MRS. WILSON MAKES PLANS FOR A WEDDING BREAKFAST

Three Different Menus Given, With Recipes and Suggestions for Preparing Each of Them for This Festive Occasion

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

Copyright, 1920, by Mrs. M. A. Wilson. All rights reserved.

My dear Mrs. Wilson—I would like to have a nice wedding breakfast for my daughter. My means are limited. Please tell me in the paper how to arrange it. I would like chicken salad and oyster patties. I often try your recipes and always find them very good, so I ask you please to help me. I assure you I will be very thankful.

A CONSTANT READER.

PREPARING a wedding breakfast is indeed a beautiful task; so much so in fact, that to relegate it to the caterer robs this, which is the happiest time for the bride, of much of the housewifely tasks that years ago were thought to be so beautiful.

Of course, you are going to have a wedding cake, and I would suggest that you try the delicate white cake, which was given Saturday—leaving out the yolk of the egg and having the butter cream icing white. I am also suggesting several inexpensive menus:

No. 1

Celery Olives Salted Nuts
Oysters and Sweetbread Croquettes
Bernaise Sauce
Potatoes au Gratin
Fruit Salad Wedding Cake
Coffee

No. 2

Sweet Pickles Salted Nuts
Radishes Watercress
Sweetbread Patties With Peas
Individual Celery and Nut Sandwiches
Wedding Cake Coffee

No. 3

Celery Olives
Chicken Salad
Rice Croquettes Apple Jelly
Coleslaw
Wedding Cake Coffee

How to Prepare the Above Menus

Remember that careful and accurate measurements prevent failure. All recipes should be level.

Oyster and Sweetbread Cutlets

For sixteen persons.

Twenty-five oysters.
One pair of sweetbreads.

Look over the oysters and remove the bits of shell. Parboil in their own juice and drain. Turn on a cloth to absorb the moisture. Soak the sweetbreads for one hour in ice cold water and the juice of a lemon. Parboil for ten minutes and then plunge into cold water to chill. Drain. Now place in a saucepan

One cup of oyster juice.
One cup of milk.
One cup of flour.

and with a wire spoon stir to dissolve. Bring to a boil and then cook slowly for five minutes. Add the prepared oysters and the sweetbreads, cut in one-half-inch pieces.

One teaspoon of salt.
One-half teaspoon of white pepper.
One-half teaspoon of onion extract.

Mix and then turn on a platter to cool. Chill and then form into sixteen cutlets, then dip in flour, then in the following mixture:

One-half can of evaporated milk.
Two well-beaten eggs.

Then cover with fine bread crumbs and fry until golden brown in hot fat. Garnish with parsley.

Remember the stock sauce must be sufficiently thick to hold the spoon, or you will be unable to mold the cutlets.

Bernaise Sauce

Place in a saucepan

One-half cup of cream sauce.
One-half cup of butter.
Juice of one lemon.
One teaspoon of onion extract.
Two tablespoons of finely chopped parsley.
Two well-beaten eggs.
Four tablespoons of boiling water.

Beat hard to mix and then heat slowly to the boiling point.

Sweetbread Patties With Peas

Prepare the sweetbreads as for cutlets and then place in a saucepan

One cup of liquid drained from peas.
One cup of milk.
One-half cup of flour.

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

Two well-beaten eggs.
One-quarter cup of finely chopped parsley.
One teaspoon of salt.
One-half teaspoon of white pepper.
One-half teaspoon of onion extract

and the sweetbreads cut in one-half-inch pieces. Heat the patty shells and then fill with the mixture. Garnish with Bernaise sauce. Place top of patties in position and then make a nest of mashed potatoes and fill with heated peas. To heat the peas add to one can of drained peas

Four tablespoons of butter.
One-half tablespoon of mint leaves.
One-half teaspoon of salt.
One-half teaspoon of white pepper.

When hot fill into prepared nests.

Celery and nut sandwiches are prepared by putting through the food chopper

One stalk of celery.
Four ounces of walnuts.
Two ounces of almonds.
Two ounces of peanuts.

Turn into a mixing bowl and add

One cup of mayonnaise dressing.

Mix and then season to taste.

Trim the crusts from bread and then spread lightly with soft butter. Fill with this filling and then press together and cut in finger width strips.

Prepare the chicken salad in the usual manner, cutting the chicken meat in pieces about one inch and then add one quart of chopped celery to

Two quarts of prepared chicken.
One cup of mayonnaise dressing.
One-half cup of vinegar.

Let marinate for two hours, then serve in crisp nests of lettuce and mask with mayonnaise dressing.

Make the croquettes of cooked rice. Season, shape and then roll in flour, then dip in a mixture like for cutlets and roll in fine crumbs and fry until golden brown.

