MRS. WILSON'S MENU CONTEST AWARDS THREE PRIZES

And Gives Special Honor Mention to Some Interesting Dinners. Hereafter No Criticism Will Be Given Fried Meals

FIRST PRIZE, $2.50

Mrs. Claire Fhugoli
2026 McClellan Street

Menu
Italian Spaghetti
String Beans Potatoes
Hamburg in Tomato Gravy
Lettuce Salad
Bread Butter Coffee
Cheese Pie, Homemade

SALES SLIP

Half pound ground meat	$ .20
One pound spaghetti	.12
One can tomatoes	.12
One quart potatoes	.12
One quart string beans	.15
One cup flour	.03
Two eggs	.06
Half pound cottage cheese	.05
Shortening	.05
Sugar	.15
Milk	.08
One head lettuce	.06
One loaf bread	.05
Parsley, onion and salt	.04
Cheese, spaghetti dressing	.10
Olive oil and vinegar	.05
Coffee and butter	.12
Total	$1.50

This little housewife sends a splendid all home-cooked meal in a true Italian fashion and you may note she uses meat only as a flavoring for spaghetti.

SECOND PRIZE, $1

Miss Elretta L. Bliss
1634 North Sixtieth Street

Menu
Pot Roast of Beef
Browned Potatoes Creamed Onions
Lettuce and Banana Salad
Bread Butter
Chilled Diced Watermelon
Coffee

SALES SLIP

One and one-half pounds beef	$ .56
Potatoes	.14
Onions	.04
Lettuce (small head)	.05
Two bananas	.05
Bread	.05
Butter	.10
One egg	.05
Milk (for onions)	.03
Flour (for onions)	.03
Sugar	.05
Coffee	.05
One-half watermelon	.30
Total	$1.50

THIRD PRIZE, $1

Mrs. Beth Mintzer
1461 North Sixtieth Street

Menu
Beef Broth (Chopped)
Baked Peppers, Stuffed With Beef
Plain Boiled Potatoes
Buttered Squash
Beet and Onion Salad
Bread and Butter
Coffee
Raspberry Cup Custard

SALES SLIP

Bone (for broth)	$ .02
One pound beef and small piece chop (ground)	.25
Six peppers	.18
Two medium-sized squash	.07
Two bunches beets	.10
Sugar, vinegar, onion, parsley and seasoning	.05
One-half loaf of bread	.05
Coffee	.08
Butter for all	.12
One-half box raspberries	.30
Two eggs	.08
One pint milk, top for coffee	.08
Total	$1.29

HAVE YOU SENT IN

your menu for a dollar-and-a-half dinner for four people to the

PRIZE MENU CONTEST?

If you do, you may win one of the prizes. There are three of them:

First, $2.50
Second, $1.00
Third, $1.00

Rules: The foods used must be staples and in season. Each menu must be accompanied by a sales slip showing the cost of all the materials. The name and address of the sender and the date must be distinctly written.

Address all menus to

Mrs. WILSON'S MENU CONTEST
Evening Public Ledger,
Independence Square

HONOR LIST

Those receiving honorable mention are:

Miss Esther Engleberth, twelve years old, Clayton, N. J.
Miss Beatrice Altman, twelve years old, 3811 Brown street.
Mrs. G. W. S., Ocean City, N. J.
Mrs. Grace McCouch, Albion, N. J.
Miss G. Flanagan, 2009 South Bouvier street.
Miss R. Peel, Carneys Point, N. J.
Mrs. D. Sampson, 5508 Spring street.
Mrs. Rush M. Keith, Newtown, Bucks county.
Mrs. Jeffrey Stewart, 2524 South Cleveland avenue.
Miss Peggy Fleming.
Mrs. R. M. Davis, Wilmington, Del.
Miss A. McNee, Haddonfield, N. J.
Mrs. E. W. Clayburger, 4709 Cedar avenue.
Mrs. J. C. Zepper, Camden, N. J.
Mrs. G. H. Lundy, Ocean City.
Rae Crayle, 2120 North Ninth street.
Mrs. A. S. Harvey, 1804 Green street.
Mrs. C. Ludick, Holmesburg, Pa.
Mrs. John Lord, Fifth and Market streets.
Mrs. H. A. Davis, 643 Preston street.
Z. N. Wagner, Bryn Mawr, Pa.
Mrs. A. M. Osnum, 5208 Yewdal street.
Mrs. Cora M. Rutherford, 3413 North Eighteenth street.
Mrs. R. Carey, 2332 Moore street.
Mrs. Harry Osler, Morton, Pa.
Mrs. E. W. Stocking, Camden, N. J.
Mrs. A. McCann, 1439 North Watts street.
Mrs. C. S. Aiken, Brookline, Delaware county, Pa.
Mrs. S. Lawrence, 528 Mifflin street.
Eleanore Tamtom, 592 Spruce street.
D. G. Frey, 1961 Baltimore avenue.
Mrs. W. J. Elliott, 6808 Ogontz ave.
Mrs. A. E. Hughes, Chestnut Hill, Pa.
Mrs. Goldstein, 1524 North Sixth street.
Miss Rose Gerhardt, Sixteenth and Carlton streets.
Mrs. Paul G. Jeffries, Lansdale, Pa.
Mrs. Grace Taylor, 1925 Poplar street.
Mrs. Estella H. Rose, Collingswood, N. J.
Mrs. D. Panzullo, 904 Catharine st.

