GRIDDLE CAKE RECIPES—CYNTHIA'S ADVICE—DRESSY SUIT—WATCHING PLANTS GROW INDOORS

MRS. WILSON GIVES SUGGESTIONS FOR SUBSTANTIAL BREAKFASTS

Griddle Bread Can Be Used for Omelets or for Griddle Cakes That Are Unusual and Nutritious

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

Copyright, 1919, by Mrs. M. A. Wilson. All Rights Reserved.

COLD, dark mornings during the winter months make one hesitate about rising until the last moment. Yet the wise housewife can, if she will only devote a short time after the evening meal, make many of the preparations for the breakfast, and thus the time usually allotted to these duties can be devoted to preparing the actual cooking the meal itself.

Arrange the fruit on saucers, ready for instant serving. Place the oatmeal to cook in the fireless cooker or in a double boiler on the back of the range. Prepare the breakfast bacon by cutting into slices, trimming off the crusts and then wrapping in a clean dampkin.

If waffles or hot cakes are part of the breakfast, mix the batter in the pitcher and place in a cool place, so that it will be ready to use. Sausage, scrapple or dried beef or fish should be made ready and laid on a platter. Remove the salt from the dried beef or fish by placing it in a cheesecloth and dipping three or four times in hot water and then squeezing dry.

Grind and measure the coffee into the coffee pot and then cover the top of the coffee pot with a piece of wax paper.

In the morning the kettle can be filled with water and the griddle put on the range to heat. You can just slip on your kimono and do this, and then, while the griddle and water are heating, you can dress. Now make the coffee and start to bake the cakes. Cook the bacon and sausage or scrapple, or cream the beef or fish, and perhaps eggs are on the menu for that morning.

Place the fruit, saucers, cream, butter and other dishes intended for the tables on a tray and then arrange the several table.

During the winter months the table should have an attractive, substantial breakfast, for the body needs additional foods containing more heat.

Save all the bits of stale bread, putting them in a pan and drying them well in the oven. Run through the food chopper and then sift and use the coarse crumbs toasted with hot milk for a cereal in the morning. Use the fine crumbs for bread omelets, bread griddle cakes and for dipping foods that are to be fried.

To Use Bread in Griddle Cakes

Place one cup of bread crumbs in a bowl and add one cup of boiling water. Let cool and then add

One and one-half cups of flour,
One teaspoon of salt,
Three teaspoons of baking powder,
One tablespoon of sirup,
One tablespoon of shortening,
One cup of milk.

Beat to mix thoroughly and then bake on a hot griddle. Or if you are using an aluminum griddle, no grease will be required, but for those of us who still cling to the steel, soapstone or old iron griddle, a grease will be needed.

Griddle Grease

How to make a griddle grease that will last all winter: Purchase a ten-cent Turkish wash cloth. Wash and dry the cloth and then fold it in four and tack firmly about a small block of wood about the size of a blackboard eraser. Now cover with well-washed, heavy unbleached muslin. When the greaser is ready to use, dip in good salad oil and let stand for two hours. Lift, place on a plate and let drain. Set in the icebox and it is ready to use. This greaser will eliminate the smoke from the kitchen.

Rye Griddle Cakes

Place in a mixing bowl

One cup of rye flour,
One cup of white flour,
Six tablespoons of cornmeal,
One teaspoon of salt,
Four teaspoons of baking powder.

Sift to mix and then add

One tablespoon of sirup or molasses,
One tablespoon of shortening,
One and one-half cups of milk or water.

Beat to mix thoroughly and then bake on a hot griddle.

Try baking potato biscuits on the griddle for breakfast some cold morning and see how keenly the family enjoys them.

Irish Potato Biscuits

Place in the mixing bowl

One and one-half pounds of mashed potatoes,
Two cups of flour,
One teaspoon of salt,
Two tablespoons of baking powder,
Two tablespoons of shortening,
One tablespoon of sirup,
Four tablespoons of milk.

Mix to a smooth, elastic dough, working well and then roll on a floured pastry board one-quarter inch thick. Cut into squares or oblongs and bake on well-greased griddle for fifteen minutes, turning when well browned. Serve these potato biscuits in the following menu:

Breakfast

Baked Prunes
Cereal and Cream
Panned Country Pork, Cream Gravy
Potato Biscuits Coffee

Mrs. Wilson at Food Fair; What She Does and When

Mrs. Mary A. Wilson, food expert of the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER, is giving cooking demonstrations daily at the Food Fair in the First Regiment Armory, Broad and Callowhill streets.

Her program:

This Afternoon

3 p. m.—Crullers, popovers.