DO YOU realize how fortunate you are to have all these recipes from various states, peoples and countries brought right into your house every evening?

Mrs. Wilson Travels

thousands of miles each year, searching out new and tasty recipes so that she can try them out and pass them along to you.

Questions Are Answered

by Mrs. Wilson in the paper about any cooking difficulty that you may have. There can be no personal answers, but, as an evidence of good faith, your name and address are requested.

Send Your Recipes

to this interesting corner, if you have any good ones that have not appeared. Your name will be published with them.

THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES

By JEAN NEWTON

To Bind or to Sever?

Every once in a while we hear a disgruntled parent say: "You're lucky if you have no children—they only cause trouble between the two of you."

The tie that binds! It is only too true that husband and wife must guard against making it the tie that stretches. And we do see frequently about us examples of young people who in their delight at their new-found happiness, fail to use sane perspective until it may be too late.

For: Strong as he may feel the tug of the tie that binds, can a young husband be blamed for discontent if, after the excitement of the event has finally died down, and he hopes to have his wife to himself again, he finds not only the newcomer superseding him, but himself virtually obliterated?

With his old-time hearty welcoming hug and kiss replaced by only "hush, don't make any noise"; with his erstwhile interested sweetheart and pal absentmindedly permitting him to talk to her at dinner when she does not jump up to look at the baby; with the wife who used to think only of him planning the dismantlement of his den for a playroom which the infant could not use for many months to come; with all the little loving attentions gone—"You won't mind, will you, dear, you know the baby—"; with apparently no place or interest for him in the house, who will blame him if he wishes they could go back again, and then resigns himself and seeks solace at the club?

A stitch in time saves nine; but a tie that is stretched it may be too late to mend.

And the young wife—who will blame her if instead of her rousing greeting, she gets only "Is the baby still up?"; instead of his daily solicitousness on the telephone she hears only: "How's the baby?"; if he insists proudly that it is the image of him when always he had expressed the hope that it would resemble her—who will blame her if the sweet is a little bitter, if by the time perspective and common sense return to him the dew is off her rose for good, if the joyous tie that could have made supreme their all-in-allness serve but to bring cobwebs to their hearts?

Those little hands were to clutch at each so tightly by virtue of springing from the other. Let them clutch, young people; remember to love them each for what they bring you of the other; cherish them as the supreme complement to your happiness, but do not forget to cherish, too, that other happiness of which they are the consummation—so that they may bind, not sever, so that they may tie tightly into a Gordian knot and never form a triangle.

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. What remarkable feat has been accomplished by Mrs. Winthrop Ellsworth Stone, wife of the president of Purdue University?
2. Give a good method of treatment for the hands to make them soft and white.
3. In what easy way can a plain piece of black velvet be made to look like brocade?
4. When a waxed surface of wood has been dulled by the use of water in cleaning, how can it be polished?
5. What material makes a comfortable, good-looking negligee for winter?
6. Is it correct for a man to wear a cutaway coat at a 6 o'clock wedding?

Saturday's Answers

1. Dr. Mary E. Farnum, the first woman chosen to the New Hampshire Legislature, had the added distinction of being elected as a Democrat in a strong Republican district.
2. A delightful Christmas stocking gift for the industrious little girl is a hand-painted loom on which to weave horse reins.
3. In using a small electric heater for water, the current should be turned on after the heater is in the water, and turned off before it is taken out.
4. "Compare with" is used in speaking of two things that are alike; "compare to" is used in making a contrast between two things that are unlike.
5. A striking top coat from Paris has a collar, cuffs and band around the bottom of frayed ribbon that greatly resembles long-haired fur.
6. When silver or gold lace is desired for an evening gown and is too expensive to buy, a good imitation can be made by painting ordinary white lace at home.

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

A well-bred boy is taught to pay first respects to his elders, and is always in need of some attention from him before he begins to please himself in the way of social enjoyment. This teaching governs his conduct in later life, that for instance, he will not be liable to affront a hostess on any of her guests at a dance by surveying the girls present with a view of examining their good points before he asks any of them for the pleasure of a dance.

This open ignoring or selecting of the less young, the less beautiful, the less popular among the girls is an act of impertinent selfishness, all the more cruel because of its publicity. It hurts the feelings of those upon whom, as partners, an unfavorable verdict has been rendered, and it tacitly condemns the hostess for having invited guests who do not happen to suit the taste of Mr. McGee. The young man beloved of all hostesses asks dowagers and "wallflowers" to save some of their dances for him. He is invited everywhere because he makes himself generally agreeable, and he finds his after-enjoyment more intensified because he has been trained to put duty before pleasure.