Comment—Mrs. B. E. C. Sr., Mrs. E. E. B. and Mrs. C. C., Mrs. A. L., Mrs. E. W., Mrs. H. W. and Miss A. B. send menus calling for fried meats. Fried meats are taboo in the contest; surely you can plan meals that do not include fried meats. If you do not see your menu in print, you may rest assured that it contained fried meat, meat-cakes, hamburg steaks, etc. Hamburg steak is also taboo, unless made into loaf or meat balls and cooked in Italian, Jewish or Russian style.

MRS. WILSON GIVES "TONIC" IN FORM OF PROPER FOOD

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

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My Dear Mrs. Wilson:

Recently I have felt so poorly that I found it necessary to consult a doctor, and while I am now much improved, I really felt that he should have given me some tonic. I am placed upon a strictly vegetable diet with all the milk, eggs and butter I can eat. Will you kindly suggest some dishes in which I can use the above list, for I am tired of the prescribed food? E. F. B.

Many people are greatly disappointed when they seek the physician's aid, only to be told that the simple, plain, everyday foods, if prepared in a careful manner, hold wonderful life-giving elements. Deep down in their hearts these good people, when compelled to seek medical advice, really expect the physician to prescribe medicine with an elaborate and complicated course of treatments.

Modern civilization makes us creatures of comfort and our living is made very convenient—hence we become lazy and we learn to obtain the maximum amount of enjoyment with a minimum amount of effort. Physical exertion is absolutely necessary for the sedentary worker, if he is to be physically fit; so when you come home, mow the lawn, fuss about the plants, or, if necessary, work for an hour in your workshop, if you are mechanically inclined.

Learn to like the daily bath; begin now and take a morning plunge; this not only increases the circulation and makes one feel energetic, but it also stimulates the digestive tract and thus aids the digestive assimilation of our daily foods.

The skin that covers our body is part of our elimination system; the pores are constantly throwing off an appreciable amount of waste, and in order to keep physically up to the mark, take a lukewarm bath using a good soap to cleanse the skin, and then a cold shower soon as you return from business. Dress lightly—and then you are ready for your evening meal.

To eat hurriedly and consume an abundance of meat-producing foods will bring in its train a complement of intestinal ills. Milk, eggs, butter, cheese and fresh fruits and vegetables will supply the entire family with an abundant diet. Before starting to plan the dishes which use the succulent greens a word about cooking them is highly important. Fresh vegetables and fruits contain from 60 to 90 per cent pure distilled water, little or no proteid, some starch or sugar, cellulose and mineral salts.

Cooking reduces their bulk as the starch cells, softens the cellulose and makes the food palatable, so that we can enjoy eating it. These foods are most valuable for their watery content, cellulose and mineral element. We must use care in their preparation and cooking to conserve their elements.

Use strictly fresh vegetables and fruits; those in which decay is present are unfit to eat. Many bacteria that develop in the decaying foods cannot be killed by cooking, and then physical disturbances are the result; these frequently become serious. Prepare the vegetables for cooking and then we come to the most important part of our daily existence.

How We Cook Our Food

Any old pot or pan will not do. All metal utensils expand with the heat, and if you use an old utensil that is burned, chipped or shows evidence of only a partial cleansing—then you can hardly expect to cook food in these utensils and keep yourself out of danger of intestinal disturbances.

