

THE SNOW LULLABY.

When all was dull and dark and serene
In country and in town
A song so soft that none could hear
Was gently wafted down—
A song that floated to the hill
And sighed across the plain
And soothed each fretting, brawling rill
With its serene refrain.

It crept about the lonely tree
Which held an empty nest,
And murmured low the lullaby
That calmed the tree to rest;
It beat across the meadows wide
Where grasses mourned for June—
And all their rustling whispers died
Beneath its peaceful croon.

It sought the bare sweep of the field,
The borders of the wood—
The shrubs that in the breezes reeled
Now firm and sturdy stood;
It had the sullen, leafless boughs
That their harsh tones must cease,
And over all, from fields to sloughs,
It scattered silent peace.

This was the song that had no sign
Of music nor of word—
Yet grass and shrub and oak and pine
And hill and valley heard.
Then came a wind that smoothed the snow
With drowsy pat and sweep,
And whispered, in the moonlight's glow,
"The world has gone to sleep."
—W. D. Nesbit, in Chicago Tribune.

THE WHITE PRINCESS.

BY MYRA HAMILTON.

HOW I wish I could be rich
And have fine clothes to wear!
I sighed Lu-La, the peasant maid,
As she trudged home, bearing her
bundle of faggots upon her head.
"If only I could weave the snow into fair
garments with which to clothe my
body, how happy I should be! See,
there it lies, covering the ground with
its white embrace, and looking more
beautiful than any material mortal
hands can make; and yet it is useless
to me."

As the girl spoke she drew down her
load, and, gathering a large handful of
the soft flakes, she looked at it cur-
iously; but in a few seconds she threw
them from her in terror, for the cold
white snow had become massed to-
gether, and now showed itself to be
a wee white man, who chuckled at
her discomfort before he spoke.

"Ha, ha!" he cried, "you are indeed
a fortunate girl! You have only to
express a wish once, and it is grati-
fied."

"A wish!" gasped Lu-La, in terror.
"What do you mean?"

"Did I not hear you desire to use
the snow as a garment?" he asked.
"You thought the snowflakes would
make a fascinating costume a little
while ago," he reminded her. "Have
you forgotten what you said?"

"No, no," she replied nervously; "but
you cannot help me in this, I am
sure."
"Oh, there you are wrong," was the
reply. "Henceforth the power shall be
yours to mould the snow into any
shape you want. At your bidding it
shall form your dresses, your home,
and everything you require. There is
nothing you cannot have made in pure,
white snow. But you do not seem
very content. What is the matter
now?"

"You forget," said Lu-La, "that the
snow melts in due season, and then
where would go the pretty white
things you speak of? How all the
villagers would mock when my snow
frocks began to melt, and the beautiful
home you describe thawed and fell
about my ears. I am tired of this old
red skirt and shawl, it is true, but it
is better than the coverings of which
you speak."

"No," said the wee white man; "I am
one of the few Frost Fairies left in the
world. The mild winter has driven
many of us away; but I am still here,
and willing to give you the power I
possess. Henceforth you will be able
to do as you wish with the snowflakes.
They will be your servants, to be com-
manded in every way. None will
guess your secret, and you will be
envied above all."

Lu-La could hardly believe the truth
of this statement, and stood looking
at her new friend very suspiciously.
"You don't believe me," he said.
"Well, test my words for yourself. I
will sit on this bough while you ask
for something you want. Ask away,
little maid; ask away."

The girl, though much bewildered,
understood what she was to do, so she
sank eagerly upon her knees and held
out her hands entreatingly. "Snow,
Snow," she whispered, "my hands are
bare and cold. Will you cover them
for me?"

In an instant her rough, brown
fingers were incased in smooth white
gloves that she could take on and off
as she wished; and, oddly enough, you
never heard of what they were
composed.

"How marvelous!" exclaimed Lu-La.
"Dear little Frost Fairy, I can never
thank you sufficiently for such a gift.
But, tell me, will this power last for-
ever?"

