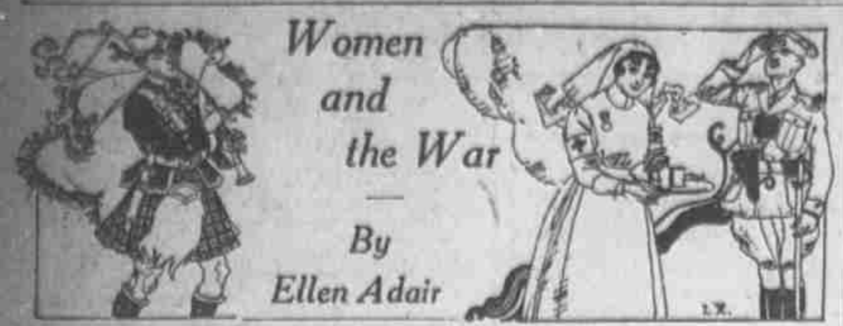
WOMAN IN HER WORK AND LEISURE—PRACTICAL ARTICLES, FASHIONS AND IDEAS



The heroism of women during the present war frequently passes unnoticed, but as gallant actions are being performed daily by them as any on the actual field of battle.

The life of the nurse on board the hospital ship running between the Continent and Great Britain is thrilling in its adventure. At any moment during the passage across, a mine may be struck, and the ship, nurses and wounded men blown into a million pieces.

I have just received an interesting letter from an English nurse who is acting as sister on board the English boat, the Oxfordshire, of the Bibby Line. The Oxfordshire has been turned into a hospital ship and runs between the Continent and Great Britain, carrying hundreds of wounded men home to hospital and friends.

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"My present life is thrilling in the extreme," writes the nurse. "I just feel that up to the present time I have never truly lived! But, indeed, I am living now, and am enjoying it all immensely, although we are running very great risks of being blown to atoms. At any time we may strike a mine or be torpedoed by the Germans or be fired upon by their ships.

"I am doing night duty, and you cannot picture what it is like. Imagine six of us nurses atending in darkness to 700 wounded men, a great part of whom are quite delirious and are muttering and moaning somewhere in the depths! At first it was the most 'creepy' sensation to go around the ward with my little lantern. Not that I felt nervous, one feels so dreadfully sorry for the poor fellows that one has no nerves at all, but yet—

"Lights have to be out at 10 o'clock every night, and so we just work among the wounded in the dark. I make my rounds with a tiny lantern, bending over each cot and throwing the light on the patient's face to watch for sudden collapse or any change. Most of them are pretty bad cases, and there they lie, moaning and calling.

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"At first it was terribly eerie. You see, lots of them are delirious and get out of bed. It is a queer sensation to hear a pattering of feet behind you in the darkness and to hear the breathing and panting of some poor wounded fellow, knowing, as you do, that he is not responsible for his actions. The first time that happened I did feel a little bit nervous, I confess it. If I could have seen where my patient was, I shouldn't have minded—but then, you see, I couldn't locate him, at first in the darkness of the place, and he kept wandering around, muttering and talking, till I got hold of him and persuaded him to go back to bed. He was in no state to get out of bed, poor soul, as he was terribly smashed up.

"We have an orderly to each ward, of course, but working in the dark is a difficult business. Of course, we cannot show a light, so one makes the best of it. Six nurses to 700 wounded men means busy work all the time.

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"My boat has been to St. Nazar, Havre and Boulogne for the wounded, and has taken them to Queenstown, Ireland, to Dublin, but mostly to Southampton. Next time we will probably go as far as Scotland calling at Glasgow. We never know where we are going till the last moment, and often don't get orders till actually out at sea.

"We carry wounded Germans, too, and they get on excellently with the English and the French. It is most amusing to see the great friendships struck up between the English and the French soldiers, for they cannot understand each other's talk! The gesticulating that goes on is ludicrous!

"The colonel in charge of us nurses is exceedingly kind and nice. I am having a splendid time and my only fear is that I may be transferred to shore duty! Hard work and exciting work are the two things I enjoy best, and, indeed, I am getting them now to the full!"