Tonight

8 p. m.—California salad, two fruit salad dressings, baked apples, chocolate sauce.

Directions for Making Griddle Grease That Will Last All Winter and Prevent Smoking

Mrs. Wilson Answers Queries

No. 8

My dear Mrs. Wilson:

You had on your menu a few days ago Hungarian goulash. Would you please explain how it is made? Or have you already had it on your list? Have tried quite a number of your recipes and it is such a relief to have a dependable recipe!

(Mrs.) A. W. H.

Hungarian Goulash

Cut one and one-half pounds of stewing beef into two-inch pieces and place in a saucepan and add just sufficient boiling water to cover. Cook slowly until tender and then add

One faggot of soup herbs,
One carrot, cut in dice,
One turnip, diced.

Thicken the gravy and then season well with salt and pepper and add

One tablespoon of paprika,
One-half cup of thick sour cream,

and use.

No. 9

My dear Mrs. Wilson:

Will you kindly give me a recipe for shells for individual oyster pies that can be prepared the day before needed? Also advise how many oysters are needed for pies for fifty persons. What two other things would be well to serve with these for a complete luncheon? This will be a great help to me, for which I thank you.

(Mrs.) C. S. H.

Use plain pastry mixture and bake the shells in individual pie tins. Allow five or six stewing oysters per pie and serve the pie in the following menu:

Celery Radishes
Oyster Pie
Cabbage Relish
Rolls Butter
Asparagus Salad
Charlotte Russe Ice Cream Coffee

No. 10

My dear Mrs. Wilson:

Kindly give me recipe on how to make whole-wheat biscuits?

A REGULAR SUBSCRIBER.

Whole-Wheat Biscuit

Three cups of whole-wheat flour,
One teaspoon of salt,
Five teaspoons of baking powder,

Sift to mix and then add

Three tablespoons of shortening,

and then rub into the flour well. Use

One cup of milk,
Three tablespoons of sirup

to mix to a dough. Roll out three-quarters inch thick, then cut and brush with milk and bake in a hot oven for twenty minutes.

No. 20

My dear Mrs. Wilson:

Please tell me, if you can, how to make the German pancake that is baked. It rises very high and is very light when served. Powdered sugar is sprinkled over it. Thanking you in advance.

(Mrs.) G. C.

Pancakes and their making will very shortly be a feature of the food columns.

Mrs. Wilson Comes to the Rescue

And offers practical suggestions for overcoming the lack of sweets during the present sugar shortage.

This Is Her Advice

When the recipes call for one cup of sugar, use one cup of white corn sirup in place of the sugar and then reduce the amount of liquid required in the recipe to one quarter. This means that a recipe that calls for:

One cup of sugar,
One-half cup of milk or water,

may be adjusted to this formula:

One cup of white corn sirup,
Four tablespoons of water,

or

One and one-half cups of sugar,
One cup of milk or water,

in place of which you may use:

One and one-quarter cups of white corn sirup or molasses,
Eight tablespoons of water or milk or one-half cup.

The regular amount of shortening, flour and baking powder may be used that the recipe calls for.

(Copyright, 1919, by Mrs. M. A. Wilson. All rights reserved.)

SUIT OF DUVETYN WITH SEALSKIN FUR

This suit, which would be appropriate for rather dressy occasions, has one of the choker collars that are so new and so popular. The hat worn with it is brown velvet with ostrich tips trimming

A Daily Fashion Talk by Florence Rose

IF YOU want to "start something" in any group of women who have just been going the rounds of dressmakers and shops in quest of their autumn wardrobes—just say "skirt lengths."

Now the fact is that some very short skirts are worn on street suits in Paris—though they are hardly as short as they were a few months ago. But I have a little French friend over there who is amused and somewhat grieved at the way Americans in Paris are misled by the clothes worn by the mannequins and the other women who make a business of wearing extreme clothes. She writes to tell me of the new things—and always she differentiates between what these women are wearing and what "les dames" are wearing, for it seems quite obvious to her that well-dressed Americans over here would want to know not what the dressmakers' models are wearing, but what the well-dressed women who are what she calls "dames," women of social position, wealth and exquisite refinement, are wearing. For it is this class of women that are the real inspiration of the famous French dressmakers and it is these women who really have given France the reputation of cradling the best-dressed women in the world.

And so whatever you may hear about skirts in Paris that terminate an inch or so below the knees—it may comfort you to know that "les dames" show a tendency to wear them very much longer.

