

FASHION'S LATEST MANDATES

Some New Additions to the List of Finery for Late Winter and Spring Costumes.

Natural linen-colored batistes are numerous among the new thin fabrics and are made up stylishly with a bodice of lace of the same color and a trimming of white silk braid with fringed edge.

The old-fashioned pull-back is coming in and many skirts are glove-fitting almost to the knees, where they flare out very full. Others are tight almost to the hem and there are finished with an embroidered maincoat or batiste flounce of white or linen color. Tucking, smocking and shirring show on many, says the Chicago Daily News.

Handsome silk and velvet waists may be bought very reasonably just at present and will be a good investment for evening or theater wear. White is the best choice. They are handsomely trimmed with lace or applique work of some kind, and many are made with a delicate-colored velvet belt or collar. Several belts and collars will be a wise purchase.

Of embroidery we cannot get enough. The expensive sets, consisting of vest fronts, cuffs and pocket flaps, are exceedingly modish; so is the crepe house dress which is embroidered all over, not to mention the fancy blouse. If all these are beyond one, the very least one can do is to embroider a few French dots on stock, cuffs or blouse front.

Deep Vandyke lace collars are much worn on dresses and outdoor cloaks this winter. Ruffles on the waist are also much liked, since nothing displays an aristocratic hand or tones down an ugly one to better advantage. The fashion cannot become too common, since the difference between cheap and handsome lace can always be told.

A new hair ornament consisting of a string of gold with a pendant which lies on the center of the forehead is called the ferriere, so named from La Belle Ferroniere, the unknown woman in one of Leonardo da Vinci's most famous pictures.

Spring ribbons are very beautiful or almost ugly, according to individual taste, so many are the odd colorings and weird designs. Nearly all have a soft, satiny finish and come very wide. Persian and Dresden effects are more pronounced than they have been, and nearly all have white grounds. Black predominates in many of them. New weaves of satin and Louise ribbons in plain colors are shown and are to be used extensively for hat trimmings, two or three shades being used on one hat. Colored and striped ribbons will be used chiefly for sashes and for dress trimmings.

Old blouses of all kinds continue to be modish. Their usefulness assures them long lives. Theater blouses of lace are essential features of every up-to-date woman's wardrobe. Both the real and the imitation laces are used for their construction. The woman with long purple-strings selects honiton, eluny or Irish crochet. These blouses require little trimming, but odd gold devices are often applied to the richest laces used for their construction. The popular French knot is much used to embellish bodices of crepe de chine.

MISTAKE OF THE MOTHER.

Five Other Women Mourn Because She Gave Way to Her Boy and Spoils Him.

In the car was one vacant seat. Opposite it sat five women who looked as if they might be comfortable, capable and at ease with the world, says the New York Sun.

A sixth woman who was thin and delicate and had a little boy with her got on the car, and sat down in the vacant seat. That left her boy standing. The boy was fat, had a ruddy face and said:

"Mamma, give me that seat. I want to sit down." The five women opposite looked disapprovingly at the boy and inquiringly at the mother. She stroked the boy's cap, bent down and whispered something in his ear and kept the seat. The five women smiled encouragingly at her. The boy howled:

"Mamma, I'm tired. You stand and let me sit down." The five women smiled. The mother blushed, caressed the boy again and whispered once more in his ear. The boy beat her lap with his fists, stamped his feet on the car floor and went as he shouted:

"I won't stand. Gimme that seat!" The mother looked around appealingly a little, blushed a little and then got up. The boy promptly climbed into the seat. The five women looked at one another, nodded their heads in unison, and then ejaculated in chorus:

"She's made a mistake! Now she will always have to give in to him." A man tried to readjust the situation by giving his seat to the mother. That solution of the difficulty pleased the mother, but did not satisfy the five women, who continued to stare disapprovingly at the boy as if they would like to be alone with him for a few minutes and to ejaculate:

"She's made a mistake. Now she'll have to give in to him always." Apple Custard Pie. Take moderately tart apples, stew and mash one and one-half cupsful; take two cupsful of sugar, five eggs, one pint of milk, pinch of salt and any flavoring. Mix and beat all together; have pie plates lined with good paste, and bake same as ordinary custard pie. Ladies' World, New York.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

Blobbs: "Bjanes seems doomed not to get along." "Slobbs: 'Yes! I don't believe that fellow could even make a successful failure.'"—Philadelphia Record.