The Unwelcome Wife

By HAZEL DEVO BATCHELOR

(Copyright, 1920, by Public Ledger Co.)

Anthony Harriman's marriage to Charlotte Graves, a girl beneath him socially, was a great disappointment to his mother, who expected him to marry Edith Comstock, a girl in his own set. Charlotte was treated with scant courtesy and was made so unhappy that she finally ran away without telling her husband that she was to have a child. The night Tony's son was born he awoke to the fact that he had been a terrible cad and swore that if Charlotte were spared to him he would make it all up to her. Charlotte lived, but she came back changed. Her love for Tony seemed dead.

Tony Chooses

"BUT where is Charlotte?" Mrs. Harriman was facing her son in blank amazement. Over and over again in her mind she had rehearsed the meeting with her daughter-in-law. She would have to be careful to throw just the right inflection in her voice, a careful blend of sweet humility and graciousness that she hoped would disarm all suspicion. Mrs. Harriman realized that she would have to play her part carefully lest Tony in his new role of father and loving husband suspect that she had no intention of pampering Charlotte once she had the girl back and safely under her wing. Tony's appearance without his wife threw Mrs. Harriman off her guard; this was a thing she had not anticipated happening.

Tony was in his mother's sitting room and she was studying him closely. He seemed older, there were lines about his mouth and his eyes as they met hers had a steadiness and a firm purpose that she never remembered having seen there before.

"I came home without her," he said. "For the present she will remain in the country."

"In that awful house that you have told me about?" Mrs. Harriman threw up her hands in a gesture of incredulous amazement. "Certainly not with your permission!"

Tony did not answer and his mother's anger rose. "Now see here, Tony, I want the truth of the matter." She rose in exasperation and trailed her soft draperies over the rugs to where he was sitting. But as she sat on the arm of his chair in the old way, she felt a lack of response in him that terrified her. Always she had been able to reach Tony, to influence him, until that awful night when the telegram from Westonbury had brought the news that he had a son. That night he had treated her as an outsider, and she had not seen him again till now. Was it true, then, that her power over him was gone?

She slipped a soft arm about his shoulders, but he squared around to look at her the better. "We've hurt her, mother, terribly. I've tried in every way possible to reach her, but she doesn't care for me any longer. She's changed."

"Now, Tony," Mrs. Harriman tried to make her voice wind around him caressingly, "do you mean to tell me that Charlotte has refused to come back, and that you have accepted her refusal?"

"Charlotte has preferred not to come back," he corrected stiffly.

"But she's your wife, don't you understand that, and the baby is a Harriman. I'm surprised at you, Tony, for being so spineless. All you have to do is to assert your authority. She must come back. Heaven knows that matter has gone far enough, people are talking. Charlotte must come home and stop this nonsense."

"The time to stop people's talk was before, mother, now it is too late. I won't force Charlotte to live with me, and I won't have you interfering in the matter. That must be understood."

Mrs. Harriman quailed before the anger in Tony's eyes. He rose and walked out of the room without another word, leaving his mother furious because she had left so much unsaid. She hadn't a chance to talk about the baby, and of course Tony must be forced to see matters in the right light. His father should be told and steps must be taken immediately to bring Charlotte back into the house. But that night when she spoke to Tony's father, she was amused to discover that he sided with Tony.

"Leave the boy alone," he said brusquely, "it's his affair and he must fight it out by himself. If Charlotte loves him, she'll come back of her own free will, and I believe she does."

Tomorrow—Charlotte Comes Back

The Woman's Exchange

Fingers Stained by Smoking

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Kindly advise best remedy for removal of stains from fingers, caused by use of cigarettes.

M. A. R.

Time and a pure soap and water will remove the stain, and the stain will not return if you use a cigarette holder when smoking.

For a Christmas Tree

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Do you know of anyone who has a few trimmings for a Christmas tree that they are not going to use this year? I would like to trim a small tree for my little ones, and could get the tree but not the trimmings. I would gladly call for same, and I wish all the readers a Merry Christmas.

A MOTHER.

Haven't some of you who read the column a few shining balls, a bit of tinsel, or a paper Santa Claus to make this tree a pretty one, and to cause the eyes of several tiny people when they see them brighter than even the balls and the tinsel?

A Girls' Club Writes

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—We are a club of eight girls and some of us have a fault. We have written to Cynthia's column some time ago, and she told us to write to you. So please be so kind as to answer us. How to get rosy cheeks; how to remove hair from the upper lip; how to reduce; how to get spots off tech; how to remove blintons; is talcum powder injurious to the skin?

THE CLUB ADMIRERS.