Now, the suit in the sketch shows a skirt that is eight inches from the ground. And if you want to have any very definite advice concerning your new winter or autumn suit take this advice from me and have yours about this length. It is the length favored in this country for those women who are the equivalent of "les dames" in France—the women who really set the styles. It is a duvetyn suit with a fitted collar showing a flare at each side on the hips. There is a choker collar of sealskin—and this high choker collar, you know, is one of the very newest notes. The small hat is of seal brown velvet with tiny ostrich tips of a lighter shade of brown going around the crown.

Copyright, 1919, by Florence Rose

Adventures With a Purse

PARTICULARLY if your comb is silver-backed, you do not like to wash it too often. And even when you do you want to make sure that it is clean—which is not always an easy matter. So it is that you may like to hear of the comb cleaner one shop is selling. It is made of two wooden sticks about two inches long, with rows and rows of white string attached to each. You run the strings through the teeth of the comb, which thoroughly cleans them, removing every particle of dirt and dust. The price is twenty-five cents.

Are you temperamental about letter writing? Do you feel like writing on white paper some days, while another day you'd like to use pink or gray stationery? If so, you will be interested in hearing about the box of writing paper containing twelve sheets and envelopes each, of white, gray, palest pink and I think the other color is tan. The box costs only fifty cents. How would this do for a Christmas gift, too? The box is attractive, and the paper itself is of good linen-finish quality.

If you are one who saves your silk stockings for Sundays, wearing lisle hose for everyday purposes, you will, I know, want to know of a sale of lisle stockings of very good quality. I saw black lisle stockings for fifty cents a pair, while a collection of white, navy blue, black and cordovan were priced at sixty cents a pair.

A very convenient article to keep in the kitchen is a set of five measuring spoons, one fitting into the other and joined together by the handles, which means that you cannot lose any one of them. They are of metal and range from one-quarter of a teaspoon to a tablespoonful. The set only costs fifty-five cents, and you'll never know how convenient these sets can be until you once used them.

For the names of shops where articles mentioned in "Adventures With a Purse" can be purchased, address Editor of Woman's Page, care EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER, or phone Chestnut 1000, Woman's Department, Walnut 7000.

Yarnall's, 1421 Arch Street

They Write of Dolls to Cynthia

FAST and furious have come the letters about the "dolls," so-called, and the "paint and powder" they use. Some blame, some shame, some do not condemn at all. Have you thought about it yet? Here are just a few of the opinions on the subject:

Look What She Saw

Dear Cynthia—Please permit a novice to say a few words. Boys, please never, never let me hear you criticize the so-called "dolls" again. If you had seen the "thing" I saw in a street car the other day I don't believe you would want to show your faces again. "It" was the objective point of all eyes in the car. Well, here goes—his hat was turned up at a perfect angle of 45 degrees. But oh! that face underneath! Beaded eyelashes, overhanging, dreaming, bored eyes, rouge-apple cheeks and cupid-bow lips. His attire may be left to the imagination.

"Well," you may reply, "the majority of boys are 'real,' so why worry?" Well, what about girls? The "real" ones may be in the minority, but boys, don't you think if you really looked for them you might find them?

JUST MALLY.

Finds Husband Steals Rouge

Dear Cynthia—If you would print these lines in your wonderful little column I will be so thankful. Just yesterday I chanced to see the letter written by the girl who signed herself "A Doll." Now, "Doll," your letter was quite amusing and indeed it was quite true. I am proud to say I am also a so-called doll. I am an extreme blonde and have my hair bobbed. I have extra large, light blue eyes and long, dark eyelashes and have a baby doll face. Now you're going to say, along with every one who reads this, that I must be a brainless fool like all pretty girls and conceited. But no, you're wrong, for I am an entirely different type of disposition and "ugh!" how I hate conceit. Now I use powder and would never think of letting any one see me without it, and I use rouge on my cheeks, but just a wee bit, because blondes can't stand much rouge, where a dark person can. And I also love and adore lip rouge on my lips, but of course I am particular about the proper kinds and don't use too much so that I look as if I'm painted with a brush.

Now I think any one who doesn't use these cosmetics is old maidish and looks horrid, because a shiny nose and pale cheeks and white lips look rather disgusting to me and to any man. They may say they don't like it, but down in their hearts they do and I notice they all stare at me with admiration and oftentimes I catch some sweet, little words about me. Life is too short to be a dull critic and, as you say, "doll." It's not our souls we wish to paint, because there are millions of the biggest hearts and cleanest souls under our rouge camouflage if we would all only stop to find them and not spend so much time on the outside condemning the camouflage.