She: "I'd never have married you if you had not deceived me." He: "Rather you never would have married me had I not deceived myself."—Boston Transcript.

"I was one of the earliest subscribers to your fund, and here you are asking me to subscribe again." "Well, he who gives quickly gives twice, you know."—N. Y. Sun.

Laura: "Yes, you see she told him her father had lost all his wealth, just to test his love for her." Ada: "And then?" Laura: "Well, she will know better next time."—Glasgow Times.

French Professor: "Ah, yes, made-moiselle, you spick ze French—'Do I really?'" French Professor: "Oh, yes; zat ees, wizout ze least French accent."—London Answers.

Italian Count: "I want a wife with golden hair, ruby lips, teeth of pearl, a silvery voice and eyes that sparkle like diamonds." American Friend: "Well, if you get her it's ten to one her friends will find her in a pawnshop before the honeymoon is ended."—Chicago Daily News.

The Trouble with Him: "What's the matter with that neighbor of yours? He's raging around like a crazy lion, declaring he'll slaughter the whole family." "Oh, his children annoy him so that he can't keep his mind on the universal peace pamphlet he is working at."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"How much money have you got?" asked the lawyer. "None, sah." "Any friend or relative who'll raise some for you?" "None," despairingly replied the negro. "I see got nobody ter cum 't me aid." "Humph!" muttered the attorney. "Say, you don't want a lawyer. You want a minister."—Philadelphia Times.

THE SIN OF NAGGING.

One That Destroys Home Comfort and Creates Discard and Discontent Among Servants.

There is an exceedingly disagreeable habit into which some people fall without seeming to notice it. This is nagging. They cannot say what they have to say and then let it alone, but keep pecking and pecking at it on every occasion and if occasions do not arise naturally, they make them. In this nagging, sarcasm or irony bear a leading part. A thing may be said once or twice as a pleasant raillery, in a genial humor, but when repeated over and over it ceases to be fun. It then cuts. Sarcasm is a too-edged tool; it cuts and wounds the one at whom it is aimed, and it irritates and toughens the one who uses it. It is a dangerous tool for one to use who wishes to be either kind or just. It comes easily to the lips and the intellect takes a certain kind of delight in aptness, ingenuity or sharpness. Its use grows on one. At least the habit becomes so habitual that it is used unconsciously. However good-natured one seems to take it is almost certain to leave a sting; there is a wound that hurts. Struggle against it as one will, there will often be an impression carried that some part of it is meant in earnest.

Too often do all of us wound the feelings of others by carelessness in speech. We cannot too carefully guard ourselves against the nagging habit. It rasps and wears out the best of dispositions. Let us endeavor to make our speech kindly, even when obliged to find fault. "A blow with a word strikes deeper than a blow with a sword." We shall never err by speaking too kindly. These naggers are often kind at heart and would not willingly wound another. They have formed the habit unconsciously and are not aware of how frequently they indulge in that kind of talk. It does not occur to them that anyone may take a further meaning than they have meant, or that any part of it will be taken seriously. It is unavoidable, however, that this is so, says the Milwaukee Journal.

The nagging habit is the real reason why some women find it difficult to retain servants. It is for the sharpness of their tongues that some really excellent people are avoided and disliked in society. People dread the tongue-lashings that slip so easily from lips and without real malice, but they nevertheless cut deep. Let us put a guard on ourselves and see that this habit of sarcastic speech and nagging is not ours. The Chinese have a saying that "A man's conversation is the mirror of his thoughts." There is a truth in it. If we habitually talk in a certain way we grow to be that way in character.

A Strange Libel Suit. The prince and princess of Wales (then duke and duchess of Cornwall and York) happened to be in Sydney when the last birthday of the former occurred. A local firm was commissioned to provide a birthday cake, and it gave perfect satisfaction, eliciting a complimentary letter from the princess, which was proudly displayed in the window of the firm. Thereupon a rival firm posted in their window an announcement claiming credit for the cake as the work of their "decorative artist." For this allegation the first firm claimed \$10,000 damages. The case collapsed at an early stage. It would appear that the "decorative artist" and all the confectionery talent of Sydney had a hand in the business and worked far into the night to make the royal birthday cake a success. —Lloyd's Weekly.

