

**Holiday Confections.**

**Candied Fruit.**—Take small, ripe, thin-skinned oranges. Peel them, taking care not to make the juice run, divide in sections and place on a tray to dry off. Remove the seeds carefully with a wooden toothpick so the juice will not start. Dip in sugar boiled to the crack, lift out quickly and drop on oiled paper. Dates, figs cut in strips, and preserved cherries may be done in the same way.

**To Boil sugar to the Crack.**—Put 1 lb. granulated sugar in a saucepan with 1/2 pint of water and a pinch of cream tartar. Stir well before it boils, but no longer than to dissolve it. Let boil till fine bubbles appear, then begin to test it in cold water. When it snaps like glass it is ready for use, and from it all kinds of clear candy may be made. Do not let it boil any longer, but keep hot on the back of the stove until you are through using it.

**Vanilla Cream Sticks.**—Boil sugar to the crack as above, remove to the table, let cool slightly, flavor with vanilla, butter the hands and pull till the candy is white and cold, then twist or braid in bits.

**Caramelized Nuts.**—Prepare any kind of nuts you prefer and have them warm. Lift the pot of boiling candy from the stove and place it on a hot brick on the table. Drop in two or three nuts at a time and turn them over with a fork, being careful not to stir the mixture, lift out and drop on oiled paper.

**New Year Drops.**—Very delicious small cakes are made by adding chopped nut meats and dates to any simple white cake batter. Drop the batter from a spoon, a tablespoonful to each cake, and bake to a light, creamy brown.

**Peanut Wafers.**—Cream 1/2 cup butter with 1 cup sugar; put 1/2 teasp. soda into 1/2 cup milk and add, then add 2 cups sifted flour and 1 cup chopped peanuts. Beat all well, butter a shallow baking-pan, and spread the batter in a thin layer evenly over the bottom. Bake to a light brown.

**Boiled Fowl.**

Some people prefer turkey or any kind of fowl boiled rather than roasted. Prepare as for roasting, wrap in cheesecloth using cord to tie, and plunge into madly boiling water, using as little water as possible. Let cook hard for a few minutes to close the outside and keep the juices in, then remove to back of stove and cook very slowly until done.

**Giblet Soup.**

Cook the giblet until tender in a very little water. Chop and squeeze through a ricer. Thicken the liquor with a little flour, adding the giblet puree and hot rich milk or brown stock. Put some popcorn on each plateful when serving.

**Serial Story**

**"His Family."**

BY ERNEST MOOLE.

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CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

One evening in the following week, after Edith had left town, Roger had Bruce to dine at his club, a pleasant old building on Madison Square, where comfortably all by themselves they could discuss Baird's chances.

"A. Baird and I have been chums," said Bruce, "ever since we were in college. Take it from me I know his brand. And he isn't the kind to be pushed."

"Who wants to push him?" Roger demanded, with a sudden guilty twinge.

"Edith does," Bruce answered. "And I tell you that won't do with A. Baird. He has his mind set on Deborah sure. He's been setting it harder and harder for months—and he knows it—and so does she. But they're both the kind of people who don't like interference, they've got to get to it by themselves. Edith must keep out of the way. She mustn't take it on herself to ask him up to the mountains." Roger gave a little start. "If she does, there'll be trouble with Deborah."

Roger smoked for a moment in silence and then sagely nodded his head. "That's so," he murmured thought-

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fully. "Yes, my boy, I guess you're right."

Bruce lifted his mint julep: "God, but it's hot in here to-night. How about taking a spin up the river?"

"Delighted," replied his father-in-law.

And a half hour later in Bruce's new car, which was the pride and joy of his life, they were far up the river. On a long, level stretch of road Bruce "let her out to show what she could do." And Roger with his heart in his mouth and his eye upon the speedometer, saw it creep to sixty-three.

"Almost as good as a horse," remarked Bruce, when the car had slowed a little.

"Almost," said Roger, "but not quite. It's—well, it's dissipation."

"And a horse?"

"Is life," was the grave reply. "You'll have a crash some day, my boy, if you go on at your present speed. It gets me worried sometimes. You see you're a family man."

"I am and I'm glad of it. Edith and the kiddies suit me right down to the ground. I'm crazy about 'em—you know that. But a chap with a job like mine," Bruce continued pleadingly, as he drove his car rushing around a curve, "needs a little dissipation, too. I can't tell you what it means to me, when I'm kept late at the office, to have this car for the run up home. Lower Broadway's empty then, and I know the cops. I swing around through Washington Square, and the Avenue looks clear for miles, nothing but two long rows of lights to the big hump at Murray Hill. It's the time between crowds—say about ten. And I know the cops."

"That's all right," said Roger. "No one was more delighted than I when you got this car. You deserve it. It's the work that I was speaking of. You've got it going at such a speed—"

"Only way on earth to get on—to get what I want for my family—"

"Yes, yes, I know," muttered Roger vaguely. Bruce began talking of his work for the steel construction concern downtown.

"Take it from me," he declared at the end, "this town has only just begun!" "Has, eh," Roger grunted. "Aren't the buildings high enough?"

"My God, I wish they were twenty times higher," Bruce rejoined good-humoredly. "But they won't be—we've

stopped going up. We've done pretty well in the air, and now we're going underground. And when we get through, this old rock of Manhattan will be such a network of tunnels there'll be a hole waiting at every corner to take you wherever you want to go. Speed? We don't even know what it means!"

And again Bruce "let her out" a bit. It was quite a bit. Roger grabbed his hat with one hand and the side of the car with the other.

"They'll look back on a mile a minute," said Bruce, "as we look back on stage coach days! And in the rush hours there'll be a rush that'll make you think of pneumatic tubes! Not a sound nor a quiver—just pure speed. Shooting people home at night at a couple of hundred miles an hour! The city will be as big as that! And there won't be any accidents and there won't be any smoke. Instead of coal they'll use the sun! And, my God, man, the boulevards—and parks and places for the kids! The way they'll use the River—and the ocean and the Sound! The Catskills will be Central Park! Sounds funny, don't it—but it's true. I've studied it out from A to Z. This town is choking itself to death simply because we're so damn slow! We don't know how to speed ourselves! All this city needs is speed!"

"Bruce," said Roger anxiously, "just go a bit easy on that gas. The fact is, it was a great mistake for me to eat those crabs to-night."

Bruce slowed down compassionately, and soon they turned and started home. And as they drew near the glow of the town, other streets and boulevards poured more motors into the line, until at last they were rushing along amid a perfect bedlam made up of honks and shrieks of horns. The air grew hot and acrid, and looking back through the bluish haze of smoke and dust behind him Roger could see hundreds of huge angry motor eyes. Crowding and jamming closer, pell mell, at a pace which barely slackened, they sped on, a wild uproarious crew, and swept into the city.

Roger barely slept that night. He felt the city clamoring down into his very soul. "Speed!" he muttered viciously. "Speed—speed! We need more speed!" The words beat in like a savage refrain. At last with a sigh of impatience he got up in his nightshirt and walked about.