Heat causes the metal in the utensil to expand, and if it is not absolutely clean there is a commingling of the various acids and alkalies of the previous foods with the present one; and also the burned and scorched particles of the partially clean utensil—all this acts upon the food being cooked in the utensil. Get rid of your old burned and chipped saucepans; they hold more digestive disturbances in them than all the physicians, physic and aids to digestion in the world can cure.

When you select new utensils, keep them absolutely clean—surgically clean; scald them daily with plenty of boiling water, and don't hide them in dark, unventilated closets. Rather hang in a bright, sunny spot, where air and sunshine can constantly sterilize them.

Now prepare the vegetables. Wash them in lukewarm water; this will cause the invisible mites and slugs to loosen their hold upon the food and drop to the bottom of the pan. Cook all vegetables in boiling water; do not salt the vegetables until ready to send to the table. Salt contains certain chemical elements that act upon the acids and alkalies of the vegetables and neutralize them so that it should not be added until the food is ready to serve.

The use of baking or bicarbonate of soda destroys the valuable vitamines or living element in all food. The food is then of little value, since the soda has neutralized the most valuable element. Do not use baking soda to keep the foods green or to make them tender.

Cook all vegetables with boiling water and cook the green, leafy ones without a cover. Allow them sufficient time to become tender. Rapid boiling tends to toughen the fibers. I have gone into this point at length because it is the real reason why so many people tire quickly of the dainty, succulent green foods which are so abundant during the summer and harvest time. Cook plenty of these vegetables and serve them with a different sauce every day, and then you will have variety.

String beans may be cooked with one ounce of bacon, one onion minced fine, or cooked until tender, and then drained, seasoning and three tablespoons of butter added, with one tablespoon of lemon juice. Or they can be served with cream cheese or parsley sauce, or with a good brown gravy, which can be made from the meat stock.

Corn may be made into custards, puddings, scalloped, succotash, or scraped from the cob and cooked with a little cream and then seasoned with salt, pepper and a little butter.

Summer squash is delicious either steamed or baked. Left over squash may be made into custard or pudding.

Spinach, cabbage, cauliflower, onion boiled and then placed in a baking dish and covered with cream, parsley or cheese sauce, sprinkled with the crumbs and then baked in a hot oven.

Try these sauces on the vegetables for variety:

Sunshine Sauce

Place in a saucepan

One cup of milk,
Three tablespoons of flour.

Stir the flour to dissolve and then bring to a boil and cook for five minutes. Now add

Two well-beaten eggs,
Two tablespoons of butter,
One teaspoon of salt,
One-half teaspoon of pepper.

Beat to mix and then add one tablespoon of lemon juice. Heat slowly to the boiling point and beat hard.

Sauce Supreme

Place in a saucepan

One and one-half cups of milk,
Six level tablespoons of flour.

Stir to dissolve and then bring to a boil and cook for three minutes. Now add

One cup of cooked mushrooms, cut into tiny bits.
Three well-beaten eggs,
Four tablespoons of butter,
One teaspoon of salt,
One-half teaspoon of paprika,
Juice of one-half lemon.

Heat to the boiling point and then serve.

These sauces contain a high food value, and when used in vegetables in a meatless diet, help to replace the protein which is necessary for the daily upkeep of our bodies.

The Marriage Trifler

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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Although every one expected the marriage of Keith Grant and Barbara Knight to be a huge success, one cannot tell about those things, and Barbara was not exactly prepared for marriage. She was not used to taking any one into consideration but herself, and the fact that Keith did not want a society life did not mean to her that she must consider his wishes. Of course, when she were doesn't bother to think about the husband's welfare, there is always some other woman who is quite willing to do so, and it wasn't until Barbara discovered that Keith was spending some time with Katherine Newbery, his private secretary, that she began to think seriously of marriage as any kind of a problem.

KEITH as usual had left for the office before Barbara was ready for breakfast. Zella came in at 10 o'clock, threw up the shades so that the June sunshine poured into the room, turned on the water for Barbara's bath, and half an hour later, Barbara, wrapped in a lace and silk negligee, sat with her breakfast tray before her—an iced melon on a silver dish tempted her appetite, poached eggs on triangular, butter soaked bits of toast, crisp pink slices of bacon, smoking hot muffins and amber coffee poured into a fragile cup with thick yellow cream and ivory disks of sugar. Two pink roses in a thin vase nodded over her plate as she ate. Everything was as it should be excepting that her brain was busy with her problems and what she ought to do with them.