"Doll," you're rather a person with a great big sense of humor because you say you enamel your face and of course we all know you don't do that, even if you do use just boxes of powder. And boys, to you, I just got married and find my husband steals my rouge and powder for his use also, because I caught him.

NINETEEN-YEAR DOLLIE.

Slays "Virtuous" Girl

Dear Cynthia—In answer to a letter in your column signed "A Virtuous Girl" I would like to say a few words. I do not call myself a "prude" by any means. But why call the "prudes" jealous? It takes no great ingenuity to rouge. In fact, any one with ten cents in their pocket can go to a five-and-ten-cent store and get it. Don't you think that if the "prudes" wanted to paint they would do it? One need not be proud of being a "doll" when all painted up, but one can be proud of being attractive when not painted up. Any one can paint. It's easy. Why should "prudes" be jealous?

As for ideals, they are rare enough these days, and in the name of "virtue" you discourage them. Girls who do not believe in kissing boys would not be happy doing it. So why call it jealousy? It does not take a great deal of charm to have a man want to kiss you, either. I don't believe the "prudes" are jealous of that sort of thing.

You speak of "living." I don't know what you mean. As for "virtue," you are fooling with a thing that you don't know anything about. When you say "life" I don't believe you know the meaning of the word.

Go ahead. Kiss your men and paint your face, but for the sake of your "virtue" let really virtuous girls alone; you have no business to meddle with other people's ideals, especially when they have them. I should feel sorry for a girl who followed your advice. Ideals are rather good to cultivate. Try it.

A READER.

This Letter Is From Trenton

Dear Cynthia—I hope some interesting subject will soon be submitted in your column, so as to "can" the "doll" and "paint and powder" controversy. May I say a bit on the "doll" subject?

A "doll" to me means a girl of sweet disposition, neat in her dress, and modest, and strictly moral. A girl that every fellow loves. One who possesses that sweet femininity and dependence that every strong man admires in a person of the opposite sex.

What most of your readers call a "doll" is entirely the reverse. She is a girl of lax morals, gaudy dress, loud-mouthed and an extra amount of make-up. To be frank, she has made the start on the road that leads to misery and unhappiness in the final end. But, fellows, let me say this for your type of girl that you call a "doll." She is what she is because some man has made her a "doll." She really cared, when he was only fooling. Some men play with girls' destinies as if they were mere trifles, and then "howl" when they get a little powder on their clothes. To cover up the tear stains, and try in vain to appear with that bloom of youth that once attracted "him," she paints, powders, perfumes, etc. Sometimes she has to put on a very heavy coat of cosmetics to hide. Then she is doubly conspicuous and receives more taunts from the cigar store corner loafers and "gentlemen of leisure." You hear little from the working man about "dolls," because he is not the "fish" that she angles for. If a "doll" captures you, you are the one that is the "easy mark" and the "poor fish," and also deserve most blame. Man is the stronger sex, and you a man!

A little help, given in various ways, would do more to right the other fellow's wrong than "bounding" that type because you know they "fall" easy. They will be good, and deep down in their little weakling hearts really want to be, but they simply have not "got the backbone." One of your members said that "the 'doll' type was necessary to man's welfare," or words to that effect. Has he got a sister that he thinks ought to be a "doll" to "amuse" the other fellows? Every "doll" is somebody's sister, why not treat her as your own? Even if the first fellow handed her a bad deal, are you not just as guilty by adding more misery to her lot in life? Start on yourself, fellows, do a little reforming with number one, then go out and help a "wayward doll." I am willing to wager that you sleep better the night after you treat her as you would your own sister.

The very discriminate use of "aids to nature," used by a refined person, has nothing to do with my side of the controversy. I am in favor of it!

Some will say that I am a preacher; wrong! I am one who did as every young fool has done, but now I am following the advice that I have just given, and have been doing it for four years. I "woke up" when I was twenty-three, three.

"THE NEVER LONESOME MAN."

And This From Wilmington

Dear Cynthia—In answer to "Brunette," who rouges and powders so as to look her best, I am going to quote from an editorial which appeared in a Philadelphia paper about a year ago.

"Undoubtedly one of the strangest and most moving sights in all America is the immature girl who turns upon you the serene, guileless and unsophisticated eyes of a child—and a face painted like a Sioux Indian's. She doesn't know that in every other Occidental country lavish use of face paint is the accepted badge of those who frankly disdain all ordinary social conventions.

"In the end her painted face is actually a rather pitiful symbol of innocence. It is the final consciousness of this paradox that has moved uncounted foreigners to amazement. In France and England well-bred women do not paint. The habit is one that is left, as a rule, to the stage and to the giddy minority which doesn't take life seriously. From the viewpoint of the vast majority of French and English girls of good family the habit of face painting represents an unthinkable departure from all the rules of propriety. The practice is also foolish and ugly, and it deceives no one."