* * *

A letter such as this brings home to one the horrors and the hardships of war. Certainly there is an excitement in the nurse's work, but the strain must be tremendous. The night work in particular must be very hard for any woman. The anxiety and the responsibility are immense—yet these nurses glory in the work. Imagine working among hundreds of wounded and delirious men in the darkness. Carrying her small lantern and groping from cot to cot, the nurse hurries from one poor soul to another, feeling a pulse here, applying the morphia syringe there, giving a quick restorative to the dying, and watching for that curious gray look which betokens a failing heart.

"Water, water, nurse," comes echoing from every dark corner, and many time she wishes that she had 20 pairs of hands and feet to answer all the calls and cries. Truly the nurse on board the hospital ship is heroic and utterly self-forgetful in her bravery.

ELLEN ADAIR.

The Spinster and Bachelor Discuss Matrimony

"The great advantage of being in love is that you can be supremely selfish and get away with it," said the bachelor, as he lighted his pipe and lounged in his easy chair.

"It's nothing of the kind," retorted the Spinster, "because you don't know anything about it."

"How do you know whether I do or not? When Betty was engaged last year I made a great many observations," returned the Bachelor.

"Well, I got my experience at first hand, and I know what I'm talking about, even if I am a Spinster."

"Well, what is your candid opinion? Tell the truth! Don't you think engaged couples are the most selfish people on earth?" snorted the Bachelor.

"Not at all, they're just blissfully unconscious," said the Spinster. "It's only because you are too selfish yourself to believe that Ida, for instance, is the sweetest, prettiest, most perfect woman in the world.

"Why Ida?" asked the Bachelor, dryly. "I never indulge in superlatives."

"Well, you go around to see her often enough. Besides, we were talking about your colossal selfishness. You are so selfish you won't let a woman have any real claim on your time, or your affections, or your pocketbook."

"I should say not," grunted the bachelor." I must admit my colossal selfishness refuses that test. I think my pocketbook is my own affair, and a woman ought to keep out."

"And sit by and meekly accept the weekly dole from your your selfish highness. No, thank you!"

"I hadn't noticed that you were invited, my dear," returned the brute. Then, seeing her furious expression, he added, "But you can have anything of mine you want, Ellen. You've had my heart so long, I'd never miss the wallet. You highway-robbed me long ago. You're the daintiest, cutest, most in—"

"I thought you never indulged in superlatives?" said the Spinster, but the look on her face was a very happy one.

For the Housewife

Remember that the success of frying depends upon two things—having enough fat to completely cover the article cooked in it, and having the fat smoking hot.

There is an erroneous impression that water bubbling violently is hotter than water at the boiling point. As a matter of fact, the ebullition is caused by the escaping steam, which means lost heat. All water (except in a high elevation) reaches the boiling point at 212 degrees, and however fast or slow the water may be boiling it remains at that temperature. To increase the heat, add sugar or salt or confine the steam by covering the pot.

Meats for broiling should be cut very thin and turned over a clear, hot fire as often as one counts 10. When the puffed appearance of broiled meat begins to disappear it means that the moisture is evaporating and the meat will be hard and dry.

A SMART LITTLE FROCK FOR THE SCHOOLGIRL

MODES OF THE HOUR

It is a moot question whether the cost of the ready-made clothes for children is very much greater than those that are made at home. It, perhaps, depends upon the value one places upon one's own time and labor.

Certainly the materials used by the shops nowadays are of a quality sufficiently good for everyday purposes. The difference in the cost to the individual at the retail price sometimes approximates the amount allowed by the shop for the making.

If the material is at hand, already bought and paid for, the little frock illustrated would make a good model to copy for wear as a school dress.

The skirt is cut straight and plaited. Plaiting of this kind is done not only by the shops that make a specialty of such things, but also by the department stores at a low figure.