Get rosy cheeks by putting yourself in good condition generally. Eat good, wholesome food, not too rich nor too greasy, drink plenty of water; sleep with your windows open, and see that you get lots of fresh air and regular exercise outdoors, if possible, every day. Take deep, long breaths wherever you are out in the air, and when you have washed your face in hot water and a good facial soap, finish off with a dash of cold water to bring the blood to your cheeks. After all that, if you don't have rosy cheeks, there must be something wrong.

A depilatory would remove the hair, but if you do not care to use this, simply peroxide and a little ammonia with absorbent cotton. This bleaches the hair and makes it brittle, thus discouraging the growth.

Reduce by means of exercise or by dieting. It is not safe to try either of these methods without professional advice, but if you "go a little slow" on food or play basketball, or take active exercise of that kind, you can take off some of the weight that you don't want.

If you cannot go to a dentist, get a septic pencil at the drug store to remove the stains and then prevent this a second time, by brushing your teeth thoroughly three times a day; or at least twice, with prepared chalk and warm water.

A chiropodist is the only person who can help your feet, although there are plasters sold in the stores that relieve the pain to a great extent. Bathe your feet every night in hot and cold water, and be sure that your shoes are wide and long enough to be comfortable. Talcum powder is not injurious to the skin, although it has a tendency to dry the skin when used as face powder.

Wedding Flowers
"The Sign of the Rose"
CHARLES HENRY FOX
1231 S. BROAD ST.

CHARMING FROCK IS NOTHING BUT NET

By CORINNE LOWE

Just to show you the net results of a party, here is a late model disdaining any other trimming save net. The foundation is white satin, over which stands up the wide skirt, with its ruchings of black and white net.

There is a cape collar of white net treated in the same manner, and the scope of the white satin bodice is narrowed still farther by the unusual way in which the overskirt is caught at a point above the waist line.

This frock bears out in spirit the Empress Eugenie models, which have been sponsored by no less an authority than Callot. For the young girl and young matron, too, nothing can be more charming than these calyx-skirted, sloping-shouldered dance frocks worn in the days when we esteemed beauty more than chic.

Making More Money

Ten Flights Up

"A jewelry store on the tenth floor of an office building?"

"Will people take the trouble to go way up there for what they want?"

"What advantage has a store in the skies which can possibly balance those of a store on the street level, with its big windows and convenience of location?"

These and a number of other queries were fired at Mrs. Carrie Paris, of Cincinnati, when she announced her determination of opening a jewelry store "up in the clouds." But, in the first place, Mrs. Paris knew jewelry. For twelve years she had been a saleswoman in one of the largest jewelry stores in Cincinnati. Then, too, she knew the people who bought jewelry. So she didn't have to worry about these phases of the matter when she decided to go into business for herself. Indeed, they helped materially in solving the question of credit, for her capital was very limited.

Mrs. Paris realized that she could not afford a location on the street level in the center of the city, and she figured that being in the heart of things was worth more than being on the street level. She felt that she could turn her handicap into an advantage if she solved it in an unusual way, and about the most unusual thing she would think of was to go high up in Cincinnati's best-known building.

And her success has proved that people will and do come to a jewelry store in the sky almost as readily as they will step into a store off the street, provided they are certain of finding what they want.

"It has been my experience," she says, "that it's all a matter of service. No matter how much good taste a man may have, for example, he appreciates the aid of a woman when it comes to selecting jewelry. Now I have built up such a regular clientele that it is nothing out of the ordinary for people who have $100 or so to spend for a present call me up on the phone and leave the selection to me. When you get that much confidence, you're pretty sure to have a paying business."

Tomorrow—Mrs. Snyder's Nickel

A Dry Cellar

A few home-made cement gutters will drain away the water from the gutter pipes and help keep a cellar dry. The cement ditch can be eight inches wide, two inches thick and widened at the receiving end to resemble a shallow platter. It should be sufficiently long to carry the water from the gutter pipe far enough from the house foundation to prevent seepage. If the work is set flush with the ground it offers no hindrance to passing feet or to the lawn.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

To M. Wenona, 2d

While, strictly speaking, you were all right about paying your fare, if a young man makes a point of it it is usually better to allow him to do so. It is apt to mortify him to be refused, and it is a small thing.

Playing, singing, talking of plays, books, interests of the day or reading an interesting book aloud and discussing it afterward is a very delightful way of spending an evening.

What Think You of This

Dear Cynthia—I am inclosing a list of ten commandments for old maids:

Thou shalt not tip, as tipping is an abomination and the works of men.

Thou shalt not bow down thyself before any man, for thou art an old maid and they the dust under thy feet.

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's husband, for she was wiser than thou and deserves him.

Thou shalt not keep thy tongue quiet; yea, verily, thou shalt gossip more than any other species.

Thou shalt not be friendly toward thy servants, but be thou grouchy, and do thou be sure to put them in their place.