WHITE HOUSE CARDS

Invitations to Social Events Written by Expert Penmen.

Four of the Best Writers in Government Service Engaged to Send Out Cards for the Recent Roosevelt Receptions.

The preparation of invitations to the four great social events of the season at the white house—the receptions of the president—is a work that requires great care and the most expert penmanship. The several thousand people who receive invitations to each of the four receptions necessarily notice the attractive and beautiful penmanship, amounting almost to engraving. This work is done by some of the most noted penmen in the service of the United States government, says the Washington Star.

The cards of invitation to each reception are engraved, and contain blanks for the name of the person or persons invited. These blanks are filled in by the penmen. During the social season just closed two penmen were engaged in writing the names on the cards, while two others wrote the addresses on the envelopes containing the cards. With all four men writing beautifully is a profession, and frequently those invited to a reception would wonder whether the name was engraved or written. The work was done by J. L. McCreary, a clerk in the navy department; S. E. Sullivan, of the post office department; W. W. Mortimer, of the interior department, and E. L. Kimmel, of the treasury.

The four men, aided by two stenographers and two typewriters, worked under the supervision of Thomas H. Netherland, chief of the white house force, himself a noted expert in writing. For three or four years Mr. Netherland has had charge of the invitations to these receptions, and his work has been so satisfactory as to receive the hearty commendation of Secretary Cortelyou. Mr. Netherland occasionally does some of the writing himself, but his duty consists in seeing to the preparation and distribution of the invitations to the care of the lists of the invited, and to the thousand and one other things that come before him. He dictates the answers to the requests for invitations and superintends the making up of the lists. The lists are kept from year to year, and Mr. Netherland knows just who were invited to receptions in other years and who were refused invitations. He is a kind of walking encyclopaedia of the social and political standing and the affiliations of Washington and other people. He is so discreet that never a word escapes from his mouth about his duties and whatever he has to say is put before his chief, Secretary Cortelyou, who is responsible for the way in which the work is done.

The work of writing the invitations is frequently begun weeks ahead of the time fixed. Certain classes of people are invited to every reception, and their invitations can be written and put aside ready for delivery when others are made out.

The handwriting experts are not usually fast penmen. Swiftness and beauty of writing are seldom found together, and so the experts take time in affixing the names of society people to the cards and envelopes. All of the four men engaged the last season were assigned from other departments, and Mr. Netherland is the only one belonging permanently to the white house rolls.

TOO MUCH FOR HIM. Woman Passenger Who Expected a Great Deal from a Common Street Car Conductor.

"This may be a strange world all right," remarked a conductor of the Georgetown and Tenleytown railroad to a Washington Star reporter recently, "but I incline to the theory that the old globe is not at all unusual—'tis the folks who move about its surface that constitute the strange part of the situation. And believe me when I assert that we who personally conduct these street railway tours come in contact with at least 99 per cent. of the strange ones."

"What's the latest?" inquired the reporter, who has observed a few queer people on street cars himself.

"The latest was a woman who should have known better, and who got off at Tenleytown on my last trip out," explained the conductor. "Here we are in the midst of a heavy snowstorm and nobody in existence is able to tell whether this car will get to the top of the next hill or slide back to Georgetown. Now what do you think that woman said to me? Remark that she was five minutes late in getting to her office this morning and demanded that I should tell her if the cars would be late to-morrow, and if so, exactly to what extent?"

"And what did you reply?" "I informed her in a tone that everybody in the car could hear that if I was the chief of the weather bureau or possessed the power to read the future I wouldn't be registering fares and listening to fool questions. She gave a sniff that was almost a snort as she got off, for all the passengers were laughing."

Suspicious. Mrs. Beatties—What is the matter, Mrs. Squiggles? You look terribly worried about something. Mrs. Squiggles—I have reason to be worried. When my husband gave me his week's wages last night it was five cents short. It looks like two establishments.—Boston Transcript.

THOUGHT HIM A FREEZER.

A Bright Girl's Mistake About a Travelling Companion Who Was Really Very Kind After All.