I am sure many of the fellows on Chestnut street look twice or more at the painted dolls with interest, but, I fear, a mixed pleasure.

"Brunette," try dieting and sulphur tablets and good reading to improve your looks.

CANADIAN.

An Answer From One Who Helped Start It

Dear Cynthia — While reading the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER I came across two answers to my letter.

Electrician, who makes you think we have not witely ideas and that we do not love kiddies? I for a fact do have these ideas, and a few more months will find me a happy bride.

We are just the same as other girls, and when a fellow marries a doll he doesn't ask you what you are, because you can see through paint and powder to a girl's heart, and when a fellow wants a wife he doesn't look at your face; he watches you and can tell by your ways and manners what kind of a girl you are.

Do you know I often think girls are the most wretched people on earth. We get talked about if we are plain and get the name of "old maid," and if we "doll up" we get the name of "doll" and "vampire."

The trouble is the people who do this never stop to think what they look like, and some people don't know what a "vamp" is, only "movie vamps," and you know as well as I do that, outside of the movies, nobody would be allowed to do what "Theda, the Vamp," does, so you better think over what you say before you put a name on a girl.

Maybe "Just Human" isn't just the kind of a person I admire, and I am sure there are lots of people like her, but are afraid to say anything because some of their friends might not notice them because they took up for those horrid "dolls."

Why, there are some fellows who feel lonely unless they have a doll to look at and talk to. I also want to say that 95 per cent of the men look in the windows as they pass to see if they look nifty, but if a girl does it they call her vain and stuck-up. What difference is there between a man looking in a glass and a woman doing the same thing? It's all for the same purpose. So I say "leave the women alone." What do you say? Come on, fellows, stick up for the girls who show you a "good time."

A DOLL.

Approves of Buck

Dear Cynthia—I certainly would like to meet this fellow "Buck." His letter shows common sense and understanding. I, too, use powder and rouge sparingly; some people don't even detect it. But, believe me, even though I use powder and rouge and my hair is always nicely arranged, I can cook, do housework, in fact, do anything that comes along, dressmaking, millinery and for the last three years I have taken complete charge of two youngsters.

It is as "Buck" says, when paint, powder, etc., are mentioned every one has these freaks in mind one sees parading up and down Market street. I would no more dare to appear in public with my face painted up like that than walking down Market street in my nightgown. I often wonder how those fellows feel walking around with such freaks.

But I guess it's all a matter of taste. But it is disgusting just the same.

ANNA.

What Would You Do if You Were Jack?

Dear Cynthia:

I am a fellow of seventeen, not bad-looking. I can dance, I play an instrument, I can tell many a joke and dress very neatly.

Now that you have an outline of myself, do you think I should find it hard to make friends with girls?

I travel with a nice crowd of fellows, and every Saturday and Sunday they are invited to parties or gatherings given by girls. Usually the fellows won't go because I am not invited, but I coax them until they do go.

Occasionally I go with them to a party, but not very often, because I hate to go any place where I am not invited.

Some time ago the fellows were invited to a gathering and they wanted me to go with them. At first I refused to go because I knew the girl that gave the gathering and she had no reason for not inviting me. But the fellows said that they would not go without me, so I went. I had a very nice time that evening. I had the crowd laughing at my jokes. I danced with the girls and everything seemed right.

Before going home one of the girls took the fellows' names and addresses, and told them she was having a party next week and wanted them to come down. But she never told me anything nor did she take my address, after me doing the most entertaining that evening.

I would not care if it happened for the first time, but after every party the fellows are invited somewhere and I am left out. I do not know why. I am not mean or selfish, I do not use profane language, I speak to the girls as I would to my mother or sister. I took a few girls out and showed them a good time, but they never returned to me.

Please, Cynthia, print my letter and give me an answer as soon as possible.

HARDLUCK, SMILING JACK

A Doll Can Do Housekeeping

Dear Cynthia—Reading over Webster's letter in the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER, I find I do not agree with him. A girl can be a doll and a housekeeper, too, for such is my case.

A letter signed by "A Doll" has expressed my thoughts. If I doll up and it does not look right, I wash my face and do it over again. My face does not look like whitewash and red house paint.

There is an art in "dolling up" and if the art is not learned you look like a circus clown. If all girls were gifted with beauty and a perfect complexion they would not use rouge and powder.