The little waist has plaits, back and front, that start from the shoulders and disappear under the wide belt. The width of the belt is something of a novelty where children's clothes are concerned, and the pockets are the latest edict of fashion.

Pockets, even of this size, are extremely practical for children. They would hold carfare and a handkerchief and button down securely over both.

The dress would be warm and serviceable made in one of the pretty dark shades of corduroy in blue or green or brown.

Corduroy is not only fashionable this winter for both women and children, but it has the attraction of bearing the stamp "Made in America."

And in spite of its velvety appearance and the warmth that comes with its peculiar weave, it is a drawing card because of the fact that it is made entirely of cotton.

The cotton panic has somewhat subsided. With the display of frocks made of various cottons at the recent Cotton Show at Washington it was demonstrated that the fabrics made of this material in the United States compare favorably with those of European manufacture.

The frock pictured need not be a warm one. As a model for a frock of chambray or linen it would serve quite as well.

Many women prefer to dress their children in linen or cotton up to the last moment. It seems to keep them children a little longer and to postpone the inevitable hour of their independence.

Wash frocks have much in their favor and are decidedly the better choice for the active kind of child who accumulates dirt as some people accumulate riches.

It is always difficult to pay Peter without robbing Paul. If we lend all our energies now to the increase of the cotton trade the linens and silks and velvets will soon be a drug in the market, and it is reasonable to conjecture that there will be a deficit in another direction.

Perhaps all things would eventually be equal if one simply followed one's own choice and inclination.

TO TELEPHONE GIRLS

The girl who works and wishes to make good must of necessity take great care of her health. In telephone work, there is a certain danger of eyestrain. This can be reduced to a minimum by proper care of the eyes. Reading when lying down is very injurious to the eyesight. So also is reading in train or trolley car.

During her "relief" time, the telephone girl should rest comfortably in a deep chair, relax all the muscles and close her eyes. She will return to her work feeling invigorated and refreshed. Proper care of the health repays one in the long run.

ELLEN ADAIR.

AT THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY EXCHANGE

The girl who works for the Bell Telephone Company is having the best care and attention, be sure of that. Real thoughtfulness is shown for all employes, and everything is done to avoid overwork and to lessen strain.

The surroundings in which a girl works really make or mar her happiness, and also greatly affect her working capacity. A cheerful atmosphere, plenty of good, fresh air, kindly supervisors and ready co-operation make all the difference in the world to the telephone girl. And all these are to be found up at the pleasant offices of the Bell Telephone Company.

There is a foolish idea prevalent among many people that the telephone girl has a very slack time of it; that she lolls back in her chair and chats idly with her neighbor on either side, and that she deliberately informs subscribers that the "Line is busy," when in reality the adjective only applies to the clatter of her own tongue. A visit to the offices of the Bell Telephone Company will soon refute this idea, utterly, and to those who are ignorant of the telephone girl's life and work I would strongly recommend a visit to the above-mentioned offices.

The greatest care is taken that none of the employes is overworked, and if a girl is dealing with numbers in a district crowded with business offices she has fewer numbers on her board than the girl who is dealing with a residential locality. "Relief" time is religiously adhered to, and a girl has two sets of reliefs each day. The restroom is a delightful place, filled with inviting couches and deep easy-chairs, while the newest books and magazines are provided for the entertainment of the girls.

There is a cheerful restaurant, too, where tea, coffee and milk are served to the girls free of charge, other articles of food being sold at cost price.

"We take good care of our employes," said the manager, "and are constantly thinking up ways to promote their comfort. Twice a day, we have a 'drill' in each office. All the windows are opened and the girls stand at their work for 10 minutes. This relieves the strain of sitting long in one position, and the girls seem to enjoy the change. We have one 'drill' at 11 o'clock and another at 3."

"Do many girls apply for positions as telephone operators here?"

"Oh, yes," was the quick response, "we have a great number of applicants, so many that we have to do a good deal of weeding-out. Having selected the most promising of the applicants, we send them to our training school for four weeks. During that time they go through a pretty comprehensive routine, and then at the end of that time the competent ones are graduated, while the others drop out."