The girl was in shades of brown. Her head covering was one of those lady-like hats which assume a perfect etiquette, yet contain no element of the grotesque. It was brown, of course. Her gown was a serviceable brown cheviot, which shaded off into her bronze hair. From hat to shoes she was a well-dressed girl, and, besides, she had a wholesome look about her which was enticing. Every man in the car but one noted her healthy color and well-poised slenderness. The exception was an Englishman who didn't look as if he knew what a smile was. He sat bolt upright in his seat and looked straight ahead in self-satisfied glumness. He rolled his eyes toward the girl as she came opposite without turning his head. She had traveled much, but she felt his disapproval. A wonder came into her head as to what it could be for, relates the New York News.

The only vacant seat was the one across the aisle, half of which was occupied by a sensible-looking chap, with a good, square jaw and a pair of honest eyes. The girl felt uncomfortable because of the Englishman's glance as she sat down. She, too, stared straight ahead for half an hour or so. Then she looked around for some amusement. The man who sat in the other half of the seat saw her glance at the window.

"Would you like this end of the seat?" he said, and rose to his feet.

The Englishman turned a withering slow fire glance upon her as she replied with alacrity: "Thank you. It is dull."

The ice was broken. The young man gave her a magazine and asked her what she thought of Abbey's Holy Grail pictures. She was an enthusiast. He was interesting. They chatted like two children as the train sped onward into the dusk.

At first she forgot all about the Englishman; then she caught a cornerwise glance of him and decided his disapproval was mountainous. A spirit of perverse mischief entered her soul. She confided to the man in the seat the fact that she was uncomfortable, and then flirted audaciously for the benefit of her big bear.

Now and then she looked at him only to feel that somehow she was a very extraordinary, very brazen girl. Down in her heart she knew it wasn't a bit the truth; she was just a jolly United States girl, but the Englishman was simply freezing all her naturalness up.

The other man in the meantime had made himself as agreeable as a man could, magazines, papers, lunch, everything which could help to lighten the tedium of the journey he had supplied. At last he reached his station. The girl had three hours more to travel.

"By George, I forgot to get any fruit," he said, as he buttoned up his overcoat. "The afternoon has fairly flown. I hope you'll arrive at your station safely and find your friends waiting."

He was gone. The girl felt lonesome. One more glance she took at the Englishman. What she saw in the way of disapproval piled up, heaped up, sent a numbness over her soul. She drew herself up very straight and assumed a frigidity of manner which hid the discomfort she was enduring internally.

Suddenly she was startled by a voice, a deep bass voice which wasn't unpleasant but dreadfully stern.

"Madam," it said. She turned her head a little. "O dear," she thought. "He's going to preach. He must be some kind of a missionary. If he says anything rude I'm going to fight."

"Madam," repeated the voice. The girl turned toward him. He held a paper bag in his hand, and spoke seriously. "Would you like an orange?"

The only comfort the other chap had forgotten the Englishman had remembered. Her breath escaped in a little surprised gasp as she mechanically accepted the orange.

Even a girl sometimes makes a mistake in a man.

Baked Toast. Pare rather thick slices of stale bread and toast; dip each slice in boiling, salted water (level teaspoonful of salt to a quart)—a mere dip is necessary, but the water must be boiling. Arrange the dipped toast in a pudding dish, sprinkle each layer with a dust of salt and dot with butter; cover the whole with boiling milk (a little cream is better); cover and set in a quick oven for 15 minutes. The peculiar richness of this dish is due chiefly to the baking; it will tempt the most capricious appetite and is easily digested.—American Queen.

What to Do with Azaleas. Azaleas ought to make their annual growth shortly after flowering. As soon as the flowers fade put the plants in a warm, close place, and encourage growth by showering daily. Give a weak fertilizer. When growth ceases remove to a cooler place. Keep up the shower bath, and be sure that the roots are always moist. In the spring put the plants out of doors, and leave them there until September or October, always taking care that they do not get dry at the roots.—Eben E. Rexford, in Ladies' Home Journal.

Friend Deviled Oysters. Prepare the oysters as for ordinary frying, wipe them dry, and lay on a flat dish. Cover them with butter softened, but not oily, and mixed with cayenne pepper and lemon juice; let them lie in this for ten minutes, turning over frequently. Then cover them with fine bread crumbs; then dip in beaten, then again crumbs, and fry in deep fat; serve very hot.—Chicago Journal.

BLUEBERRY RAISING

Government Experiments in Cultivating the Fruit.

The "Blueberry Barrens" of Southeastern Maine and Their Yearly Products—Particulars of the Harvest Canning, Etc.