The bell rang with a long imperious whir that was indicative of Marcia's brisk presence. A moment later Zella ushered her into Barbara's sitting room and Barbara had risen to greet her mother-in-law. Marcia looked as fresh and trim as Barbara herself, in black and white, correct even to parasol, and carefully adjusted veil. Sometimes her mother-in-law's efficiency and crisp readiness to meet every possible problem was tiring to Barbara, but always she admired the older woman. From the early days of her marriage she had sought to propitiate her in everything.

"Go on with your breakfast, my dear," Marcia said smoothly, looking with keen eyes at the girl's fresh face and bright eyes. There was something fresh and unjaded about Barbara, something wholesome that was lacking in so many girls. Marcia almost loved her daughter-in-law, at least, she cared for her as much as it was in her nature to do so.

Barbara finished her coffee and Zella carried the tray out of the room, leaving the two women together.

"I came over to see you about the Challoner house," Marcia said briskly. "It's getting late in the season and you two ought to be getting out of town."

Barbara, who had been more than enthusiastic about the taking of the Challoner house, now was silent. Her mind was working rapidly. She was trying to think what she wanted to do. She wished vaguely that Marcia had been different and it were possible to tell her the truth and get the opinion of an older woman on the entire matter. But knowing her mother-in-law as she did, she knew exactly what her attitude would be. There was certain not to be anything sentimental about it, even though the matter centered about her own son.

Her gaze, which had been wandering around the room, now came back and met the clear eyes of Marcia.

"Well?" said those eyes. "Of course you're going to take the Challoner place. Haven't I said that it would be the thing to do?"

"I don't believe we are going to take the Challoner place," Barbara said calmly, wishing that the interview were over.

It was not Marcia's way to show surprise. She was too well schooled, too certain of herself.

"You have some other place you like better?"

Barbara shook her head. "No, but we've decided not to go anywhere fashionable." She was plunging madly, the bit in her teeth and reason flying wild. "You can't afford to lose a season, my dear; no one can. Remember you're not so firmly fixed in society that you can afford to drop out."

"Keith doesn't care about society," said Barbara.

Marcia smiled. "Most men hate it," she said serenely.

"But Keith isn't happy doing the social round," Barbara protested, using in spite of herself the argument that would have no weight at all with Marcia. "A man mustn't be too happy, for his own good," Marcia observed. "Do you suppose if we asked the men what they liked the most, would choose what we like? No, most of them would live all day in a shirt sleeves in a mountain shack, eating fish, food, and smelling of fish. Men are like children, Barbara; they have to be led."

"I want Keith to be happy," Barbara said suddenly, her voice soft, but an unmistakable firmness in it that astounded Marcia. Rebellion from Barbara, who was so steadily launched it seemed impossible. And yet there was something there, deep down under her soft exterior that Marcia knew useless it would be to argue.

"Talk it over with Keith tonight, my dear," she said at last, rising. "Remember, Barbara, you owe something of and others, so don't be selfish." And Marcia swept out of the room.

Tomorrow—Further plans

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. What is the nature of an invention made recently by Miss Alma Zaiss, of Kansas City?
2. If the seat of a porch chair becomes brittle and broken so that it sags, what kind of a new seat can be put on?
3. How can a pretty daisy be made of beads for trimming a dress?
4. When patching wallpaper how should the new paper be applied?
5. What can be used satisfactorily to clean brown leather upholstered chairs?
6. How can triangular chiffon draperies on an afternoon dress be kept from slinking down flat on the hips?

Saturday's Answers

1. Mrs. Henry Eldridge Goodhue, of Boston, is the only woman stained glass maker in this country.
2. Line the front of a cotton petticoat that is too thin to be worn with a thin dress with a piece of silk to make it thicker and more comfortable.
3. In making a baby's bib cut a dress shield in half and baste it on the back of the bib to keep the baby's dress clean and dry.
4. Remove grease stains from matting by covering them thickly with baking soda and brushing it up again, or taking it up with the vacuum cleaner immediately.
5. If the "Annette" of a bathing suit is too short, lengthen it by sewing the tops of ordinary cotton stockings to it, cutting off the stockings at the desired length.
6. If a guest at a house party will remember to greet the maids in the morning with a pleasant word, she will help to keep pleasant relations between her hostess and the maids.