"It will," he assured her, "unless you
are loved and love in return. The moment
your heart is warmed by the glow of true
affection, your snow
possessions will melt away, and you
will become just an ordinary mortal
again."

"Then," Lu-La declared, "I am quite
safe. Nobody will ever care for me.
Who is there who would think twice of
the orphaned child of a wood cutter?
These old rags are enough to frighten
any suitor away."

"You forget," said the Frost Fairy.
"It is in your power now to change all
that. The wood cutter's daughter may
be held to be of little importance, but
many there are who will woo the
White Princess. But, remember, your
heart will be as cold as your sur-
roundings; your frigidity will chill all
who see you. Well, I won't now linger
here, but let my words remain in your
memory. Until the fire of love pos-
sesses you, you will retain your power.
Good-by, good-by."

When the little man had vanished
the girl stood thinking deeply about
what had occurred, and as she did so,
one expression he had used came back
to her mind, and she found herself re-
peating it over and over again. "The

White Princess, the White Princess,"
she mused. And then she gave a little
scream of surprise and clapped her
hands together. "I will test my power
now to its utmost," she cried. "Snow,
Snow, build me a palace fit for a White
Princess to dwell in. Make the rooms
large and shapely, and stock them
with snow furniture; let snow servants
dwell within to wait hand and foot
upon me, their mistress. Clothe me
with raiment suited to my new posi-
tion, fill the stables with snow horses,
the grounds with snow flowers. Let
all the world talk of and marvel at the
White Princess!"

As she uttered these commands a
cold shudder ran through her; but she
did not heed it, but went on eagerly
clamoring for more and more to be
given, until, really exhausted for want
of breath, she paused to look around.
Yes, there was everything she had
asked for. A huge white palace stood
glistering in the sunshine, and its
handsome white door was thrown open
as though waiting for her to enter.
For one moment Lu-La hesitated, but
when she glanced down and noted her
new apparel she quickly made up her
mind. Slowly she mounted the white
steps, and entered the capacious hall,
but it was many minutes before her
courage returned sufficiently for her
to look about her with interest. Swift,
white clad, pale faced servants hurried
to wait upon her; but not one spoke
or showed any signs of life, nor did
their pallid lips make any response
when they were addressed. And for
many days Lu-La lived happily among
her frost possessions; but as time went
on she felt the terrible silence was
even more than she could bear. At
last, one day, as she sat feeling that
in spite of her wonderful power, she
would have been happier had she re-
mained a simple country maid, the
tooting of a huntsman's horn started
her considerably. She ran to the win-
dow and looked out, but she quickly
drew back, for there, just outside,
stood a stranger clad in green. "I
entreat you to have no fear," he said.
"I am only a huntsman who was lost
this way, but a few gracious words
from your lips will soon set my feet
upon the right path. I seek the
palace."

"This is the palace," she rejoined.
"The White Palace. I am the White
Princess."
"Really," he replied politely. "But I
seek a palace very different from yours.
In my palace dwells a king, my
father."

"Are you the Prince Roland, of
whom one has heard so much?" Lu-La
asked curiously; but before he had
time to nod his head she appeared to
have lost all interest in the matter.
"I cannot help you," she said coldly.
"I am not acquainted with these
parts."
"But surely there is someone at-
tached to your service who would aid
me," he pleaded. "I am lost without
your assistance."
"My servants are dumb," Lu-La said.
"But, though I cannot direct your path,
I can show you some little hospitality.
I pray you come in, and we will par-
take of some food together."

The Prince gratefully accepted the
invitation; but, oddly enough, each
time he attempted to enter the palace
door some invisible bond seemed to
hold him back, and, though he strove
and strove, it soon became obvious to
both of them that he must remain out-
side.