My girl friend and I use rouge and powder, but put it on lightly, and we have plenty of friends of the opposite sex. When we go out to a dance or party we are never wallflowers, because we can dance, know how to "doll up" and dress stylishly. Let me tell you, you can say all you want to say about the dolls, but I am acquainted with quite a few, and they are all very desirable companions and refined also.

Good for you for standing up for the dolls, who are useful and not ornamental only.

BETTY.

She Gave Up Paint

Dear Cynthia—In answer to Maury Z.'s letter, I wish to state that I disagree with her in regard to the use of paint.

I do not claim to be "angelic," but do think that entirely too many cosmetics are used by the young girls of today.

Why do away with the "silly" ideas of our grandmothers? Were they not a great deal more natural and were their complexions not better than the average girl of the twentieth century?

Also, I think that the majority of the fellows would rather see the girl they are escorting have a natural complexion than by adding paint—I do not say powder—which puts herself in the class with the commonest girls on the street.

If powder is used to the right extent I do not believe it harms or lowers a girl's standing.

I have positive proof of this fact after questioning many young men as to the kind of girl they wish to marry and nearly all have replied that they will choose a girl whose complexion and ways are natural.

So, I for one have given up paint as being entirely unessential to a good time.

MARY JANE.

She's Going to Be a Doll

Dear Cynthia—After reading "Romance" in the evening paper I cannot help saying, me too. I am one of the quiet girls, but will stand up for the dolls or vamps, whichever you like to call them, every time.

Now I have a lot of friends, both quiet girls and dolls, and know that a whitewashed nose and bobbed hair do not mean that there is "nobody home." It was very kind of "Romance" to tell the quiet girls why he likes dolls. But I think he did better than that, he told them how to be a doll.

As for the good-night kiss, I don't think a fellow is playing the game square to demand it any more than a girl who encourages it. And the girl should give the kiss and drop the fellow. Now, quiet girlies, don't jump on me, because I am going to be a doll.

FRANK.

Rouge, Powder and Fellow Together

Dear Cynthia—How is it a girl can't go out in the evening with a fellow and a little powder and rouge on her face?

After working all day in a hot factory or a stuffy office I think it is a shame. I don't belong to the weaker sex, but from the way I talk you'd think I did.

I have three sisters, the oldest of whom keeps house and is married. Our mother and father died five years ago. My sisters all use powder and rouge, tight skirts, furs in the summer and winter, but they certainly don't go to extremes like some girls do. When they go out they come back and tell their elder sister all about the fellows and what the neighbors say, but she went through the same thing and advises them what to do and what not to do.

I don't know why the public criticizes the girls of today. Let the girls go their way and for heaven's sake stop talking about them just because they use rouge and powder.

Come on Buck, Dan B., Lieutenant B.

JIM.

He's for Them

Dear Cynthia—Here is a word for the so-called "dolls."

Who wouldn't rather see a girl or woman with a little color on her face and stylishly dressed if she does wear high-heeled shoes, silk stockings costing $4 a pair and furs and low-necked waists and short skirts, and so on?

What harm to use a little rouge and powder, of course not too much? What harm to wear silk stockings costing $4 a pair?

I would rather marry a "doll" than a pale-faced girl who wears low-heeled shoes and long skirts and high-necked waists and cotton stockings, stockings costing sixty cents a pair.

How many men wouldn't?

"A MAN."

Ruth Wrote About Dolls

Dear Cynthia—Please publish this in answer to Ruth:

Dear Ruth—You are right in saying 85 per cent of the boys prefer taking out the doll type, but only for one evening. You should try to reason with one who knows.

I have four brothers, all older than myself. They are considered good-looking by every one, pretty good dancers and are quite popular. They also prefer the doll for a good time, but when the time comes for them to pick a life partner they want a natural girl, and not a hobby horse that goes out with a different fellow every night. She does not care who he is or what, as long as he spends his money on her. Therefore, when a real fellow comes along he has no respect whatever for her.

I am proud and glad to say I am not a doll, but am what nature intended me to be. I am as jolly and have as many friends (real finest) as any doll. When I go to a "public dance," although I am past eighteen, my mother accompanies me, and when a fellow dances with me he is respectful. The dolls know why I say respectful, for when a fellow is with a real girl he is ashamed to raise his hat to a doll.

They (dolls) may each want to take a good knock at me, but I do not care, for they have a right to be what God intends them to be.

What do you say, Cynthia?

You sure are a wonderful woman, Cynthia, I admit.

LILLIAN.

House Cleaning

A carpet sweeper or a vacuum cleaner should be used in the daily cleaning of the carpets and rugs. A vacuum cleaner operated by hand or electric power removes practically all the dust and dirt from carpets and rugs in dustless manner.