Thou shalt not paint nor powder thy face nor deck thyself out in finery, as women who do these things get themselves husbands.

Thou shalt not smile when thine employer or other man smile at thee, if they should be so foolish as to do so, as they are undoubtedly trying to lead you astray.

Six days shalt thou teach school or typewrite and on the seventh day do thou thank thy God that thou art an old maid.

Thou shalt not hide thy light under a bushel, but do thou distribute advice freely, as people are very thankful to receive advice.

If thou shouldst get thee a man into thy clutches, be thou watchful and wary and hook him at the first chance lest he get away.

T. K.

While your lines are clever, young man, you are hopelessly behind the times. Old maids do not exist any more. There are spinsters, of course, but you'll find, generally speaking, that they are spinsters from choice. Very few women are unmarried these days unless they really wish to be.

Isn't This Sad?

Dear Cynthia—Will you and your readers not help me out in my troubles? I am a young man twenty-two years of age, just a plain, ordinary, everyday garden variety of American, who was "only a volunteer." Now, Cynthia, the time of the first act was in October, 1919; place, ye city of "Brotherly Love," Philadelphia. There it was that I met the fair one who was to wreck my life. 'Twas at a theatre party I met her—so sylphlike, golden-haired and blue-eyed. The rest you can but guess—a case of love at first sight.

But the fates were unkind. I had to leave for a distant city to be incarcerated in ye tomb of learning known as a college. As the days slipped swiftly past I wrote to the "light of my life" asking to see her. Again unkind fate; to a football game she must go. I wrote and wrote and then again I wrote. Once in about every three months I received a letter. But ah! I was despondent; life grew bleak and dreary, when at last the "blind goddess" seemed to smile upon me. She—the one and only one—deigned to see me. So to Philadelphia I hied me, spending my long-saved shekels in a few moments of blissful rapture.

This agony went on until June, when my patience and feelings standing it no longer, I went again to Philadelphia. Getting an audience with her, I poured out my love to her and asked her to be mine. She said, "No; most certainly not." I stumbled forth blindly and wept soul-rending tears. The waters of isolation closed over me. I put on the sackcloth of broken love and scattered the "ashes of despair" on my head. Now the scars are slowly healing, but I will never be the same man again. Ah! if she only knew how I loved her! How I love her! I blame her not, for she was "fortune's daughter" and I but a poor country mouse. But when I think of the empty years I shudder. And the greatest tragedy of all is that she is getting fat. It is from you, Cynthia, who are the modern "Delphian oracle," that I would hear the wisdom of your pen.

IKE.

Now, Ike, if you would give Cynthia a problem she might be able to answer you. Your days are past and willful woman says "No, No," no it must be. But bear up, my friend. I know it's hard. Your grief is positively soul-racking.

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

In Spite of His Wife

By J. STUART LANE

Thornton Phillips, the new instructor of economics at the Brainerd School for Girls, was about to spring something new on his class of seniors. Youthfully enthusiastic when it came to discussing home as a point, he had forgotten at times to maintain the heavy dignity which stood as a shield between his real self and these lively girls so near his own age. Invariably had the consciousness of such forgetfulness been immediate—a girl or two waiting after class to offer him chocolates or to invite him to basketball finals or a student tea.

It certainly wouldn't do to let his pupils flirt with him—just "kids" they were, he reminded himself, young in experience and wisdom even if old in the wiles of Eve. And he had accordingly evolved his little plan.

Midway in his lecture, which probed deeply the reasons for the lofty cost of living, he paused to give weight to the words which were to follow.

"And so," he casually resumed, "the unprecedented increase in prices bore most heavily upon the salaried men, especially the married ones, as most of us"—he swept the class with an innocent glance—"know to our sorrow."

He knew by the visible and audible gasp which ran around the class that his shot had told, that by an ambiguous turn of speech he had added unto himself the weight and dignity and years of the benedict. He was chuckling to himself as the class went out at the simplicity of it.

And then he saw the new girl standing at his desk, notebook in hand. She had given him her name just before class and in the momentary occupation of recording it, he had not noticed particularly how singularly attractive she was—deep gray eyes, curly fringed, an abundance of sun-gold hair, and a piquantly serious mouth.

"I'm a friend of your cousin's, Kitty Chalmers," she said in a voice that fairly sang itself, "and she told me all sorts of things about you—but didn't just happen to say that you were married."

Thornton regarded her with surprise tinged with embarrassment. He hadn't expected to run into acquaintances in this far section of the country.

"Is that so?" he returned lamely and inadequately, marking time, as it were, while he pondered the wisdom of retracting his insinuation. Then the sight of a girl's mischievous face peering in at the door decided him. He would continue as he had begun.