Lu-La watched his efforts in scornful
silence, but when he appealed to her
to stretch out a hand to help him she
shook her head. "I cannot," she said;
"you must come to me unassisted;"
and the Prince, seeing how indifferent
she was, decided to give her up.

"Dear lady," he cried, "farewell!
Perhaps in our next meeting I shall be
more fortunate. May I seek you
again? Are you always to be found
here?"

"I and my palace are one," she told
him. "Come if you like."
"Nay," he responded, "that is no in-
vitation. Won't you bid me welcome?"

But she carelessly shrugged her
shoulders, and moved away without
making any sort of a reply.

When the Prince Roland reached his
own home in safety, he instantly made
inquiries about the mysterious White
Princess he had accidentally dis-
covered. But though a few people had
been seen and spoken to, he was
unable to learn anything. Occasionally
she passed through the city in a car-
riage drawn by four white horses; but
as she never showed the slightest in-
terest in her surroundings, her appear-
ance in the streets was hardly ob-
served, except by a chill feeling in the
air that heralded her approach. Once
only did she meet her new acquaint-
ance as she drove along, and then she
gave him such a cold look that the
Prince felt most upset, until he deter-

mined to journey again to the White
Palace to see if they could not become
better friends.

This time he found the Princess
seated in the garden—a strange white
garden, full of colorless flowers and
trees; and though it was the height
of summer the Prince began to tremble
with cold, and drew his cloak more
closely about him.

Lu-La inclined her head when she
saw him approach, but after offering
him a chair she utterly ignored him.
In vain he strove to amuse her with
his conversation, for though he talked
brightly upon a variety of subjects,
nothing seemed to interest her until
he produced a great cluster of crimson
roses he had brought with him. She
extended a white hand for them, but
the Prince only gave her one small
blossom at first, and as her fingers
touched him again he shuddered. She
raised the flower languidly to her nose
and smelled its perfume, but ere she
had finished the rich red color faded
from the petals, and the flower became
dead and shrivelled.

"Look!" cried the Prince in astonish-
ment. "What mystery surrounds you,
when not even a rose can live in your
presence? See how it fades and dies!
Poor little blossom! Oh, Princess,
speak and tell me the secret you so
carefully guard. I cannot be happy
unless I hear the sound of your voice
in my ears. I came hither to ask you
to be my wife, but your coldness is
such that the words freeze upon my
lips, and, like yonder rose, I can feel
myself changing. Is your heart of ice,
fair one? Will nothing warm it? Dear
Princess, be merciful; for I love you, I
love you!"

The White Princess began to tremble
violently, and when she rose to her
feet a strange noise started her con-
siderably. Drip! drip! drip! sounded
from all parts of the garden. Little
streams of water began to run from
the palace walls, and her own spotless
robes hung limply upon her. But be-
fore she could move Prince Roland
stepped forward and seized her hands.

"Princess," he said fondly, "I love
you, and I am going to give you a
kiss, even if you have me beheaded for
it afterward. Perhaps that will make
you more human. We'll see."

And as he drew her toward him she
cast an anxious glance over her
shoulder. What she saw evidently de-
cided her, for she twisted her arms
around his neck and laid her cold
cheek upon his.

"I love you," she confessed; "but
what will you say, I wonder, when
you find I am no longer the White
Princess! Your words have thawed
my heart and driven my power away.
I am only a poor, peasant maid. See,
my palace, my garden, even my lovely
white robes, have melted, and I am in
my old rags once more. What will you
do now?"

"Do?" he echoed, looking into the
pretty little face, upturned so anxiously
toward him. "I care naught for
grandeur. I love you, and you alone,
dear one—so I will give you the kiss
just the same."—Cassell's Magazine.

Uncovering a Mystery.
A young couple who were married
not long ago have taken up their
abode in an apartment house. The
suite is small and their wants are not
exacting, and so the young woman
does her own work. Naturally she
does her own marketing as well, and
being of an economical turn of mind
tries to buy so that they will have all
they need without any waste. More
especially is this admirable trait shown
when she buys her meats, her steaks
being diminutive, but most delicious.