GREEN THINGS GROWING IN THE WINTERTIME HOME

Offer Companionship Peculiar to Themselves, and They Make Us Forget the Bleakness of Outdoors

AT THIS season of the year, when our interests are becoming more and more of the indoors every day and all outside is thinking about nestling down for a long winter's nap, we are apt to lose touch with that love for growing things that keeps us in the open during the spring and summer. Of course, there is work connected with keeping flowers indoors, and more than one enthusiast laments the water rings upon the newly varnished window sills, but it is well worth the price. No matter how poorly furnished a room may be, the shabby appearance at once is dispelled when a fresh healthy green is introduced. It relieves the harshest poverty and sets off the greatest luxuriance. A thriving plant is the most artistic of ornaments.

An old lady once said to me, "When things are going wrong and down in the dumps I just like to get outdoors and watch things growing." What a comfortable philosophy is this! What a satisfaction to feel that, in spite of our own difficulties and disappointments, this quiet, constant process is going on around us. No matter what befall, it still remains, peaceful and prosperous. How insignificant, how petty our own little joys and sorrows when compared with this universal movement. Plants and flowers offer us a companionship peculiar to themselves, linking us to a larger whole and hiding our own meanness against a bigger background.

There is an old story that tells how when a prisoner felt his mind about to go back upon him he chanced to find a tiny weed growing in the crevices of the great stones that formed his solitary cell. How he wept over it, how he laughed! How he watched and cared for it from day to day, seeing in this little bit of life a pantomime of the whole cycle of existence that throbbed in the world beyond his prison bars. It was company for him till the day of his escape. It kept his humanity alive within him.

Somehow or other the person who has no feeling for the out of doors, no love for flowers or interest in watching the unfolding of bud and burst of bloom is flagrantly lacking in one of the qualities that go to make up a big-hearted character. Whenever we enter a strange house and find it overflowing with plants, what a feeling of confidence is ours. Somehow we unconsciously recognize that the person who keeps these things has a wholesome, healthy niche in her make-up and secretly we trust her.

Get a bit of green; watch it grow!

M. G.

The Testing of Julia Grant

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

Copyright, 1919, by Public Ledger Co.

In Which Lucy Grant Makes a Confession

READ THIS FIRST

When Dan Carson jilted Julia Grant for another woman he did not realize that a time would come when he would ask Julia to take him back. However, that time did come, and although Julia's experience in the hospital, where she had gone for training, had changed her, she did not know how much until after she had given her promise to Dan a second time. Then she realized that all the love of her heart had been given to Dr. John Norville, the head surgeon at the hospital, and it was then that she decided to marry Dan as soon as he wanted her.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

LUCY came into her mother's room a day or so after Julia arrived home from the hospital for good, and sat down in a low rocking chair. The chair was in the window and Lucy's face was in a strong light; somehow it did not show her up advantageously; she looked washed out and there was a strained expression around her eyes.

She sat for a moment without speaking, but any one could have seen that she had something on her mind. Lucy was not deep enough to be given to fits of brooding. She did not think ordinarily and she was nearly always sunny. Even Mrs. Grant looked at the girl closely and thought to herself that Lucy was the type that would fade soon.

Finally Lucy broke in upon her mother's reflections with a remark that was rather surprising.

"Mother, don't you think that Julia is acting strangely?"

Mrs. Grant looked annoyed. "What makes you say that?"

"But don't you really; haven't you noticed anything?"

"Well, of course, she would act strangely just now. She isn't used to the old life here at home, and, besides, she has the excitement of being married hanging over her. I don't think it's surprising that she isn't quite natural."

"Have you noticed how she is with Dan?"

"Oh, now Lucy, don't imagine things. You know your sister never was demonstrative, in fact, I never knew a girl who took things more calmly and as a matter of course than she does. You can't expect her to enthuse and scintillate when it isn't in her nature."

"How do you know it isn't in her nature?"

Mrs. Grant looked at her daughter exasperatedly. "Lucy Grant, what are you getting at? You talk so strangely. Is anything on your mind?"

Lucy was silent and sat fidgeting with the curtain that hung near her chair. Her thin little fingers laid it in pleats carefully, her pale face flushed; she looked frightened and nervous. Plainly something was wrong.

"Well?" Mrs. Grant asked finally.

"O, mother, don't you suppose Julia cares for Dan?" The question was almost an entreaty.

"Of course she does!"—sharply—"in her way."

"In her way," Lucy wailed; "but she doesn't love him like I do."