"As an economist advocating early marriages, could I consistently be anything else?" he shamelessly evaded.

"Perhaps not," she hesitated, "only—" Then she turned away, leaving Phillips regarding her thoughtfully.

In the days that followed, one fact was borne home to Thornton. If his little subterfuge had been a success in saving him from the attentions of his pupils as a whole, it had seemingly had quite the opposite effect with Eleanor James, the friend of his cousin Kitty. Instead of avoiding him or leaving him carelessly alone, she quite frequently, if unobtrusively, sought him out—after class, during his hours of consultation, at the occasional affairs at which both faculty and students mingled. Frankly, she discussed with him her hopes and ambitions, her tastes and interests, and long before Thornton admitted it to himself, he was deeply, desperately in love.

Gradually, their acquaintanceship, at first developing within the college precincts, drew them farther afield. Came an occasional dance, an evening at the theatre, and long, companionable walks in the bare brown woods of fall. All of it left the man in a state of humble thanksgiving for two things—first, that his wife was purely fictional, and second, that, fictional or otherwise, Eleanor chose to ignore her completely.

One thing only bothered him. Why was Eleanor, being Eleanor, willing to accept so serenely attentions from a married man, even if he had, for the time being, carefully made them seem merely platonic? That she did accept them was odd and unexplainable, but very, very pleasant.

Then came an afternoon in midwinter when the first ice coated the lake. Eleanor and Thornton had ventured forth on a seemingly safe stretch and had straightway plunged through. Thornton had grabbed Eleanor, managed to hang on, and shouted for help. And presently, the two of them were hauled out, driven home in somebody's car, and all but had pneumonia.

Thornton, of the two, was the harder hit. A week after the mishap, a bit shaky, he sought out Eleanor.

"I'm going to tell you," he began without preamble, "that I love you. But first, I must tell you something else."

Eleanor, holding up a protesting hand, turned away her eyes. "I suppose," she said, very coldly, "you are going to tell me you are—married. But don't you realize that that is why I have schooled myself to believe, all along, that our friendship, pleasant as it was, could never be anything more?"

Thornton's words died on his lips. So his deception had come home to roost. The love he might have aroused had been stifled.

"Eleanor," at last he said, brokenly, "I understand. It's my own fault. You see, I'm not in the least married. The story of my wife was—was a joke that has ceased to be a joke——"

He paused suddenly, for Eleanor's eyes were gazing straight into his and her lips were pulling. "Oh Thornton," she cried, "You old goose! I've always been suspicious, but when you were so sick, I sent a telegram to your cousin Kitty to make sure there was no wife who should be notified. Here is her answer."

From a packet she drew a bit of yellow paper and handed it to him.

"Cousin Thornton absolutely not married. Why? Kitty."

Thornton crushed the paper and Eleanor simultaneously.

"Wire her," he cried joyfully. "Because he had never met the right girl!"

Next Complete Novelette—"His Mother's Maid"

Polishing Brass

For quickly scouring and polishing and, at the same time, weather-proofing brass a preparation is recommended which is composed of three parts of oxalic acid dissolved in forty parts of hot water, to which are added 100 parts of powdered pumice stone, two parts of oil of turpentine, twelve parts of soft soap and twelve parts of fat oil. Shake well before using.—Popular Science.

WHAT KIND OF A WALK DO YOU TAKE ON SUNDAY?

That Stroll Can Be Mildly Pleasant, Tiresome, or the Most Delightful Experience, According to Your Age, Your Mood and Your Companion

WHAT kind of a Sunday afternoon walk do you take?

Of course, you take one.

Perhaps you put on your best hat, your newest one, that is, and your furs, with the usual Sunday get-up and start out with your husband to get a "breath of air" because it's such a beautiful day.

You stroll.

"Now, that is such a nice house, I think," you remark, gazing at a comfortable-looking place. "It seems to be so well arranged."

You meet your cousin, also walking with her family, and exchange the greetings of the season.

"Isn't it cold? But such a beautiful day—I hope you're going to the meeting at the church on Wednesday?"

The sun sinks lower, and there is a glorious sunset; you would like to stand and admire it for a while, but you are so tired from wandering along over hard pavements that you have to turn your back on it and start home.

And, my, but it's nice to get into the warm dreariness of your own home and dismiss the darkness with the cheerful lamplight!

MAYBE you're pretty young.

You go out with mother and father and grandmother for a Sunday afternoon walk.

You stroll.

The grown-ups talk about the lovely view from this point, and stop to admire it.

It takes you about a minute to see the whole view and then you get bored; why don't they go on if they're going?

They move at last and you run ahead in pursuit of a nice round stone that is very easy to kick.