The other night she had a person-
ally selected porterhouse steak for din-
ner, and it occurred to her to get out
one of the wedding presents for the oc-
casion, a huge carving set that had
hitherto reposed in its velvet lined
case. She laid the broad and shining
blade of the knife across the platter
and then called her husband.

"Come, Henry," she cried, "and test
your Uncle John's gift on a juicy
steak."
Henry came and stared at the plat-
ter.

"Why, where's the steak?" he asked.
"The steak?" echoed the young wife.
"Why, it's right there—why, where is
it?"

And she stared at the platter, too.
"Are you sure it was there?" cried
the bewildered husband.

"Of course I'm sure. It was there a
moment ago, and—"

And just then the husband raised the
huge carving knife that had been
stretched across the platter. And there
was the porterhouse steak hiding be-
neath the broad blade!—Cleveland
Plain Dealer.

Burglar's Electric Foe.
"One of the greatest blows to the
burglar's trade is the electric light
with push button appliances," said De-
tective Charles Heidelberg, recently.
"It is not far out of the way to say
that the electric light has driven at
least 30 per cent. of burglars out of
the business and the remaining 70 per
cent. has had to learn their business
all over again."

"The whole art of burglary was
based, in the past, on darkness—a
hopeless darkness as regards the vic-
tim. There was one feat—a peculiar
way of crouching, striking a match
above one's head, and tossing it to left
and right—that took the burglar weeks
to learn. It was valuable because it
showed him what he wanted to see,
while it misled the victim, who might
be armed, as to the burglar's location.
The trick is now worthless, for the
victim, instead of covering in black
darkness at the burglar's mercy, now
reaches over, touches a button at his
bedside, and up flashes the light."

"Yes, electric lights, I guess, have
done more in the last decade to do
away with burglary than anything else
has done in the last 1000 years."—New
York Press.

WITH THE HUNGARIAN GYPSIES

Down in some grassy valley about
an open wagon the family has its camp
and here the mother sews and putters
over the cooking while father and
sons let the giant Lombardy poplars
that make beautiful this section of
gypsy land, says Felix J. Koch in the
Pilgrim. These trees, he said to
the shame of Croatia, the government
is now selling to the gypsies at an
average price of \$2 apiece, for the
nomads to fell and cut up into timber,
to be sold to manufacturers of wooden
wares.

Picturesque, indeed, are these men
with their long hair braided across the
top of the head, so that approaching
them from the rear, as they repose
for a moment from their labors, it is
difficult to tell the men from the wo-
men. Others are horse trading, as are
most of their kin in Turkey proper
(not a few are itinerant smiths be-
sides), whom one meets traveling the
roads with long trains of steeds that
take one back in fancy to the Arabs of
the desert, or with a portable bellows

like those seen on the New England
pikes. Now and then the women come
into the villages to beg or barter, or,
as the village folk hint, to steal; tell-
ing fortunes to those who may harbor,
as incentive to other business.

Seated on one of the crude rock
walls that hem in the flats of corn
land in the shadows of the Lombardy
poplars, these gypsies, men and wo-
men, smoking their pipes and chattering
in their curious lingo, ever tempt the
much-abused camera. For background
there will be some old Magyar castle,
its turrets peeping through the aisle
of trees, and with the sentinel at its
gate—a soldier in uniform but a gypsy
at heart, for while they pay no taxes
in Hungary, they are forced to do mili-
tary service, much as they rebel
against it.

Less and less each year grow the
number of the gypsies, less and less
frequent their visits, until it will doubt-
less not be long before, like the Arabs,
they will have folded their tents for
all time and silently stolen away.