Efforts are being made by the department of agriculture to improve the blueberry, which, having been regarded hitherto as merely a wild fruit, is now to be brought under cultivation. Selected plants from the "blueberry barrens" have been transferred to the gardens of the experiment station at Orono, Me., and exceptional berries have been gathered for the purpose of sowing the seeds from them, the seedlings produced being eventually transferred from nursery rows to the field, reports the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

Excellent as is the wild blueberry, there is no question but that it can be much improved by culture. Occasional bushes have borne fruits half an inch in diameter, and a single plant has been known to yield 12 quarts in a season. It is the belief of those best informed on the subject that the blueberry can be made to furnish a profitable crop over vast areas of otherwise worthless land in this country, incidentally giving employment to thousands of persons during the canning season.

In the southeastern part of Maine is a great tract of 150,000 acres, known as the "blueberry barrens," which is burned over at frequent intervals to get rid of the scrub and to facilitate the harvesting of blueberries. The land is leased for half a cent a quart, paid to the owner, for all blueberries picked, and part of the crop is shipped fresh to Portland and Boston. Most of the berries, however, go to the canneries, one of which has a daily capacity of 600 bushels and an average annual output of 8,300 cases of two dozen cans each. The yearly product of this one cannery is not far from \$15,000 worth of blueberries.

Before the days of canning the barrens were considered common property, and people came 50 or even 100 miles for a week's outing to gather blueberries for their own use and for sale to merchants of neighboring cities and villages. Now, however, the collecting of the crop is done mainly by companies which employ large numbers of pickers, and about \$30,000 is paid to these pickers each year. During the picking season from 1,000 to 2,000 women and children are thus engaged.

From the figures here given it will be seen that the wild blueberry is a much more valuable fruit than is popularly supposed, representing as it does an industry of no small importance. The total canned product of the blueberry barrens in 1903 was about 50,000 cases, worth \$2,200 a case; so that the value of the output for this section alone was more than \$100,000.

Northern Michigan produces great quantities of blueberries, and immense tracts in other parts of the country are well adapted for the production of the fruit. There are several recognized varieties, the "high bush" blueberry being distinguished not only by the size and quality of its fruit but also by the beauty of its flowers.

BULL MET HIS MATCH.

Went to Against a Portable Engine and Had a Kink Put in His Personality.

"When they began to run the trolley line up my way," said a Macomb county farmer the other day, according to the Detroit Free Press, "I made up my mind that I'd have to do something with my old bull. When he takes a fit to leave a field there's no fence high enough to stop him, and when he's wandering along the highway he calculates he's the biggest thing on earth. I knew he'd mix up with the first trolley car that came whizzing along, and so I says to my son Jim: 'Jim, we've got to experiment a little and give our old bull a set-back. Let's see what we can rig up.'"

Jim was agreed, and so it happened that a feller came along next day with a portable engine. I told him what was wanted, and we was still talking, when the old bull jumped the fence into the road. He had his eye on that engine, and he knew it was a good chance to show off. The man would have to run away if he could, being afraid of an upset, but there was no chance, and he took the middle of the road and let 'er rip. Down went the bull's head and up went his tail, and he charged that engine head-on. There was a smash to be heard half a mile away, and the engine rose up on its hind wheels and then came down all right, though it was a close call.

"But what about the bull?" was asked.

"Well, sir, he struck the boilerhead fair and square, and if anybody was ever knocked into the middle of last week he was. He fell in a heap and rolled over into the ditch, and for 15 minutes he seemed as dead as a stone. Then he opened his eyes and got up, and when the engine whistled at him he started off on the run and kept it up for five miles. He broke one horn short off and twisted the other, and he had a headache for three months. It was the right kind of a dose for him. When the cars began to run he looked at them and lifted his tail, but at the first clang of the gong his tail went down and the tears came to his eyes. He didn't want to tackle anything else on wheels. Indeed, it broke his spirit till a two-year-old steer could rustle him around, and if he don't grieve himself to death before spring I guess I shall kill him for soldier's beef."

NEW FRILLS OF FASHION.

Pretty Gowns and Headgear That Are Now to Be Seen Upon Up-to-date Dressers.

Loosely knotted ties of soft silk are used to give a touch of color to street costumes. This is artistically shown in a gown of willow green panne whose short bolero is trimmed with scroll work of cloth applique. There is a large collar of tannour muslin on the shoulders with a pale blue silk scarf tied loosely beneath it and peeping in front, a clever mode giving a tiny bit of color.