"Do many drop out?"

"Well," said the manager slowly, "we really only want efficient people, so we have to make a judicious selection. The girl who really is anxious to become a telephone operator will generally manage to get taken on. The idlers and the ones who approach their work in a 'don't-care' spirit are the ones who generally fail to be graduated. Where there's a will there's a way, you know, and the girl who wishes to succeed will make her way to the front sooner or later."

What She Puts Up With

Trials of the Girl at Central

The telephone girl is not chosen from every applicant who comes to offer her services. She must have good health, good sight, good hearing, and, most important of all, a good temper.

These girls show extraordinary courage at times. When emergencies arise, they are quick to do their share in saving life and property. People fail to appreciate either the difficulty of the telephone girl's position, or the tact and patience with which she fills it. She is the butt of everyone's ill humor. If things don't go right in the office or the cook burns your best luncheon cloth, or something else happens, the telephone girl gets the full benefit of the anger incurred. The first call a certain type of person happens to make, and does not get, or has to wait for, sometimes brings down a torrent of sarcasm on the poor girl's defenseless head.

If the truth were told, persons who lose their tempers over the telephone are really addressing their superiors when they talk to patient, unruffled, "number please" girls.

The 'Phone on Xmas Day

The telephone girls were talking about Christmas.

"What are you going to get for Christmas, Anna?" asked a dark-haired girl of her neighbor.

"I don't know, I'm so discouraged. I have to go on in the very first shift, and work most of the time. That's a fine way to spend Christmas—listening to a lot of complaints and kicks from every woman who owns a telephone. I wish they'd leave their phones alone on Christmas day, then we telephone girls wouldn't be so busy."

"But they couldn't do it if they tried."

"You bet they couldn't. Why, last Christmas we had a blizzard, and most of the wires were down in one section. Well, would you believe it, every woman who called that section refused to believe me when I said the wires were down. 'They're no such thing,' they say. Deliver me from women. Give me the grouchiest grouch among men in preference to one sweet lady."

"Goodness," said an outsider, "surely they're not so bad as all that."

"You just work at this end of the wire for a while and you'll say they're worse," remarked the telephone girl, as she shoved the plug in with a jerk.

Her Career

A girl who is anxious to choose the right career for herself writes:

Dear Ellen Adair—I have read your articles on the telephone girl and have decided to start work as a telephone operator myself. I am anxious to choose the best career, and think that this one offers good chances. I have enjoyed reading all about the work.

M. G. S.

A Lover of Justice

The following letter has been received:

Dear Ellen Adair—Some people have an idea that telephone girls are lazy about answering calls. I am a telephone operator, and think that if people only knew how busy I am they would not make statements about laziness. I wish you would write an article showing them that the telephone girl is far from lazy.

LOVER OF JUSTICE.

All sensible people realize that the telephone operator is a very busy person. I have dealt with this question in the article on the Bell Telephone Company.

Lansdowne Operator Establishes Record

Since last March Miss Marion Thorne, operator-in-charge at the Lansdowne Central office, has turned in to the business office suggestion slips from which $1017 worth of new business has been secured. This is the record amount of revenue ever secured by suggestion slips from one employe.

The Gift for Mother

Two girls were sitting in the window seat of their bedroom. They both had pads upon their knees, and they were frowning at each other.

"I'm stuck, Dora; what in the world will we give mother?" asked one.

"And I don't know what to give the cook, either," said the other.

"Oh, you can give the cook any old thing. She has so little, poor soul. Gloves or warm, woolly bedroom slippers, money, underwear, a sweater—any serviceable article will do for her. But mother has everything she needs. She has clothes enough. I thought of getting her a nice shirtwaist."

"Well, I don't think she really needs that. She has so many of them. Why not give her a pair of full-length white kid gloves?"

"That's a good suggestion. But what else? Everybody's been asking me what to give her."

"I'll tell you. Those Martha Washington sewing tables are awfully smart. And the tea-wagons and muffin stands in mahogany are lovely. We could buy one of them between us. I know mother would just love it in her room."