DISPOSING OF ADIPOSE TISSUE

A man has actually appeared upon
the scene who says that he has ham-
mered off his adipose tissue with a
mallet and at the same time hardened
his flesh to the proverbial consistency
of nails. It is rather difficult to feel
convinced of the truth of this state-
ment, in view of the fact that a sim-
ilar kind of xylophone gymnastics is
daily practised upon all beefsteaks of
the boarding house variety for the pur-
pose of rendering them juicy and
tender. Though the mosquito may
seem entirely irrelevant to the forego-
ing, it rather obviously pops up and
into the argument, and in so doing
suggests the question as to whether
or not this winged anger could pene-
trate the leathery envelope of a sub-
ject so hammered into the pink of cast
iron perfection; and also if an expert
with a pair of antifer mallets could
not, while discoursing impromptu
moonlight fantasies on his anatomy
with the same, hit the mosquitoes as
they light upon him, and thereby

cause them to explode and scatter to
the misty realm of elsewhere. It is
rather a difficult question to answer
satisfactorily on the fly and without a
considerable investment of thought. In
fact it may be regarded somewhat in
the light of a recondite proposition in
view of its importance from both a
physical and a hygienic point of view;
for when the performer gracefully
caroms on himself and the persistent
pest he rids himself of worthless fat
and destroys a natural conservator of
malaria, thus killing two birds with
one stone, or rather two mosquitoes
with one hammer. It only remains to
add that there is a colossal fortune
awaiting the man who can find in the
above a suggestion upon which to pro-
duce a hammer which shall prove to
all lovers of good government an in-
strument with which the fat can be
ruthlessly whacked off a political sine-
cure while it flattens the skulls of the
human mosquitoes that would convert
the body politic into a fountain of un-
adulterated financial joy.—Exchange.

HIS FIRST POLITICAL SPEECH

"Spatters's" father was to deliver a
stump speech at San Diego in his own
behalf as a candidate for governor of
California. While practicing the
speech, mounted on a hoghead, he fell
in and broke his leg.

Spatters had been a rapt listener to
his father's eloquence and in the evening
the little boy appeared before the
meeting to deliver the speech from
memory:

"Gentlemen, I know the speech and
it's a corker. This is it: 'Friends, San
Diegos, behind us lies the past; be-
fore us lies the future.' His freckled
little right hand stretched to the fu-
ture while the left pushed back the
past. 'It has been nobly said that
we shall reap as we have sown; in
many cases, therefore, we must reap
the fruit of poisonous seeds. But each
year brings its new sowing; what do
we now choose to plant?'"

The crowd was surging toward the
platform in its enthusiasm, but Larry
and Bill held it back and motioned to
the child to proceed.

HIS ARTISTIC TASTE IMPROVED

"We are proud of you, papa," said
the man's three handsome daughters.
"Ah, you are?" he said, beamingly.
"What have I done now?"

"You have acquired taste in art,"
said the handsomest of the trio. "I
don't mind telling you now, that there
was a time when we despaired of your
ever appreciating the classic. Thank
goodness, you have improved, under
our tuition, until you can pick out the
really beautiful every time. In-
stead of admiring the razzle-dazzle,
topsy-turvy designs in architecture
and decorations that formerly pleased
you, you now choose the simple easy
lines of pure art."

"Thank you, my dears," said the
man. "I am glad you kept hammer-
ing away at me so persistently."

"The choice is worthy of considera-
tion," the speech flowed on, every
word, every gesture as he had heard
and seen. "The whole country will
hail the day," he cried, and finally,
"Arise, San Diegos; I stand here
before you to emphasize—to empha-
size—"

He turned cold with fear. He could
not remember what came next. He
struck the platform savagely with his
right foot, struck it over and over,
but the gesture did not bring the
words. Then he remembered why.
"Oh, I didn't hear no more," he said,
forgetting the paternal warning.
"That was where dad fell into the
hoghead." Big tears began to streak
his cheeks. "Oh, if I could only say
the rest I could make you vote for us
sure," he burst out, "but won't you do
it anyway? I'll be an all-right govern-
or's son and he'll make the best gov-
ernor you ever had 'cause he's an A
No. 1 dad."—Sarah Comstock in Lip-
pincott's Magazine.

