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## THE LADY OF DAINTY LUNCHES

Continued from page 44

patrons. "Oh! I can tell you my brain was no place for cobwebs those days. I had plenty of planning to do. Sometimes I found it necessary to borrow money to tide me over till my ship got into port. But, on the whole, I don't suppose I had any more trouble than most people who deal with the public. Sometimes very ludicrous things happened, and, luckily, I could appreciate them. I could tell you a whole bookful of things that have made me laugh almost to tearfulness; but, of course, I daren't, for I'm still serving lunches. You see the people who got my lunches hadn't the ghost of an idea who I was or what I was like. They used to ask my delivery boys what I was like, and, according to their own report, the boys always told them I was old and ugly. The trade name which I adopted conveyed no definite idea of my personality. It was susceptible to interpretation according to the temperament of the interpreter. I've heard some amusing surmises. For instance, one thought I must be a very genteel spinster of the Miss Matty of Cranford variety. Another imagined that I was the daughter of a cook in the household of Queen Victoria, supposed to have emigrated to Canada. (Thanks for this tribute to my 'home made lunches'). Still another thought I might be a giddy young thing trying to cap-ture a husband by feeding him. I won-Still another thought I might der if he expected to find a perfumed billet-doux tucked away in a sandwich. And what do you think of this for a conjecture? Someone else thought I was a man trading under his wife's name, and being shielded from the public by the participate. My incompite was

lic by her petticoats. My incognito was the subject of much speculation.

"But I must get back to my actual work. During the time my lunch department was developing my other department was developing my other department." partments were also growing satisfactorily. Cake patrons were being added almost daily. Every day I furnished small cakes for a down-town tea-room. This order had to be filled regularly, come in for lunch or aft regardless of everything else. It had some day. Good morning."

that than to lose the confidence of my to be delivered by a certain hour every morning, so I usually made the cakes it called for in the evening. Some of my patrons asked for home made bread, so I baked white bread twice a week and Boston brown bread once. Besides this I put up fruit and pickles, and at Christmas I made a specialty of Christmas cakes, plum puddings, and mince meat. Last year I made eighty-three pounds of Christmas cake, and I don't know how much plum pudding and mince meat. I did not keep count of

You wonder how I did so much? Well, while I was doing it, it did not seem like such an enormous amount as it sounds now while I sit here telling it to you. I did it nearly all myself. Mother helped me butter bread for sandwiches and did other light work when she was able, and my boys helped had to install a thorough system. There were certain hours after which no lunch orders could be accepted, and the same with cake and bread, otherwise I should not have known Sometimes I was what to provide for. what to provide for. Sometimes I was asked to do things which I hadn't the least idea how to go about. But I always undertook it, if I could find the time, and some way the knowledge always came, and I usually got along nicely. It was often a problem, but a very interesting one

very interesting one.
"Naturally, I did not have much time for recreation, but I made the most of what I had, and now that I am in a position that my experience has made it possible for me to fill, and when I no longer have the menial work to perform, but the responsibility of planning for the success of a larger enterprise, I can look back over those three years of hard work with a great deal pleasure. I did not grow wealthy, but I am confident that I made more money than I should have had I gone into an office, and then it was my own work, my very own. But, there, my halfhour's up. If you want to know more come in for lunch or afternoon tea

# TRUE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

Continued from page 12

"We can't stay," Nancy replied, in an equally low tone, stepping inside the door and motioning to her companion to do the same. "This is Mr. Binney, Mrs. Wheeler. He is spending Christmas with us and helped me get these things for the children."

Binney deposited his backet and hundle.

for the children."

Binney deposited his basket and bundle on the table and put Nancy's beside them. The tired eyes of the woman brightened at the sight of all those packages with their hidden possibilities of comfort and pleasure, then suddenly they filled with

tears.

"I can't thank you, Miss Nancy, you nor your mother, for your goodness to me and mine. Nor you neither, sir, as Miss Nancy says you had a hand in this too. We wouldn't think much of this Christmas goodwill talk, me and my young ones, if twasn't for you and your mother, Miss Nancy."

"I'm glad your faith wasn't destroyed, Mrs. Wheeler," and there was a queer little break in Nancy's voice. "I think we all owe Mr. Binney a great deal.

we all owe Mr. Binney a great deal. Always remember, Mrs. Wheeler, that the goodwill spirit is real and true, but it hasn't always a chance to show itself. Now, good-night, and a happy Christmas to you and all the children."

Nancy and Binney in turn pressed the woman's hand kindly, and then, without their many budgets, and with full, light hearts they started on their homeward

Each was busy with his or her own thoughts and neither felt embarrassed by the silence—ample proof of the feeling of comradeship between them. The man was shaping his ideas, his words, but not his purpose—that was fixed and firm. The girl was thinking—but who could put into words the thoughts of a words put into words the thoughts of a woman who is filled with happiness, happiness that is tinged with a vague touch of sadness, of loneliness, of sorrow for all those

Christmas Eve.

"Nancy," said the man's voice beside her. "you taught me many things to-day, but the most comforting truth was that at this particular season it is your especial delight to give where you know your gift will be redeemed when there is no other. will be welcome, where there is no other gift but yours to come. With that thought in your mind will you refuse me the only gift I want, the only thing which will make this Christmas Day a truly happy one?" And Nancy knew she would not refuse

to make his Christmas and hers a perfect one, and knew that without the money she had desired the joy had come, and with it a great abundance of that true spirit of the day without which she had truly felt she could not be happy.

#### Worth Knowing

To clean and polish old copper which have become badly coated with dirt and oxide boil them in a strong aqueous solution of caustic soda, rinse in soft water, and polish with a little putty powder, rouge or tripoli.

When boiling milk for a custard powder, sprinkle the bottom of the saucepan with sugar; this dissolves and forms a layer, and so prevents the milk from burning, no matter how long it boils. It applies to any sweetened

To prevent curtains from blowing against the screen take two tacks, nail one on either side of window, six inches above the window sill; take a piece of twine and fasten it to the tacks, stretching it firmly across the window.

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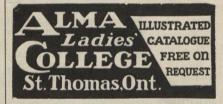
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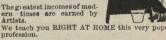
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