"Yes, and the new bonbon dishes are lovely. You can get them in colored china. I saw one the other day, and it was the prettiest thing. It was about six inches high, and had two lovely children holding up the bowl of the dish. They had the sweetest flowered dresses on, and their faces and hair were perfectly beautiful. We could fill it with bonbons and it would look charming."

"Well, I'll tell you what we'll do. We can go down town and look at all these things, and decide which one we like best. Incidentally, we'll see how our money lasts. I thought of a boudoir lamp with the Dresden figures upholding it, too. The shades come in rose silk to match the room. And the rose brocaded dresser sets are stunning, and awfully reasonable. We'll go down together this afternoon and settle this question. I'm just tired out racking my brains about it."

Small Gifts for Christmas

Small, inexpensive home-made gifts are much to be preferred to the everlasting Christmas cards, which accumulate rapidly and usually find their way into the waste basket.

Cards cost from 10 cents to whatever amount one wishes to spend, but a useful gift for the same amount is more appreciated.

A suggestion for the bathroom is a back strap, to use as one would a bath brush. In buying the materials the cost of three need not be greater than for one, with the exception of the bone rings; and the total cost of three straps need not be more than 50 cents.

One Turkish towel.................... 18c.

One ball of heavy crochet cotton..... 10c.

Six bone rings, size of silver dollar, 8c.

Cut fringe from both ends of towel and [illegible]

WHERE SHALL WE SEND OUR CHRISTMAS GIFTS THIS YEAR?

By ANNE HOLLINGSWORTH WHARTON

"I have been having an amusing experience with Aunt Jane," said little Mrs. Balch, bustling into a friend's library in the smallest of capotes and the most beruffled skirts of fashion's latest decree.

"Aunt Jane usually supplies us with comic opera; what is her latest exploit?"

"I was helping her to tie up her last year's Christmas presents to do duty this year, 'passovers' she calls them, when she suddenly seized upon a dainty beribboned parcel, crying out, 'Oh Polly, don't send that to Edith from her affectionate Aunt Jane, that is the very pincushion that Edith sent me last year!' "

"Aunt Jane's quick wit saved the situation that time," said Mrs. Hubbard, laughing. "Do you realize, Polly, how we have commercialized Christmas since the exchange of presents has become a fashion?"

"Well, it's a time-honored fashion now, why call it by hard names? I am just now cudgelling my brains to know what to give Mrs. Lorrimer-Jones this year. She has everything under the shining sun!"

"Why give Mrs. Lorrimer-Jones anything but a card or a few flowers with your good wishes? Such a gift would show that you had thought of her with interest and affection, which is what our Christmas gifts should stand for."

"Oh, yes, that is all very well, but Mrs. Lorrimer-Jones always sends me such perfectly beautiful and handsome gifts. I must give her something worth while, and yet Harry says that we need to retrench this year on account of the financial depression, and I naturally want to help Mrs. Stuyvesant's Red Cross Committee, which will be sending off a box soon for the wounded in France and Belgium."

"Yes, that is why I think that this is a good time to drop our formal giving of Christmas presents, send our friends a card and use our money for those who need our help. Our own people are in great need as well as those abroad. So many men, and women, too, are out of work. From the typewriter and dressmaker's assistant to the scrub woman in business offices, hundreds of women are laid off, and these sorely need a helping hand to tide them over the hard winter months. A good plan has been hit upon in Philadelphia and other cities, which is to have the garments to be sent abroad made by our own poor women. They are doing this in our little church sewing society, and we have pledged ourselves to give no present costing more than 25 cents this Christmas except to those who need our help, and in our own families. The money thus saved is to be spent in giving out work to poor women and in sending comforts to the needy at home and abroad. The material for the garments sent abroad is bought in this country, so we take nothing away from our own industries."

"Yes, that all sounds very fine," said [illegible] morning, and I am to lunch with her at 1 to talk over Red Cross business."