BRIGHT RED TAFFETA FOR A BATHING SUIT

Taffeta is the favorite material for the beach suit that is not required for extensive swimming. This one is an attractive model made with a yoke, and trimmed with white taffeta buttons on bloomers as well as skirt. The cap is of red taffeta with a ruffle of white taffeta round the face

A Daily Fashion Talk by Florence Rose

THERE are two distinct types in so-called bathing suits this season. If your object is purely and simply to swim you will select undoubtedly one of the new worsted suits that are made purely with the idea of contributing to the speed, the safety and the comfort of the swimmer. If, on the other hand, you are not a swimming enthusiast, but enjoy an idle hour in and out of the water, then you will want something of a different stamp. Many women have both types of costume—one to wear when they wish simply to practice or try their skill in swimming, and one for more general beach wear.

Now for the first type undoubtedly it is advisable to select wool. Wool jersey is admirable. But for the other type of costume well-dressed women here are selecting fabrics that lend themselves better to the making of a picturesque costume. Satin is good and so is silk jersey, but the choice of the minute is taffeta. And lest you fear that taffeta would not be warm enough it is quite a simple matter to wear a thin woolen trunk undershirt beneath.

We are getting tired of black and navy blue for bathing costumes, and women who are known for their avoidance of bright-hued street suits and frocks have selected the most brilliant of colors for their bathing suits. Bright red taffeta was the material selected for this youthful costume shown today. As you may see, the full straight skirt is attached to a yoke which is ornamented with white taffeta buttons and fastened by means of these buttons on the left shoulder and the left under arm, and as you cannot see entirely it is completed with tried bloomers, with three buttons at each knee to hold it snug. The cap, also of red taffeta, is finished by a ruffle around the white taffeta.

Now, a word about the skirt length. Once this would have been bad taste, for one would have been conspicuous wearing a bathing suit the skirt of which terminated above the knees, and it is always in bad taste to wear anything that is distinctly freakish and unusual. But so many women have fallen in line in wearing these short-skirted bathing suits now that they attract no undue comment, and there is no doubt about it that they are far more attractive. Nothing can be more ungainly than the long-skirted bathing suit when it is weighted down with water.

Adventures With a Purse

OF COURSE, I never fail to pause and admire the earrings. There may be a sort of lunatic strain in me, but dear knows, I get enough enjoyment out of it to wish that it were a whole refrain instead of merely a strain, if you know what I mean. But anyhow, these earrings are jet, some dull, others brilliant. And there lurks within me a secret ambition for a shimmering black satin dress and pendant earrings of jet. So in the manner of speaking, the Adventure is only for those who cherish a similar picture of themselves. Well, then, these earrings are of a number of designs. There is a pair of dull jet buttons, reminding you just a bit of shoe buttons, but withal, as roguishly demure as any you will see. There are others of long sparkling pendants, pear-shaped; while still others are large and round and well cut. The prices range from seventy-five cents to $2.75.

Then in another shop hang some lovely necklaces of black, clear-cut beads, which would match well the earrings. The shop lengths bear the price tags $1, while the three-quarter length chains are $1.75. They are most effective.

And while I'm about it, I might as well be consistent and make all today's Adventures about jewelry, particularly when I have such interesting things to tell you of. There are the new bracelets. I am sure you have seen them, and probably admired them enviously, thinking that their price was exorbitant. The bracelets are made of square links, each link set with a sparkling stone. In some there will be all brilliants, while in other styles there will be first a brilliant, then a clear stone, ruby red; others will be set with brilliants and stones of sapphire blue. The bracelets themselves are sterling silver. I think that they are going to be very popular. One shop has them in all styles for $8 each.

For the names of shops referred to in Adventures With a Purse, send a self-addressed stamped envelope to the editor of the woman's page, inclosing the name of the article and the date on which it appeared. For immediate information call Walnut 3000 on the telephone.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Misunderstanding Between Friends

Dear Cynthia—I am a girl of seventeen and am employed in a department store. About a year ago I met a very nice girl who also is employed by the firm. I am a very nervous girl.

This girl and I were very close friends until one day I had trouble at home. I saw this girl and spoke to her but not as much as I used to and she thought I was angry at her, for it looked that way.

Another girl who is also employed at the firm, told me something which she said this other girl said. It was not true, for she only wanted to start trouble. I was so nervous that I said something for which I am very sorry now. I apologized one day to this girl and she said she would forget the past. She said that she didn't like me as much as she used to. Even though she said she would forget, she is not as she used to be. She acts very queer. Can you please tell me what to do to be the same friends as we used to be as I love this girl very dearly. Her birthday is next month. Do you think it right to give her a gift? J. M.