Becoming flower toques for youthful faces are made of forget-me-nots. One designed for a pretty blonde had a full crown of white cloth and a brim of the forget-me-nots. On the left side was a white aigrette.

Princess gowns of velvet are very fashionable. Gray-green is one of the favorite colors of the moment, and velvet and panne dresses are being made of it, with accompanying trimmings of lace and chiffon of the same hue. For day wear, this color is often made up over waistcoats and broadened white satin, and it looks wonderfully well with chinchilla and old lace, says the Brooklyn Eagle.

Many of the arbiters of fashion are predicting the waiten style of dress for next year. In some of the court gowns being made by English dress-makers the trains come from the waist, except just in the center, where the breadth is brought up to the top of the bodice like a wattleau, while the sides are over draped with deep falling lace.

Parisian novelties in chatelaine bags of suede, satin and gold show decorations in the way of jeweled watches or miniature apses for small portraits.

A pretty waist for afternoon wear is composed of strips of embroidered and sequined net and black velvet ribbon an inch wide. It is made over a silk erose lining. It has a small half-bow and low cut collar, all the edges being finished with tiny frills of black plaited chiffon.

A noticeable feature in the change of evening gowns is the sleeve. Last year the tight lace sleeve seemed to have it all its own way; this year the sleeves of the Louis XVI. dresses are, of course, of silk, turned back above the elbow, and decorated with frills of lace, while sleeves of chiffon and lace gowns are invariably formed of frills from shoulder to elbow, gathered roundwards.

Indications of the coming fashions point unquestionably to the fact that the most attractive evening dresses are to be made with lace or chiffon skirts, and Louis XVI. bodices of brocade, the shoulders of these to be held with fichus, and decked with ribbons, the fastening down the front to twinkle with diamond buttons.

In day dresses the present newest departure are in coat bodices, nearly all of them inspired by the riding jacket worn at the time of Marie Antoinette. The basques are often cut away over the hips, but quite long behind, the ornamentation relegated to revers on the front, embroidered and applied in lace, and generally edged with narrow bands of sable, the sleeves widening in a bell fashion at the wrist. Deep gauntlet gloves worn over bell sleeves of lace and fur.

HOUSEHOLD INFORMATION.

Various Items of Domestic Lore Which May Be of Value to Young Housewives.

Corn sets of long, slender platters with plates to match and decorated in an Indian corn pattern are shown.

A custard pudding is more delicate if steamed rather than baked. Fifteen minutes is sufficient to steam a cup of custard.

When bananas are bought by the bunch they should be hung from a hook in the ceiling, as this fruit spoils rapidly laid upon a shelf or dish, says the New York Post.

A cooking teacher advises that fried oysters are much better, and spatter less in frying, if parboiled slightly and drained before rolling in the crumbs. When only a few are wanted, and those especially nice, select the large oysters, roll them in fine crumbs, then in Mayonnaise dressing, then in crumbs again, and fry.

A housekeeper, who is noted for the sweetness and delicious flavor of the fried mush which she serves often as a breakfast dish in cold weather, ascribes it to the fact that she boils the mush the morning she fries it. Mush boiled the day before, allowed to cool and grow solid, to be sliced and fried the next day, she considers quite a different service. For the fried mush liked by her family and friends she boils only what is needed for a single breakfast, sprinkling the meal into fresh rapidly boiling water, adding salt after the meal is in. Thirty minutes' hard boiling is sufficient, the mush not to be too thick. It is then dropped by spoonfuls in a skillet that is kept abundantly supplied with lard or good drippings. It should fry rather slowly for 20 minutes more.

A professional manicure says that the brittleness of fingernails noticeable in winter comes from extreme cold. The temperature affects the nails of some persons more than others, but almost any nails are more difficult to care for in winter than in summer. It is possible sometimes to relieve this brittleness by rubbing almond oil thoroughly into the nails and finger ends at night, after which a pair of old gloves should be drawn on over the hands. Persons whose nails show great brittleness in cold weather should be very careful not to leave the hands uncovered out of doors for a moment, and should also take the precaution to draw on a loose glove if working at the fire for any purpose, as the extremes of dry heat and sharp cold injure some nails seriously.