Are not many of us cudgeling our brains like Mrs. Balch to know what to give the Mrs. Lorrimer-Joneses of our circle, and in our efforts to find gifts appropriate to the means and stations in life of the respective recipients, are we not quite losing sight of the true spirit of Christmas? It seems as if we were smothering, under a burden of worldly cares and petty distractions, the gracious fellowship and the helpful outreach of sympathy that belong to our common heritage in this great festival of the Christian year.

How generously our people are giving of their money and their precious time, we all know. The Red Cross is daily sending off boxes filled with comforts for the wounded and sick, the consulates in our cities are speeding on garments by hundreds to meet the needs of the homeless and penniless refugees. The Christmas ships that sailed last month were richly freighted with useful gifts for the orphans of the war. American children delight in adding their contributions to the cargo that shall bring comfort and Christmas cheer to many a devastated home. Much has been done, more will be required, as the needs of the widows and orphans of the war are increasing rather than growing less. Refugees from Belgium have crowded into England, and some have come to our own shores. In both of these countries they may be the wards of the nation for months, probably until their restoration to their own land in the final adjustment. The sorrows of this thrifty, hard-working people, suddenly deprived of their homes, their farms and the occupations upon which they depended for a living, strongly appeal to the more fortunate nations, and they need all the help that we can give them.

With a large part of the civilized world engaged in the most destructive war of history, those who think seriously cannot look forward to the festival of Christmas with the joyous spirit that belongs to days of peace and plenty. Like the exiles of Israel, who cried out in that most impassioned song of Hebrew patriotism, "How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?" we shall be asking ourselves, "How shall we sing the angels' Christmas song of peace and good-will to men with the burden of warring nations upon our hearts?" Surely our only answer to this question, our only solace, shall be found in pouring oil and balm into the wounds of those who suffer for the sins and the sorrows of their people.

A Last Minute Christmas Suggestion

Did you ever think of making a muff for a Christmas present? Muffs were never so fashionable as they are this season, with the tiny styles, which barely cover the hands, and the huge, barrel [illegible]

HELPS FOR THE HOME NURSE

The home nurse is often hampered by her lack of experience. Often things happen unexpectedly, a patient is brought home and the amateur nurse is called upon to handle a case she never dealt with before. The great point is to be efficient, and efficiency includes a great deal. A few of the following hints may be of help to the home nurse:

THE SICK BED.

If the bed is very low, and the patient is in a more or less helpless condition, the nurse will find it most back-breaking work to have to bend over the patient constantly, when washing, lifting or turning.

Now a simple device that will cost merely a trifle can remedy matters in a case like this. Four blocks of wood should be obtained (or even four thick books of equal size with rough covers), and these should be placed under the legs of the bed.

They should be hollowed a little in the middle, then castors on the legs need not be removed, as the hollows will hold them firmly.

It must be remembered that raising the bed in this way will prevent its being able to be moved about, so it must be conveniently placed before the blocks are fixed under the legs.

THE BEST KIND OF BED.

For illness the best kind of bed is a single-sized iron bedstead, about 40 inches in width, and when the mattress is on about 24 inches in height.

A feather bed should never be used in illness. It is heating, and if not shaken up every day will gather into most uncomfortable lumps and hollows.

If possible, don't nurse in a big double bed.

A big double bed has only one advantage—the sick person can lie on one side of it at night, and on the other in the day.

But this is not enough of an advantage to counterbalance its great inconvenience during the nursing of serious illness.

If the patient is in a very high, wide bed, the nurse cannot with comfort to her patient or herself do such things as give a blanket bath, poultice, bandage, raise, turn, change nightgown and sheets without requiring the sick person to sit up. [illegible] filled too full of it, but just full enough to be firm and comfortable.

After use the chaff is emptied out and burned, and the case thoroughly boiled. Thus all risk of infection is prevented, and the trouble of complicated disinfecting avoided.

These chaff beds are very comfortable to lie on, as there are no lumps or hollows to trouble the patient.

POSITION OF THE BED.