Yes, send her a present and act to her as you always did. Do not seek further explanations, however, as it never does any good. It's best to "let well enough alone" and leave the rest to time.

Call Them Men Vamps

Dear Cynthia—How on earth did people ever read our minds like "Thunder and Lightning"? We are two girls, a blonde of nineteen and a brunette of twenty.

Ever since fifteen years of age we have received company of the opposite sex. They are about the most self-centered objects going. They beat us girls a mile.

Talk about vamps and other extreme styles. What about the men vamps with their tight-fitting trousers and skirt coats? How I long to have nerve enough to give one a good shove.

They hang around corners, they and their cigarettes, and look like a group of God-forsaken cats, or lovesick pups. The majority are mostly too slow or too fast. Mostly fast.

The first time you are with them they start that sickening mushy business. Do girls like it? Well, it depends on the girl.

Oh! it's a great life if you don't weaken, but we have weakened and find our own company best.

TWO CLOUDBURSTS.

Likes Stylish Clothes

Dear Cynthia—I am afraid "Acetylene" hasn't looked very hard for a girl with all of those qualifications. I am sure there are quite a few that have been overlooked. Have you ever looked in a factory or in your route just in and around cafes? All the best girls don't work outside of factories, you know. When a girl works in a factory she is considered "rought," in the slang phrase, and looked down upon.

I don't dance and I don't stay out till it is time to go to work. Mostly all my nights are spent at home, because I am afraid to mingle with the fellows that one meets. What are they, anyway? I have worked this winter on Friday and Saturday nights. I don't have many fellow callers, not that I can't get fellows. I have more of them than I have girl friends and I live in Roxborough.

I am often told that I am good-looking or cute. Dear Cynthia and readers, please don't think I am vain because I spoke of my self, but this really is the first time and I hope to be forgiven. But I have one fault. I like stylish clothes and I have them, but not such an awful lot.

"Acetylene," I wish you would describe yourself. I am quite curious. I would like to meet you. But it's quite impossible as we all know.

ROXBOROUGH AND PHILLY.

There's certainly no harm in liking stylish clothes, dear. Nor is there any harm in having them provided they are modest and not extravagant. Cheap materials may be prettily made up and worn neatly. They often look better than very expensive things.

"De Jure" to "De Merit"

Dear Cynthia—I welcome "De Merit" to the lists, but I fear his weapons are dull and his armor of the flimsiest. For you see, "De Merit" with all your threats of "telling me" this and that, you have stated nothing new. And by the way, the better people usually use the expression: "I think," or "I believe."

Am I really clever? What an interesting assortment of traits have been bestowed on me by the writers to this column. Furthermore, let me call your attention to the fact that my questions were addressed to certain names and not to the readers in general. You attempted to answer one of them and failed dismally. Are not the things you speak of the every rather than the value of love? You have failed to realize that love does follow fixed laws that will stand the knocks of science, something more tangible and measurable than the wishy-washy, halo-crowned, sentimental reasons you only have.

And yet help I cannot ignore a "good girl." Yes, I know them, in fact know them now, but prefer to keep away from them. They do not register, for I wish it otherwise. And you threatened to tell me something about myself. It is to laugh.

Verily, the picture you would portray of me gazing as some fair lady's eyes is indeed evidence of hallucination. Were she my creed or otherwise, for I doubt if there is a more tiresome or inane pastime. You amuse the ladies, "De Merit," I'm sure.

Missed your mark along the line. But as a consolation you may try again, Protector of the Fair, but don't tell me, show me. DE JURE.

Human Curios

No. 3—The Man Who Lived in a Tree

Informed by his physician that he was suffering from a particularly malignant form of asthma and that it would be fatal for him to remain in Washington, one of the government clerks at the national capital was faced by a predicament which appeared to be impossible of solution.

He knew that it was not possible for him to live without the salary which he was drawing from the government. He did not have the means with which to reach a warmer and more kindly climate, nor did he see how he could get employment once he got there. In short, the doctor said that he could not live in Washington, and he knew that he could not go anywhere else.