When his daughter had left the
room the man took off his glasses and
rubbed them thoughtfully.

"Well, what do you think of that?"
he said. "I have become artistic,
have I? And why? Because my eye-
sight is so poor. That is the only rea-
son. Those fantastic, curlycue figures
that used to please my taste no longer
appeal to me because they hurt my
eyes. I am driven to classic lines in
self-defense. Most people of my age
are. I once heard an art dealer say
that half the people who thought they
had developed the artistic tempera-
ment with years, had only ruined their
eyes and needed glasses. That is my
case exactly. I like those outlandish
patterns in wall paper and carpets
and things as well as ever, but I
wouldn't have the girls know it."

CONVERSION OF JOHN TEMPLIN

Once upon a time in Tennessee there
lived a man named John Templin. He
geldom did any work, not even chores.
He was called the laziest man in Blod-
sue county. He had no pride, and
would rather beg than work.

Now there was an exhorter preacher
named Pentress who occasionally
filled various pulpits, and on one occa-
sion he filled the pulpit where John
Templin worshipped, when he was not
too lazy to worship. Rev. Pentress
opened the Bible and began reading
the 36th chapter of Exodus. When he
came to the 19th verse, he stopped
and looked hard at Templin, until
everybody saw by his demeanor that
he was going to say something un-
usual, and then he read that verse:

"And he made a covering for the

tent of rams' skins dyed red; and a
covering of badgers' skins above that."

"There, brethren," shouted Pentress.
"I was sure that it was in the Old
Testament somewhere. You see what
they did to beggars in those wise old
days. They skinned 'em. Now, I ain't
namin' no names. Now, then, I ain't
makin' no 'situations. But I'm just
thinkin' that in this neighborhood
there's at least one that goes about
beggin' 'stid o' workin'. An' I'm only
thinkin' that maybe a good skinnin'
on a moonlight night might be a
good thing for this neighborhood. That
kind o' folks ought to be skinned,
and stuck up on a pole, too."

John Templin went to work the next
day. He never begged afterward.—
Los Angeles Times.

THE MARRIED MAN'S LAMENT

A wonderful fellow was he whom I sing,
So courteous, manly and clever,
Who scorned to retort with a sarcastic
fling.
And spoke with cold irony never;
Though, of course, you have met with
this paragon met.
Since he lives in a past that's been
buried,
His virtues you're never allowed to for-
get—
The man whom your wife might have
married.
He never spoke crossly, he never com-
plained.
When things weren't in apple-pie order,
And when she was worn, languid, nor-
vous or pained
He sat on anxiously border;
Her wish was to him inexorable law

And her cares on his shoulders he
carried.
You've been taught to believe that he
hadn't a flaw—
The man whom your wife might have
married.
He was gifted indeed, he could both play
and sing,
And he sketched with the art of a
master.
He could fashion a verse of most met-
rical swing.
Or carve his reliefs out of plaster;
Since you've often been thrilled when,
In pets, she'd repeat
His list of accomplishments varied,
What a pity it is that you can't hope to
meet.
The man whom your wife might have
married.
—New York Press.

Household Matters

Cleaning the Oven.

Have the inside of the oven kept
scrupulously clean. Wash the entire
inside of the oven—not forgetting the
roof—at least once a week. Remove
the shelves and door before commencing
operations, and scrape off any
burnt substance with an old knife. Let
the oven be kept open till quite dry and
all smell of soap has passed off.

Hygienic Bedroom.

The hygienic bedroom is the latest
novelty in furnishing, says the London
Express.