Mrs. Grant started up and stared in amazement at her daughter. Lucy was crouched down in her chair, she had turned her face away and was crying quietly with her cheek pressed against the cushion of the chair.

"It's been different since Julia was away," she sobbed. "Dan and I have had lots of talks and we think the same about things. Julia doesn't think the same, she's just making herself believe she is."

Mrs. Grant had left her chair and had come across the room to Lucy. "I want you to stop this immediately," she said severely. "Haven't you any pride? Suppose you have been silly enough to allow yourself to fall in love with Dan Carson, you know quite well that he doesn't care for you. He is your sister's lover and they are to be married in a few weeks, that's all there is to it. Now I want you to pull yourself together and forget all about this. Do you hear me, Lucy?"

Mrs. Grant's impatient reception of Lucy's confidence acted on the girl like a tonic. She had been sure of her mother's sympathy at least, and even that had failed her. Her mother was determined to see Julia safely married, she had her mind set on it, and she had no patience with this development of Lucy's. Lucy was a child anyway who didn't know her own mind.

But, strange as it may seem, Lucy had given her heart to Dan. She understood Dan and made allowances for weaknesses in him that it would be impossible for Julia ever to overlook. No woman can pity a man, can listen to his confidences day after day with an open heart, and not grow to care—and Lucy was not the strongest character in the world. She knew that Dan had no idea that she cared for him, but she did know that he liked to tell her things. She had no doubt of the fact that she could make him care, if only she had a chance.

(Monday—The stranger who called at the Grants.)

MISS ADDAMS OPTIMISTIC

Speaker Before Friends Says War Quickened Spirit of Charity

Charity is stimulated by war hardships and a new spirit of human relationships follows such struggles, according to Jane Addams, who spoke last night at the Friends' Meeting House, Fourth and Arch streets.

"The new spirit is manifested in many ways," she said; "in England by the national concern over the housing problem; in France, by the heroic measures being taken to combat tuberculosis and other diseases; in Italy, by the unusual efforts to relieve the economic ills of the people, and in the United States by a growing disposition of capital and labor to find a common meeting ground."

Y. W. C. A. in China

Girls in the senior class of the Young Women's Christian Association Physical Training School in Shanghai, China, teach on the average of 1000 children from the Free School's each week, according to reports received by the Foreign Department of the National Y. W. C. A. in New York City.

This practice teaching prepares the girls for work as teachers in the native schools and provides the physical training for younger children in the Free Schools. The work has been highly recommended by Mr. Hsiung, ex-premier of finances, and by the present commissioner of education.

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. How many babies in the United States die annually?
2. About what proportion of these babies die during their first month due to preventible causes?
3. Cucumbers are good for the complexion. How can they be used?
4. How can white window shades be cleaned?
5. How can worn linoleum be renewed?
6. New glue will not stick to old glue. What will remove old glue?

Yesterday's Answers

1. The "bon voyage" letter is one sent to wish a traveler godspeed.
2. A little free government booklet on influenza can be obtained by writing to the United States Public Health Service, Washington, D. C.
3. A booklet on prenatal care and infant care can also be obtained free from the government. Address the United States Children's Bureau, Washington.
4. When children's rubbers are tight use a shoe horn.
5. A very effective softener for hands roughened by housework can be made with olive oil and cornmeal. A couple of ounces of olive oil are put in a double boiler and then enough sifted cornmeal is stirred in to make a creamy mixture. This is allowed to simmer for an hour. Apply this to the hands at night after thoroughly washing them and wear gloves to bed.
6. The use of cold cream on the nose lessens its tendency to excessive shininess because, it softens the pores and permits them to expel their natural oils.

Fashion Hints

The Louis XV influence is creeping into women's clothes.

Tricotine is the best every-day material for outer wraps.

Irregular stripes are seen on certain exclusive new fabrics.

Dotted net and taffeta are a charming combination.

New Blouses

Some of the new bodices are actually cut with points.

A new draped blouse is worn with a draped skirt.

Stenciling is a feature of some of the new long blouses.

To Preach at Arch Street Church

Dr. Samuel Charles Black, president of Washington and Jefferson College, will preach tomorrow morning and evening at the Arch Street Presbyterian Church, Eighteenth and Arch streets. Doctor Macartney will commence a series of sermons on Christian theology on November 9.

Soothe Your Troubled Skin With Cuticura

All druggists: Soap 25, Ointment 25 & 50, Talcum 25. Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. 21, Boston."

IF YOU LOVE

Flowers you will be interested in

THE CENTURY FLOWER SHOP

12th Below Chestnut St.