Realizing that the emergency was a pressing one, the clerk determined to solve the difficulty in a manner which, though distinctly unusual, afterward proved quite efficacious. He reconnoitered the District of Columbia and selected a spot on the highest point of Mount Pleasant. There, high up in a large oak tree, he constructed a very comfortable two-room house, so made that his bedroom was open on all sides; and he was thus able to take advantage of the constant fresh air which was essential to his cure. A rough but serviceable ladder led to the ground, and the "freeman" found that he could attend to his clerical duties every day without being in the slightest inconvenienced. It wasn't many months before he was pronounced completely cured. Meanwhile, however, he had become so much attached to his leafy dwelling-place that he remained there—even going to the length of adding another house in a nearby tree, which he used for purposes of recreation. Airy Castle, as he called his home, thus proved to be both a cure for his ailment and a solution for the cost of living.

Wednesday—The White Lady of the Hohenzollerns

HUSBAND'S
THE MAGNESIA
DOCTORS RECOMMEND
for Constipation, Acid Stomach, Indigestion. Can be used as Milk of Magnesia. Sold only by the bottle—never by dose.

WHAT'S WHAT

By Helen Decie

A woman does not rise when a man is presented to her. This rule, like all good rules, has its exceptions. For instance, it is customary to rise when a venerable old man is introduced. In any case, the woman merely makes courteous acknowledgment of the presentation; any expression of gratification in the first meeting comes, when it comes at all, from the man. Eagerness to form acquaintance is not inconsistent with manly spirit, but a woman cannot, without appearing to be unwomanly, seem anxious to know any man. Thus, even in introductions, the man is supposed to be the seeker and the woman is the sought.

The Woman's Exchange

To "One Who Wishes to Be Reassured"

The new park at Atlantic City is to be called "Rendezvous."

A portico is a porch or open vestibule, with the roof supported on one side by columns. A porte cochere is a driveway with a roof extending over it where the steps of the house touch it and columns on the opposite side of the drive to support it. Briefly, a portico is a porch, while a porte cochere is a carriage entrance.

When the bridal party arrives at the front of the church the bridegroom and bride and the minister stand in the middle, the minister facing the body of the church, and the maid of honor and one flower girl stand at the bride's left, while the best man and the other flower girl stand at the bridegroom's right. The father of the bride stands just behind the bride until he gives her in marriage, after which he steps into the front pew with her mother. The best man hands the ring to either the bridegroom or the minister, according to the instructions which the minister may give.

The bridegroom and best man walk in from the front of the church with the minister just as the bride and her attendants start from the back of the church. The bride hands her bouquet to the maid of honor when the ring is placed on her finger.

In leaving the chancel the bride and bridegroom walk first, then the maid of honor, then the flower girls and then the ushers. The ushers should precede the whole bridal party in coming up the aisle and should stand at the foot of the steps during the ceremony. The railing will not make it awkward in leaving the chancel. There would be only two together no matter how much room you had.

The invitations to the reception should be included with those to the wedding. They should be on a separate card, using the same formal wording that is used in the wedding invitation. The menu is perfectly appropriate for this kind of an affair. I'm afraid you will have to call it a reception, but if it is informal nobody will mind the formal name. There need be no formal announcement or invitation to the dining room, as the guests will naturally drift that way after speaking to the bride, bridegroom and the bride's mother, who receive together. However, if the bride is to cut the cake, she may precede the guests to the dining room. She should wear her veil until she dons her traveling dress. Written notes of thanks are necessary for every gift except those from the families.

Your question about the hat will be answered tomorrow. This has taken so much space that there is no room for anything more.

Exercises for You, Too

To the Editor of Women's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you please give me some information in regard to the promotion of bust development? I am thanking you most sincerely in advance for any help you may render me through your column, whose value is beyond esteem to so many. MRS. B.

Again I advise exercise and deep breathing. This is really the only lasting way to build up any part of the body, for if it is developed by exercise, the foundation is made firm and strong, and the development is not flabby flesh that easily falls away again. Swimming is good for this, or any exercise of the arms that spreads them and pulls on the muscles. Deep breathing, slow and steady also helps a great deal. Do this just before you go to bed at night. Cocoa butter will help fill out and nourish the skin.

Rearranging a Hat

To the Editor of Women's Page:

Dear Madam—I have a hat of soft gold straw with medium sized brim. The top of crown is blue satin, the trimming consists of two large wings made of satin, edged with straw. They are fastened to the sides of crown with the points coming together over the edge of the brim in the back. I would like to rearrange them. Could you tell me how to do it so that it will be in style? READER.