Fresh air enthusiasts see in the old
fashioned, luxurious bedroom a serious
menace to health, and they have come
back to town to throw out carpets, cur-
tains and cushions, and any other little
aids to comfort that catch their eye.
Feather beds, they say, are hopelessly
unhygienic, germs lurk in the folds of
the portiere and in the warm rugs on
the floor, while costly bed hangings
shorten life.

Keeping Up the Supplies.

The convenience and time saving of
having little things at hand can scarce-
ly be overestimated. It works exactly
on the same principle as the old saying
of "a stitch in time."

It's not enough to have a place for
everything, and everything—unless
you happen to be out of it—in its place.
It's the careful planning so that plen-
tiful supplies of all the little things are
always on hand that counts so greatly.

So often you haven't the right but-
tons, or you run short of tape, or hooks
and eyes, or the color of sewing silk
you need, and you have to postpone the
moment you'd seized for getting all
such things out of the way. In the
meantime, before you've remembered
to get the little things, perhaps you
have to wear the very thing that need-
ed mending, and pins have torn it.

It's the same way with everything,
if you have to stop and go out for
stamps, you probably don't bother to
write that important letter until it's at
least a little late.

Making things do is almost as bad—
using too small a hook to bear the
strain of a skirt-fastener; or too large
a one for the delicate blouse it disfig-
ures.

The best way to avoid it is to go
over, at periodic times, all your sup-
plies, making a note of everything
you're almost out of, and replenishing
it at an early moment.

Salt For Butter.

Are you very careful about the salt
that you use in your butter? If not,
the following from the Dairy World
contains a hint that it would be well
to keep in mind all the time.

It used to be thought that any salt
was good enough for butter so long
as it would dissolve in a reasonable
time. It was only little by little that
men found out differently. Farmers'
Review says: Not till people began
to get particular about the flavor of
their butter did the special butter salt
appear on the market. The old salt
had been the cause of much butter be-
ing rejected. One grocer kept his salt
near a pile of dried fish. As the salt
was in bags and the fish in piles the
very decided smell from the fish per-
meated the salt. Every farmer that
used the salt and sold his butter had
complaints about the fishy smell in
his butter. At last some bright fellow
traced the fish smell to the pile of salt
fish alongside of the pile of salt bags.
Another community had trouble with
its butter smelling like kerosene, and
traced the trouble to the salt, which
was in an open bin alongside of several
kerosene barrels. Now the handlers
of salt for dairy purposes are on the
lookout for just such combinations in
the groceries, and warn their patrons
that the salt must be kept sealed from
outside smell. We doubt not that
much of the complaint with farm but-
ter comes indirectly from the salt,
which has been stored in all kinds of
places in the farmhouse, and has taken
in some of the numerous smells that
belong to the farm vegetables.



RECIPE

Butter Sauce—Melt an ounce and a
half of butter and one ounce of flour
till smooth. Add parsley or chopped
chives.

Sweet Malted Butter Sauce—Make as
a white sauce and add sugar with van-
illa or other flavor, using milk instead
of water.

Anchovy Sauce—Make like melted
butter sauce, with anchovy essence.
Mushrooms chopped fine instead of an-
chovies make a delicious sauce.

Sauce Hollandaise—Heat flour, but-
ter, stock, salt, lemon juice and a ta-
blespoonful of brown sugar. Boil all
five minutes. Thicken with yolk of
egg, one to each half-pint. For fish
and cauliflower.

Sauce Tartare—To a pint of mayon-
naise sauce add a teaspoonful of onion
juice, one-fourth cup each of finely
chopped capers, olives and cucumber
pickles and two tablespoonsful of
chopped parsley.

Spiced Wafers—Cream together two-
thirds of a cupful of butter and one
and one-half cupfuls of confectioner's
sugar, and add one-half tablespoonful
each of ground ginger and cinnamon
and just a dash of ground cloves. Stir
into the mixture one-half cupful of cold
water and two cupfuls of flour sifted
twice. Roll to wafer thickness, cut into
shapes and bake in a very moderate
oven.