It goes out into the street, and all the grown-ups scare you half to death shouting to you not to go out there where the cars are; you wouldn't have, anyhow; the stone was right there in the gutter.

You sigh impatiently, take grandmother's hand and walk along briskly beside her, swinging her hand vigorously.

A sudden chattering above, a squirrel, sitting all crouched up with his tail over his head, "jawing" as hard as he can go it.

You stop still, entranced, thrilled—and have to run to catch up again.

Pretty soon you start back home.

And, gee! it's great to get into the house, turn the light on and settle down to look solemnly over the funny page for the fifth time.

BUT perhaps you're just in between. Somebody else who's just in between comes to you and shows very plainly that he approves of that new red hat.

You stroll.

There's a sunset—the most beautiful sunset you ever saw, you both decide.

You sigh with regret as you turn homeward after a thoroughly delightful walk. But it's really very pleasant, after all, when you get home, take off that red hat and realize that that Sunday afternoon walk in the cold is going to give you a fine color all evening.

Because "he" is going to stay for supper!

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

The Wonderful Charm

By DADDY

CHAPTER I
Lady Lovely's Wish

PRINCE SMILING and Prince Frowning had run an even race for the heart and the hand of Lady Lovely. Prince Smiling had been aided by Peggy, Billy, Toddle Pupkins, Blue Heron, Balky Sam, and the wild geese. Prince Frowning had been helped by his powerful charm, which had caused the Giant of the Woods to carry him across the river, and which had made the taxi driver give him a ride.

Both had reached Lady Lovely at the same time, and both had asked her to be their bride. Because they had come together, Lady Lovely had not been able to choose between them, so now she told them they should strive for her hand.

"Perhaps you will win me with your warm heart and willing hands," she said graciously to Prince Smiling. Then she turned doubtfully to Prince Frowning. "But perhaps your powerful charm will cause me to become your bride," she murmured, and her smile fled.

"Of course my powerful charm will cause you to become by bride. No one can resist it. You must be mine," boasted Prince Frowning, and the masterful way in which he said it made Lady Lovely shudder.

"My heart and my hands shall serve you always, seeking to make you happy," promised Prince Smiling, and at that a glow of pleasure came into Lady Lovely's eyes.

"You shall have all your wishes granted through the spell of my charm," declared Prince Frowning. "Speak and that which you desire shall be given unto you."

Peggy and Billy hoped Lady Lovely would speak, for though they thought Prince Frowning a very disagreeable youth, they wanted to see what his powerful charm would do. Seemingly, Lady Lovely was also curious. She thought silently for a moment, and her lips softly spoke a wish. But her eyes as she spoke it were upon Prince Smiling, and not upon Prince Frowning.

"I love flowers," she whispered. "I would like a blossom to wear at my breast."

"Ha, ha! That is easy!" cried Prince Frowning. "My charm shall bring to you flowers enough to fill a greenhouse." Saying this, Prince Frowning ran to the taxicab which had brought him in the race to Lady Lovely's home. The driver started the car and away went Prince Frowning on a wild dash for the blossom with which to grant Lady Lovely's wish.

Prince Smiling a face grew worried as he heard Lady Lovely speak her desire, but he tried to smile bravely into her face.

"Gracious Lady Lovely, I know not where flowers bloom in the bleak autumn weather, but somewhere there must grow the blossom of your wish, and if a warm heart and willing hands can find it, you shall wear it at your breast."

Prince Smiling made a low bow to Lady Lovely, and turned toward the road. There stood Balky Sam, who had carried him on part of his journey to the home of Lady Lovely.

"Hee-haw! Flowers grow in Birdland," brayed Balky Sam. "I'll carry you there."

Yes, flowers grew in Birdland, that Peggy and Billy knew full well—flowers grew there in the spring and summer, and now the woods were swept by chill autumn winds.

"Woof! Woof! The summer flowers are gone from Birdland—all except one," barked Toddle Pupkins. "I know a sunny nook where that one flower still blooms, and I will guide you to it."

Prince Smiling couldn't understand animal talk, and he didn't know what Balky Sam and Toddle Pupkins had said until Peggy told him. Then his face lighted up and he quickly mounted Balky Sam's back, with Toddle Pupkins in his arms and Peggy in front of him, and Billy behind him. He waved a gay farewell to Lady Lovely, and set off to find the flower of her wish.

What Prince Smiling found and what the charm of Prince Frowning brought to Lady Lovely will be told tomorrow.