Don't place it with one side against the wall, unless it is placed so purposely for a time to assist in keeping a restless or delirious person from jumping or falling out of bed.

For all other cases it should stand so that the patient can be attneded to at either side.

If possible, the bed should not face the window, unless in convalescence.

If the bed faces the window during illness, it will often be necessary to keep the blind down when it might be raised, allowing the life-giving sunshine to come in and purify the room.

Recovery from illness is often delayed because of the old-fashioned notion that the sick room should be a dark one.

Pretty Arms

The arrival of the sleeveless dance frock has brought Milady's arms into prominence again. And what a sight one sees at the dances where the young and old are all together! There are arms too stout to be artistic; there is the scrawny, undeveloped arm; there is the shapely, but ill-kept arm, which is, perhaps, the most unattractive of all. Exercise is the only reliable beautifier for the arm. It is hard enough to try to keep the arm in shape once a pretty contour has been acquired, to say nothing of acquiring one.

Tennis, boating, rowing, golf and bowling are excellent for the development of the shapely arm. They not only develop the thin arm, they mould into firmness the flabby flesh. Thinness can be overcome by massaging with cocoa butter, but the process is a very slow one.

If it is not possible for you to indulge in any of these sports, the exercises given below will prove an excellent substitute. Stretching, for instance, is very good for shaping and reducing fat arms, and the twisting movements are equally good to add flesh to the too thin arm. The surgeon has discovered a way to fill out the scrawny arm. The operation is almost painless, but rather expensive. A hydrocarbon mixture is introduced subcutaneously, raising the depression to the normal [illegible]

Bits About Bread

Bread is the staff of life; butter figures prominently at every meal. Considering their vast importance in our staple diet, it is astounding to realize how much of both is wasted through carelessness.

This waste is largely a question of cutting. Every one knows that a fowl or a joint will go "twice as far" if an efficient carver is at the head of the table instead of an inexperienced helper who slashes at whatever is before him with mingled helplessness and fury. And this holds true of other things. The old saying might well be adapted to housewives: "By their carving ye shall know them."

Perhaps there is more waste in bread than in any other foodstuff. We commonly waste the crust off dry toast, the last, if not the first, crust off most of our loaves, a large proportion of the bread that is placed by each person at dinner, all odd pieces cut at table.

All these, except the broken and crumpled pieces off the dinner table, can be made up again as bread crumbs, browned or white, as fried bread with soup or bacon, as sweet puddings, as stuffing, in thick soups, and many other uses.

But why have bits? After all, prevention is better than cure. Every bit was part of a fresh loaf a day or so ago. Why was it not eaten in its fresh state to save both the baker's bill and the trouble and expense of making it over again? Why cut the crust off the toast or place slices of bread round the table before finding out who eats it, or why start on a piece of bread without finishing it, or cut more than is wanted? Why, above all, leave bread at dinnertime when still hungry enough to eat pudding?

As to butter, this comes to table three times a day, and it should be, therefore, served as attractively as possible. Why, therefore, bang it down into the dish in an untidy slab? Why not, as soon as it comes, take the pound or half pound and cut it first into halves, then into quarters and eighths—smaller if necessary—before cutting it crosswise to form neat little squares? These individual squares not only look nicer, but supply the wants of the family very economically.

For butter is both eaten to waste and wasted uneaten. An ounce of butter a day is a very suitable allowance for a person who has not much fat of other kinds, but there is no need for butter with jam, or marmalade, bacon or fried eggs, or with cheese and biscuits after a good meal.

A little attention to bread and butter cutting is amply repaid; we all know "little drops of water make the mighty ocean," but do we sufficiently apply the principle to the little savings that make the family supply?

Furs of the Better Grade
Theo. F. Siefert,
1426 Walnut St.

Nuts
Each kind the finest quality—carefully selected, assorted and packed in five-pound boxes. $1.35 each. 28c a pound.
A very choice mixture of hard candies in five-pound boxes. $1.15 each. 25c a pound.
Fruit Baskets Packed to Order
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