like "leisure, a splendid garment, but not fit for constant wear."

Chicken Fillets.—Remove the fillets carefully from the breast of the fowl, sprinkle with salt, pepper and a dash of cayenne. Dip in olive oil, and cook in a hot pan until delicately brown. Add to the pan one cupful of equal parts of cream and white stock. When hot thicken with two tablespoonfuls of flour rubbed to a paste with an equal quantity of cream or olive oil. Stir until the sauce boils, then add one-half cupful of thinly sliced almonds.

Currant Jelly Sauce for Game.—Slice one onion and cook in three tablespoonfuls of butter until just brown. Add two tablespoonfuls of flour, one bay leaf and a sprig of celery; stir until smooth. Add one pint of good-seasoned stock, simmer 20 minutes, strain, skim off the fat, add one-half cupful of currant jelly and stir over fire until melted.

Sweetbread With Orange Sauce.—Cover sweetbreads with ice water, with a tablespoonful of vinegar added. Let stand one hour. Parboil 20 minutes. Cut in cubes or slices and brown in a buttered saucpan. Serve with the following sauce: One cupful of brown stock, thickened with two tablespoonfuls of flour mixed with two tablespoonfuls of bubbling hot butter. Add to this one-half tablespoonful of fine shredded yellow rind, one tablespoonful of orange juice, and one tablespoonful of orange marmalade. Let all cook together until boiling, then pour over the sweetbreads.

Browned Chestnuts.—Use the large Italian chestnuts. With a sharp knife make two incisions at right angles to each other through the shell on one side of each nut. Cover with boiling water and let cook for half an hour. Drain, and keep hot while removing the shell and this inner skin. Cook in a little hot fat until nicely browned. Turn over, drain and sprinkle lightly with salt.

String Beans.—Drain a can of string beans and season with chopped bacon and the hot fat, also a dash of vinegar and chopped onion, with salt and pepper to taste. Serve hot.

Nellie Maxwell