A Food That Young Folks Thrive Upon
A body-building food made of wheat and malted barley.
Your boy or girl should have
Grape-Nuts
"There's a Reason"

Your Doctor Recommends

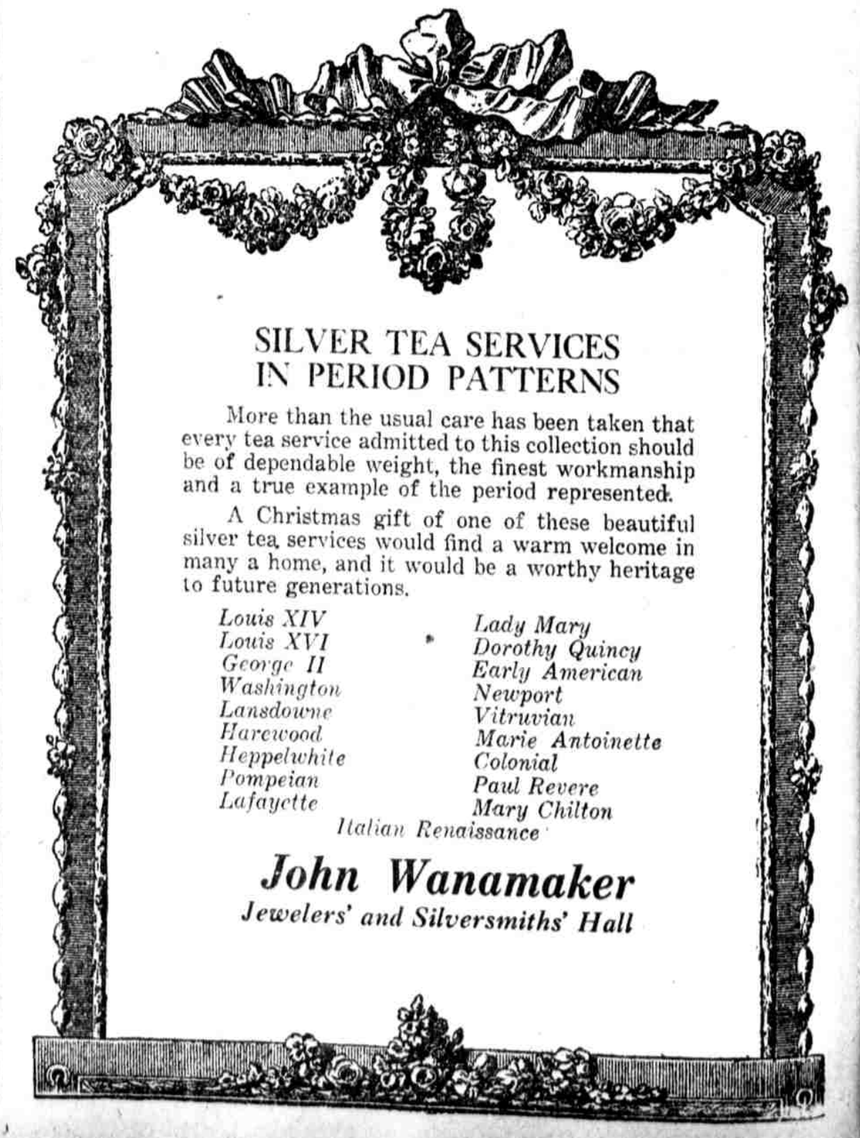
Ehmann Ripe Olives, because he knows that they are absolutely pure—contain a high percentage of nutriment—and are easily digested—in addition to having a most delicious flavor.

He knows that scrupulous care and cleanliness are observed at the factory and that for 23 years Ehmann Ripe Olives have had a perfect record for purity and wholesomeness. He knows that pound for pound with high grade meats Ehmann Ripe Olives contain a double portion of nutritive value. He knows that the rich, full-flavored oil they contain acts as a lubricant on the digestive tract and makes them the most easily digested of foods.

Ehmann Ripe Olives Have Stood the Test of 23 Years—Ask Your Grocer

XXX CALIFORNIA EHMANN RIPE OLIVES EHMANN OLIVE CO. OROVILLE CAL.

EHMANN OLIVE CO.
OROVILLE, CALIFORNIA
Distributors
THOMPSON-NATTRASS
105 Hudson St., New York



SILVER TEA SERVICES IN PERIOD PATTERNS

More than the usual care has been taken that every tea service admitted to this collection should be of dependable weight, the finest workmanship and a true example of the period represented.

A Christmas gift of one of these beautiful silver tea services would find a warm welcome in many a home, and it would be a worthy heritage to future generations.

Louis XIV
Louis XVI
George II
Washington
Lansdowne
Harewood
Heppelwhite
Pompeian
Lafayette
Lady Mary
Dorothy Quincy
Early American
Newport
Vitruvian
Marie Antoinette
Colonial
Paul Revere
Mary Chilton
Italian Renaissance

John Wanamaker
Jewelers' and Silversmiths' Hall