A very stylish way of arranging wings on a hat is to place them flat on the brim, one on top and one underneath. This gives a rather severe, tailored effect, which might possibly not be becoming to you, but if you can wear that style it will be very good-looking. If you prefer a softer style, you might place the wings in the front of the hat, in the form of a bow, making a buckle of the straw to hold it in place, or using a fold of the silk or a fancy pin. This would also be in very good style.

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IT'S FINE TO TAKE A HOUSE FOR THE WHOLE SUMMER?

Fine, That Is, for the Relatives and Friends Who Spend Much of Their Time and Most of Your Money Visiting You

"GOING away this summer, Cousin Bessie?" asked the city girl who was fond of the country.

"Why, I don't know, yet. We really haven't quite decided. We'll probably go for a while, but I don't really know for sure."

This wasn't entirely truthful. Cousin Bessie did know pretty surely that they were expecting to spend the month of August in a cottage at the seashore. More than that, she knew that they were pretty sure of getting the cottage, but then that hadn't been entirely decided, and so she felt safe in saying "not for sure." Anybow, Cousin Bessie has learned a thing or two.

Last summer Cousin Bessie and Cousin Jack had the nicest little house in the country for three months. The baby hadn't been well, and the doctor said he needed country air, fresh eggs, pure milk. So they went out to get it for him. They got it, but they got other things, too.

The first two weeks, while they were getting settled and accustomed to the place, all was serene. The baby began to flourish fat dimpled knees in the air, instead of the pitifully thin, white ones, when he took his daily—or hourly—"header," in the nice, soft grass. The other children—there were two older than the baby—came in from the chicken yard in triumph every day with their fresh eggs, and Cousin Bessie found it possible to smile again.

Then they began to be popular. Cousin Bessie's sister came one week-end and brought a friend with her, "because she hasn't a chance to get away; poor thing, and I feel so sorry for her." They liked it so much that a brother and his fiancee arrived the next week and on Sunday afternoon mother arrived with Susy, the youngest of the family. Susy had a wonderful time and she and mother stayed the rest of the week. Mother left then. But Susy was lonely, and so her two cousins, Gertrude and Tom, were sent to keep her company—all uninvited.

THERE was a week's vacation after they finally left. Nobody came. But with Sunday the city cousin who loves the country came out to spend the day. She enjoyed it so much that she stayed until they had to ask her to spend the night. She accepted, and by Wednesday she had sent for her sister and the girl who was visiting them, with a promise of their mother to spend the week-end.

For three long months it went on. Fresh eggs, pure milk, country air, yes, but so much family to give them to that they hardly went around. Yes, Cousin Bessie has learned a thing or two. And one of those things is that when you're going away in the summer "keep it dark," unless you want to have a free hotel for the benefit of your friends and relatives.

In some families this is carried to such an extent that when the hard-working, tired, hot father of the family arrives at the summer home to spend a restful, cool week-end he doesn't know whether there's going to be any room for him or not. He sees his sister-in-law, her husband, an unmarried friend or cousin or two, in addition to the little sister who was really invited just to have an outing, and he wonders whether it has been necessary for his wife and child to move out and give over the whole house. Of course, some of them meant to stay, but "it was so lovely and you seem so comfortably fixed here that we've just stayed on. I hope it doesn't put you out at all."

Oh, it's fine to take a house in the country or at the seashore for the summer—fine for your friends and relatives!

Testing Cloth

To test the strength of a piece of material, place the ends of the thumbs together, holding the material between them and the first fingers; then pull first on the warp, or lengthwise, threads and then on the woof, or crosswise, threads to see how much strain they will stand.

In examining the raveled threads of a piece of cloth, notice how the warp threads compare in stength with the woof, or filling, threads. A fine warp will not stand the strain from a heavy filling thread, therefore materials so woven are not so strong; neither are those which have a heavy cord woven in beside a very fine thread, as in the striped dimities and muslins.

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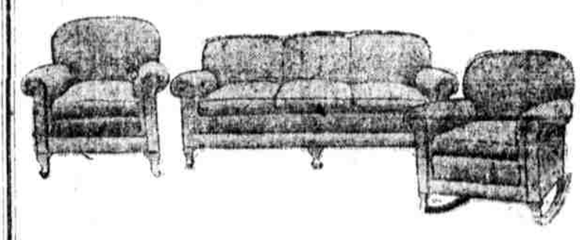

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